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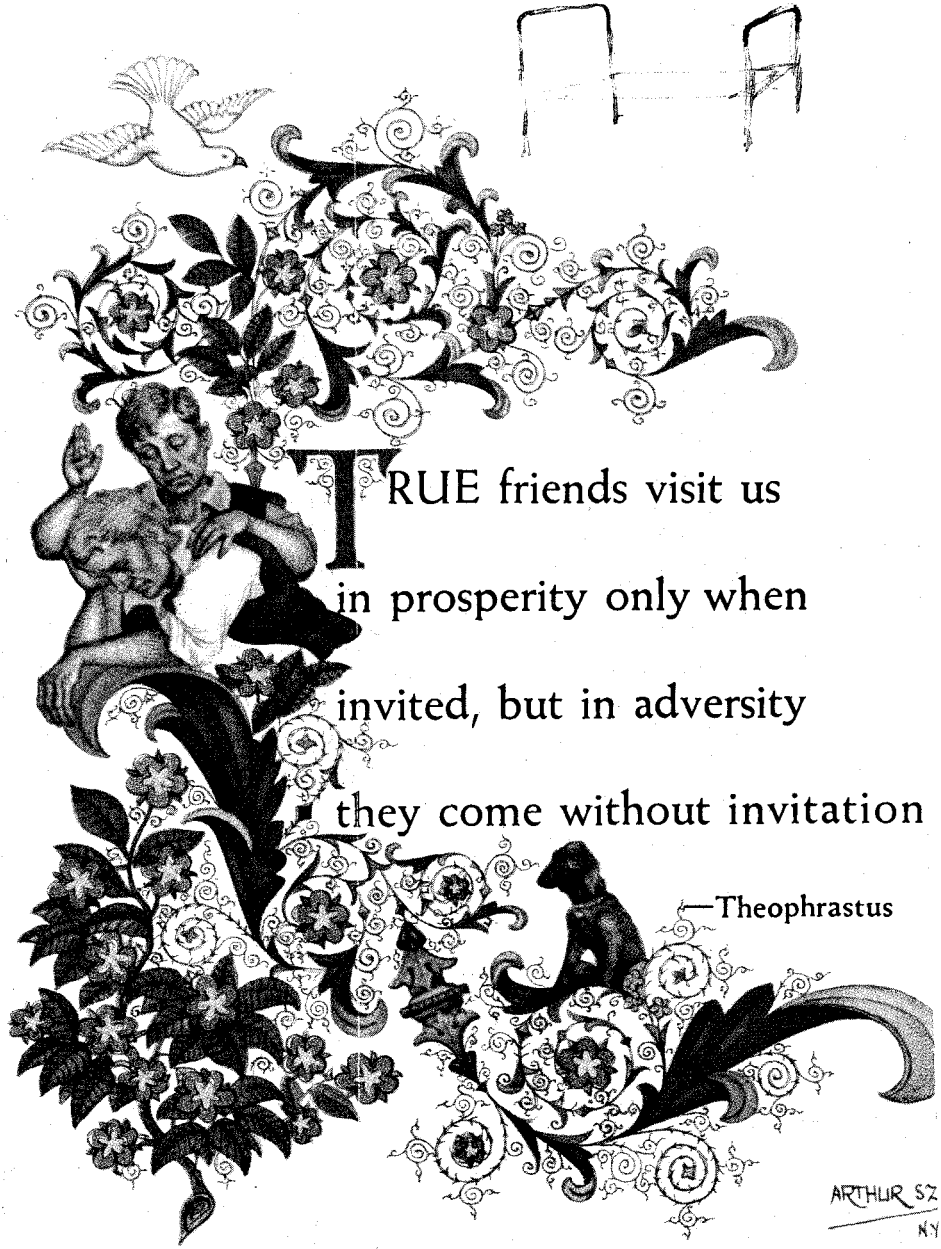

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Coronet

wanted:

A U.S. Department of Welfare

by JACK H. POLLACK

Will America continue to muddle along, or will it act to protect the health and happiness of its citizens?

FARMERS have an Agricultural Department looking out for them, businessmen a Commerce Department and workers a Labor Department. But where is the Government agency representing "just folks" who have a desperate individual or family problem?

Though a host of Federal bureaus now engage in scattered welfare activities, there is no central agency to serve Mr. Average American. Yet the Founding Fathers were so convinced welfare was a basic obligation of government that they commenced the preamble of the Constitution, "We the People of the United States . . . in order to promote the General Welfare . . ."

Today, many educators, legislators, welfare leaders are disturbed over this betrayal of a historic trust. Demanding that the gap between Government and People be narrowed, they urge creation of a broad national Department of Welfare which would include health, education, social security and recreation functions.

At present, Federal, state, local and private welfare agencies cannot effectively meet the needs of millions. Here are some typical examples. Sam Jones never gave much thought to "Government" except at election time, or on Pearl Harbor day when he tried to enlist. Refused because he was 47, Sam moved to Boom Town and took a war-plant job. Laid off after V-J Day, Sam failed to qualify for unemployment compensation under the state's complicated law.

Disheartened, he was planning to return home when his wife Mary became ill. It was a long and costly illness in a strange town, consuming every penny Sam had saved or could borrow. He was bitter when, after doctors had recommended rest, good food and a warm climate, he had to take her to a dingy room to convalesce. Two months later

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Mary died. A local Department of Welfare could have sent her to a convalescent home in a warm climate and tided Sam over with unemployment insurance.

Fifty miles away in a rural area, Tom Smith, a farm boy released from the Army with a psychoneurosis, has come home to his widowed mother. He is a morose, dissatisfied stranger. The wartime bread-winner, 17-year-old brother Jim, has neglected the farm for the exciting company of a gang of boys suspected of holdups in nearby towns. Another family problem is Tom's 14-year-old sister, Betty, who had infantile paralysis and has never been able to attend school.

Tom should have out-patient care in a psychiatric clinic, where vocational guidance would determine whether he should remain on the farm or switch to the radio work he learned in the Army. A recreational division in a Department of Welfare could turn Jim's craving for excitement into a sense of responsibility. A visiting teacher could take care of Betty's problem.

From coast to coast, similarly bewildered, insecure families are neglected or inadequately "handled" by local agencies. The four war years disrupted homes, strained community services, ripped the fabric of human lives.

War also revealed how shockingly unprepared we were on the education and health fronts. The most fervent advocate of States Rights could not deny that educating our children and raising an Army were of vital national concern. Nevertheless, two million children between the ages of six and fifteen do not attend any school in the U. S. Though young men are our healthiest population group, more than three million were rejected for military service, due mostly to neglect in childhood.

Even in such a comparatively simple task as the day-care of children of working mothers, we have floundered miserably. Youngsters in many war communities suffered while half a dozen Federal and several national voluntary agencies battled over what was clearly an education-health-welfare problem.

The ironic upshot was that the ill-equipped Federal Works Agency —never designed to administer children's services—walked off with the assignment because it controlled the funds. Bungles like this will persist until Uncle Sam streamlines his scores of welfare departments, agencies, bureaus and commissions.

CHILDREN ARE not the only proof that Washington is asleep at the welfare switch. Take the case of the single, middle-aged woman in an eastern state who worked three years for the Federal government and two years for her State government. But when she became seriously ill, she could not qualify for a disability allowance. Though she had loyally worked five years for the Federal and State governments combined, she failed to comply with a technical regulation that she had to be employed by *either* of them to be eligible.

The need for a Department of Welfare is equally striking even in such a field as the artificial-limb industry. Every year thirty thousand devices are manufactured for maimed Americans.

One limb purchaser, a successful

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businessman, recently wrote to Representative Kelley's Handicapped Committee: "I had my leg amputated last year. When I left the hospital I was merely given the name of an artificial-limb manufacturer to whose office I made many trips, sitting for hours with other unfortunates.

"Despite frequent adjustments, the appliance caused me great pain. Soon, a bursa condition developed. I had to return to the hospital for another operation and two more months on crutches.

"Though one of the best in New York, my surgeon knows little about artificial limbs and could not prepare me for wearing the appliance. Imagine this in the world's largest city! If there was only some place I could write to or go to for help and advice!"

Despite the advances we made during the war in preventive and curative medicine, we have lagged behind in the rehabilitative phase of medical care. Who, for example, will aid a teen-aged boy who has lost an eye in an auto accident, the young father stricken with diabetes, the veteran with a non-service contracted disability?

Experts say it is far better—and cheaper—to rehabilitate the disabled with self-respecting jobs than to maintain them. Though not generally known, millions of physically or mentally disabled citizens are entitled to vocational rehabilitation—almost the same as that now being offered to veterans.

"But they aren't taking advantage of the opportunity because they don't know about it," one official explains. "We're rehabilitating only a pitifully small number."

157 Years of Progress

Nothing new in our history, Uncle Sam has created new departments whenever the need arose. Here are the dates on which our present Cabinet offices were established:

State Dept.	July 27, 1789
War Dept.	August 7, 1789
Treasury Dept.	Sept. 2, 1789
Justice Dept.	Sept. 24, 1789
Navy Dept.	April 30, 1798
Post Office Dept.	March 9, 1829
Interior Dept.	March 3, 1849
Agriculture Dept.	May 15, 1862
Commerce Dept.	Feb. 14, 1903
Labor Dept.	March 4, 1913

Uncle Sam's present welfare functions are a crazy-quilt of waste, overlapping, duplication and misdirected effort. Though not true a brief fifteen years ago, the Federal Government today is the biggest welfare spender. Yet many welfare activities are buried in obscure places.

Occasionally, an agency possessing important welfare information will coyly refuse to release it to a sister agency. One U. S. President unknowingly signed two letters on the same day, upholding the conflicting claims of feuding agencies. The Byrd Committee has found 37 unconsolidated Federal bureaus in thirteen agencies dealing with health matters.

A Washington wag recently counted more than a dozen bureaus concerned with the "welfare" of bears—white, brown and black. Several years ago, a bureaucrat apologized that his agency was spending only one million dollars annually for "nesting places for wild

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life"—the same year the Government spent 300 thousand dollars for children's welfare!

U. S. Comptroller-General Warren, whose task it is to uncover Federal "fifth wheels," once observed 28 Topsy-grown agencies working on welfare matters, and recently brought to light eight dealing with vocational rehabilitation and education alone.

On state-aid for dependent children, Warren charges an "obvious conflict between the functions of the Department of Labor, Children's Bureau, and of the Federal Security Agency, Social Security Board, Bureau of Public Assistance, not to mention child-care programs of the Federal Works Agency, Bureau of Community Facilities." The Comptroller-General concludes that our present system is "ideal for those who wish to keep themselves attached to the public payroll, but bad for those paying the bill."

Divided Federal authority is also bad for the states and communities. Cities look to the states and they, in turn, to Uncle Sam. Yet after being shunted from Federal agency to agency with contradictory recommendations for the same problem, states become disheartened.

Then too, state services vary greatly. The departments of education are often headed by ill-equipped political appointees. Until the Depression of the '30s, few states had comprehensive Welfare Departments. Today more and more state legislatures are flirting with protective residence laws which would deny aid to needy people failing to comply with hostile residence requirements. The truth is that hard-pressed states cannot go beyond a certain point in welfare planning. "How can we be expected to be orderly on a state level when the Federal Government is so disorderly?" one state official challenges.

THOUGH THE UNIT of government closest to the people, local health and welfare departments are likewise far from perfect. One-third of America's 3,070 counties lack full time public-health services. The most backward welfare administrations are in the 18th-century townships of the Eastern seaboard; most progressive, those of the Mid and Far West. The county, rather than the archaic township, has proven the most effective welfare unit, social workers say.

Lacking Federal direction, prejudice often dictates community policy. During the war, leading citizens in a southern city met to consider engaging a family counselor to combat juvenile delinquency. One minister arose and cried, "As long as I preach in this town, we'll have no social workers here! They are a horde of atheists!" Though other clergymen disagreed, the meeting broke up without the town's getting its social worker.

Each year America's 22 thousand voluntary health agencies collect more than 100 million dollars. In the absence of a suitable yardstick, who is to judge how wisely the funds are spent? A recent study of voluntary agencies, prepared for the National Health Council, revealed that some diseases are overballyhooed while more important ones are niggardly supported.

For example, heart disease—the nation's biggest killer—gets only

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three cents a case from voluntary health agencies, compared to 22 dollars a case for tuberculosis, now largely Federally and State provided. Other diseases which formerly ran up high mortality rates are also under control, but private agencies dedicated to battle them continue their high pressure campaigns for money.

Another stumbling block for voluntary agencies is the hostility often encountered where need is greatest. Some slum dwellers, for instance, are suspicious of social workers, regarding them as stooges of the rich. Union leaders, too, bear an ancient grudge. One old timer reminisces: "When we were fighting for workmen's compensation, some of our bitterest enemies were stuffed shirts on charity boards. With one hand they tried to bind the wounds their exploitation had dealt us, and with the other they knifed social legislation."

HOW DOES ALL our governmental and voluntary welfare activity add up? When a war or depression breaks out, where is the common voice to explain the national welfare picture? Common sense seems to dictate that all branches of government—Federal, state and local—should join forces with the voluntary agencies in an inclusive national Department of Education, Health and Welfare.

Advocates of this proposed new Cabinet post want communities to establish well-supported neighborhood centers to furnish health and welfare information to individuals and families. These offices would be clearing houses for all local welfare activity, unlike present-day community "centers" which often look pretty only on charts.

The current movement for a new department is sparkplugged by dynamic Mrs. Eugene Meyer, social worker and wife of the Washington *Post* publisher. She recommended its creation in a report prepared with 27 other government, education, health and welfare leaders. But the idea first bobbed up seriously after the last war, during the Harding Administration.

Later, Franklin D. Roosevelt tried several times to persuade Congress to establish such a department. Failing, in 1939 he took what he thought was the next best course by setting up the Federal Security Agency, which ineffectually bunched together some of Uncle Sam's welfare functions. But lacking Cabinet prestige and a mandate to protect all the people, the FSA has failed so far.

As a nucleus, it has been suggested that the following bureaus be shifted to the proposed Department of Welfare:

- Children's Bureau (now in Labor Department)
- Women's Bureau (now in Labor Department)
- U. S. Public Health Service (now in Federal Security Agency)
- Office of Education (now in Federal Security Agency)
- Social Security Board (now in Federal Security Agency)
- Bureau of Prisons (now in Justice Department)
- Office of Indian Affairs (now in Interior Department)
- Nutrition Bureau (now in Agriculture Department)

Fearful for survival, many of these agencies prefer separate departments for themselves. Conced-

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ing that a Department of Welfare "is coming sooner or later," Capital bureaucrats plead, "but don't touch my agency now." This resistance to change is not surprising. All these agencies had a hard fight to get established. It took the last Depression to give America a long-overdue Social Security Board, and a White House Conference on Children before a Children's Bureau was conceived in 1912.

A nonpartisan bill to establish a Department of Welfare was recently introduced in the Senate. Answering cries of "bureaucracy," the bill's sponsors point out that the Department would have only the powers Congress gave it, translating national concern into local service without invading States Rights. The Secretary of Welfare would set minimum standards for communities, and would launch a real welfare partnership between Federal, State and local governments. While strengthening local services, he would leave ultimate responsibility to the communities.

SOME RUGGED individualists oppose Government welfare responsibility as "coddling" of the people. They fear a Department of Welfare would be a super-WPA, full of political dynamite, with Uncle Sam an uncontrolled Santa Claus. Federal aid is all right, they admit, for such special groups as veterans, Indians, crippled children, the blind —but not for the people en masse.

The present public-welfare trend, however, is away from this short-sighted approach. More and more social-work officials believe that Uncle Sam should provide for people according to the ailment rather than on a "clientele basis," as it does today with the Children's Bureau, Veterans Administration and Indian Service. "The welfare of all the people is the concern of all the people," they say.

Obviously a Department of Education, Health and Welfare could close the gap between what we know and what we do. It could perform preventive as well as remedial work, reduce human wreckage, eliminate illiteracy, act to stop dependency and delinquency, and be a stabilizing influence on America's families. We already know that social security is a safety net, not a feather bed, and that public health clinics, uniform educational opportunities, school lunches and recreational activities are a wise investment in a nation's future.

Utopian as it may sound to some, a Department of Welfare is a challenge to our present statesmanship. Congress would be far wiser to create it now than to wait until another depression, for a people's welfare is a nation's greatest resource. Will America lead the world in making generous and just provision for health and human happiness? Or will it continue to muddle along, "proud" of an educational and welfare system that fails to reach millions of its Sam and Mary Joneses from coast to coast?

God gives every bird its food but He does not throw it into the nest.
—J. G. HOLLAND

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No barriers stop our Army and Navy in their relentless search for the "missing in action"

Man-Hunt Across the World

by BERYL DILL KNEEN AND LAWRENCE LADER

THE OTHER PLANES saw it happen. Crossing the China Sea on one of the last raids of the war, the B-29 was hit and went down in flames. The pilot's chute opened and he landed in the water. But from that moment on, nothing was heard of him.

Then the Missing Aircrew Research and Investigation Office of the War Department picked up the case. Piecing together reports from around the world, they discovered the officer was a prisoner, not in Japan but in Germany. The Nazis had purchased him from the Japs in return for a shipment of supplies and had rushed him to Germany for questioning.

Like the B-29 pilot, thousands of Army and Navy men disappeared during the war: fliers who parachuted, sailors who clung to life rafts, infantrymen who went on patrol and never came back. Perhaps they aren't dead; yet no one knows for certain. They are simply names and serial numbers on the most heartbreaking of all wartime lists—"missing in action."

To solve the cases of thousands of missing men, a search as vast as the earth itself is now going on. In the Mediterranean theatre, the Air Forces must climb rugged Balkan mountains or penetrate the forests of Hungary and Yugoslavia. In the Pacific, the Navy must comb thousands of atolls and islets. The Army must hack its way through almost impenetrable jungles.

Despite progress made since the war ended, the Army in January still listed 18,328 as "missing in action." Of these, 8,893 were in the Air Forces. The Navy in February listed 3,067, the Marine Corps 508. But the search will go on until the last man is found, dead or alive.

A search begins like this. Near Lancon, France, in January, 1944, a B-17 bomber crashed into green hillsides. Nine of the ten crew members parachuted to safety. Five were immediately captured by the Germans; three others were captured but escaped and joined the fourth in a dash for freedom. These were the only facts that the French Underground had been able to get to the Air Forces' Casualty Clear-

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ance Department when Capt. D. M. Brown was assigned to the case. All he had to do was fight his way into the heart of occupied France.

The first clue came by secret radio. Brown learned that the four men were headed for the Spanish border, escorted by a "Monsieur Blanc" who had been given fifty thousand francs by the Underground to get them across. Reaching Aix-en Provence, Brown found they were hidden in Perpignan, getting ready to cross the border disguised as deaf mutes.

He rushed to Perpignan. Piecing together scraps of information in the intrigue-ridden town where information often cost you your life, Brown found the house where two of the fliers had stayed. They had already crossed the border. But "Monsieur Blanc" and the other two were not so lucky. They were only a few hundred yards from the house when the Germans caught them.

"Monsieur Blanc" was executed. The two fliers who had crossed the border were interned in Spain. At the end of the war the other two were found in a German prison camp. It had taken Captain Brown sixteen months and thousands of miles of search to solve another "missing in action" case.

In Europe alone, the Air Forces now have 25 search teams at work and the Army Graves Registration Service has an additional hundred teams. Because U. S. planes crashed or disappeared over every type of mountain, forest and field, the three-man teams are made up of specialists trained to face specialized obstacles. Of the three, one is usually a language expert. The operation of one of these teams near Mantua, Italy, is typical.

The team was looking for a medium bomber carrying a crew of six. Other planes said the bomber had been hit between Verona and Mantua. Setting out from Mantua, the team stopped at every farm. Finally, one farmer thought he remembered the plane.

The second clue followed quickly. A priest said he had helped bury six Americans soon after the date of the crash. He took the team to the cemetery, then to another farmer who had found a plane. The wreckage was still there. The six fliers had been killed instantly. The numbers on one of the machine guns tallied with the numbers on their report. It was the missing bomber.

IN ITS WORLD-WIDE search for missing men, the Air Forces has had to adopt a system. If it had a name, it might well be the Zinn system, for Fred Zinn, member of the Air Service in World War I, blazed the trail. Zinn was handling the assignment of flying personnel near Toul, France, and he knew most of the fliers personally. When the war ended, airmen who had been prisoners in Germany began passing through his office.

Zinn found they were full of bits of information about the two hundred Air Service men listed as "missing in action." Realizing their families might never know what had happened unless he acted, he began to piece the information together.

First, Zinn wrote to all squadron commanders for the number of each missing plane and the area

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where its last mission was flown. He checked with the Red Cross for names of men who had been reported killed but were frequently buried in unmarked graves. Then, after getting the cooperation of the Graves Registration Service, he was ready to start.

Accompanied by a photographer, he traveled for eight months through France and Germany. When Zinn couldn't clear up some cases, he got permission to go to Berlin to examine German records. After six weeks he retrieved the personal effects of about fifty fliers and wrote letters to the families. By the time he left Berlin, only six of the two hundred "missing in action" cases were unsolved.

After Pearl Harbor, Zinn went to Washington to convince the Air Forces that a system of tracing missing men should be instituted immediately, instead of waiting for years during which valuable information might be lost. His proposals were accepted, but nothing happened. Then he offered his services to the Red Cross to set up a bureau in Europe. The idea was cleared through the War Department, but again nothing happened.

Finally Zinn asked Eddie Rickenbacker, an old friend, to talk to General Arnold. Soon the Office of Statistical Control told Zinn they would approve his plan if he could work out a form in which all information on a crash would be set down on one piece of paper and all questions answered simply by "yes" or "no." Zinn said it couldn't be done. The Army said it had to be done that way—or not at all.

Zinn went back to his hotel, dejected. He was packing his bags to go home when he switched on a radio. The announcer was telling of the first great losses of U. S. bombers over Europe. Zinn thought of the men's families, unpacked his bags, went to work on the form.

"I decided I had to do it, even if it was written in Sanskrit with pink ink on green paper," he said later.

It took him ten days to compress all the information into one page. On Friday, it was accepted. On Saturday, General Marshall signed a directive that put Zinn's Missing Aircrew Report into effect throughout the Air Forces.

To Zinn's contributions, the Air Forces has added latest methods of investigation. In Washington today, the Intelligence Division digests intelligence reports from all over the world and funnels them to its men in the field. Hundreds of experts pore over tons of captured German files, seeking traces of missing men. Luckily, the enemy used a system much like ours.

In Paris, reports continue to flow to headquarters of the ground-search teams under Col. A. P. Tacon. The files at *Dulag Luft*, prison camp where Allied fliers were interrogated by the Germans, have given countless clues. The Joint Intelligence Group in London has added many more. Before the end of the war, the underground supplied a vast amount of information. All this, plus Graves Registration records and reports from military attachés in neutral countries, have helped to form the meaningless pieces of puzzle into an understandable whole.

Clues often appear from no-

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where. For a long while the War Department received photographs of funeral processions with blurred Spanish scrawls on the back. A number of Allied fliers who had died trying to cross the Spanish border or had crashed nearby were given elaborate funerals and burials by the people of nearby towns.

After U. S. troops had liberated part of northern France, one search team came upon a small grave covered with flowers in the back yard of a French home. Digging, they found nothing but a pair of hands clasped together, with a ring on one finger. On the ring were three initials.

The hands had fallen during a sky battle, the Frenchman said. Checking the date with the initials, the team found that a pilot was listed as "missing in action" that day. He had been blown to bits, but his hands, still clasped around the stick, had clung together in death.

GREAT AS ARE the obstacles facing teams in Europe, they seem dwarfed in the Pacific. Here the real enemy is space itself. In the enormous arc of ocean from Pearl Harbor to Tokyo, the search for missing men on reefs and islets is a seemingly endless job. In the jungles of India and Burma, or islands like New Guinea, a team may take hours to fight a few hundred yards through undergrowth. The treacherous curves and mud of India's mountain roads are often impassable, even to jeeps.

To meet the challenge, native teams familiar with jungle work are being trained. The Air Transport Command is using Piper Cubs and helicopters which can scout an area, then land in clearings if a clue is spotted. But progress has been slow. Months after V-J Day, dozens of stranded pilots were turning up on islands around Borneo and the Celebes.

Worst problem of all is the complete disappearance of a plane. One C-47, carrying 24 radar and radio specialists, vanished on a flight down the New Guinea coast. When it failed to arrive, search planes went out. Before the hunt was abandoned two search planes and their crews were lost.

For the Navy, once the Pacific has swallowed up men it rarely releases them. Today, the fate of forty missing submarine crews is probably sealed forever. Yet search teams are sometimes rewarded by a miracle. When the submarine *Tullibee* was sunk, all hands were reported missing. But search teams later found one man who had been blown from the conning tower into the water. Although wounded, he survived and was found at the end of the war working in a Jap mine.

Long before V-J Day, the Navy had worked out a secret grapevine to check on missing men. Ship survivors managed to keep records even in prison camps of shipmates who had lived or had been drowned. The crew of the *Houston*, which went down in March, 1942, kept notes in hidden bottles and cans. Months before 260 of them were liberated, the Navy had pieced together enough information to notify their families that they were still alive.

The Navy is now clearing up its "missing in action" cases at the rate of 75 to 100 a day. Last October

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19, there were 294 prisoners unaccounted for, but Navy teams checking Jap prison camps found some alive, some dead. Today the Navy has no prisoners unaccounted for, the Marine Corps only one.

Some of the "missing" reappear in strange ways. Paul Jonas of the Mutual Broadcasting System received a phone call. "Hello, Dad," said the voice. Jonas almost collapsed. It was his son, Maj. Bill Jonas of the Army Air Forces, lost for months.

Yes, they come back. Back from prison camps and remote islands, almost from the dead. You read about them as though it were a fairy story. And yet it happens. It happens over and over again.

That is why many mothers and fathers of men who are still "missing in action" never give up hope. That is why they tear open every telegram with trembling fingers, praying it may be the one they have been waiting for. That is also why the hundreds of Army and Navy search teams will keep working all over the world, until they are satisfied that every possible effort has been made to solve the tragic but inevitable post-war riddle of "missing in action."

Minor Essays

THE CLASS was asked to write an essay on the life of Benjamin Franklin. After much pencil-chewing a little fifth-grader briefed the great man's life down to its most basic details and turned in the following report to her teacher: "Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, traveled to Philadelphia, met a lady on the street, she laughed at him, he married her and discovered electricity."

—PHILIP BEATON

THE ASSIGNMENT for the sixth-grade hygiene group was a composition on anatomy. One promising lad submitted this masterpiece:

"Your head is kind of round and hard, and your brains are in it and your hair on it. Your face is the front of your head where you eat and make faces. Your neck is what keeps your head out of your collar. It's hard to keep clean. Your shoulders are sort of shelfs where you hook your suspenders on them.

"Your stummick is something that if you do not eat often enough it hurts, and spinage don't help it none. Your spine is a long bone in your back that keeps you from folding up. Your back is always behind you no matter how quick you turn around.

"Your arms you got to have to pitch with and so you can reach the butter. Your fingers stick out of your hand so you can throw a curve and add up rithmatick. Your legs is what if you have not got two of you cannot get to first base. Your feet are what you run on, your toes are what always get stubbed.

"And that's all there is of you except what's inside, and I never saw it."

—*Ripco Ripples*

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Whether you own a home or plan to build one, don't skimp on lights at the cost of your health

Better LIGHT for Better Living

by GEORGE NELSON AND HENRY WRIGHT

THE INTERIOR OF the average American home should be the best-lighted interior in the world, yet it is the worst. People do their evening chores, homework, bridge-playing, reading—in fact, carry on practically all home activities—under lighting conditions that the owner of a delicatessen would not tolerate for a moment and which would run a factory owner out of business in no time.

Unfortunately, the situation has been pretty largely ignored because improper lighting doesn't kill anybody or cost measurable amounts of money or produce any other immediately noticeable effects. Hence lighting has been conceived in terms of fixtures rather than illumination, and has occupied an almost negligible place in the building budget. But if living conditions in the home are to be healthful and in tune with civilization's general progress, lighting *must* be given a great deal more attention than it is getting now.

When the Holland Tunnel was built, the designing engineers, conscious of the importance of this great project for linking Manhattan with New Jersey, tried to make their calculations as nearly perfect as possible. This was particularly true of lighting, for with the immense volume of traffic anticipated, no single factor was more vital in assuring a safe and steady flow of automobiles. But after the tunnel had been completed, the engineers discovered that there was no such thing as an "ideal" amount of light.

A special "daylight circuit" of lights was installed a hundred feet from the entrance to the tunnel. These are kept bright during the day to give as nearly the equivalent of daylight as is possible. At night they are dimmed. In other words, "perfect" lighting for Holland Tunnel was not a fixed quantity at all. It would have to vary in intensity, depending on conditions outside.

The same problem, in a different form, exists in millions of American homes.

Did you ever visit your electrical supply store and wonder what wattage bulb to get for a certain fixture? The choice is difficult be-

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cause the quantity of illumination by which the eye can function varies almost beyond belief. In view of this fact, you might say: "If I can read at almost any intensity, why waste money on unneeded wattage?" But wait. The eye is a wonderfully adaptable instrument and, if necessary, will function admirably for reading even by firelight. Yet while we can see remarkably well under extremely unfavorable conditions, there is so much muscular and nervous strain involved and so disproportionate an amount of energy expended, that an attempt to save wattage is foolish.

In the first place, as intensity is lowered we see more *slowly*. This has been proved by a factory experiment repeated so many times that industrialists now take it for granted. People have been given jobs to do with "X" foot-candles of illumination on their work, a foot-candle being the quantity of light thrown by a single candle on an object a foot away from the flame. When the intensity was stepped up, it was found that as brightness increases, the rate of work also increases. Up to a certain point the increase is in direct proportion to the amount of illumination. After this point is passed, the quantity of work continues to increase but no longer at the same rate as the illumination. Finally the work-increase levels off. Yet fatigue continues to decrease.

The experiment proves two things: with more light we not only see more *quickly* but more *easily* as well. In fact, there seems to be almost no limit to the amount of light we can profitably use. In the best modern factories, fluorescent or mercury-vapor lamps are jammed together so tightly above assembly lines that some interiors seem to have a solid ceiling of light. At the Dodge Chicago plant, which made practically all the engines for B-29 bombers, 2,700,000 dollars was spent on lighting installation alone. And every penny was invested by factory men who do not buy things unless they pay off in production.

The important facts about intensity, therefore, are (1) that our eyes are extremely bad judges of illumination; and (2) that, so far as productivity, comfort and health are concerned, we can scarcely get enough light. Point one can be taken care of by using the services offered by local light companies, providing data on desirable levels of illumination, lamps and bulbs necessary, and so forth. Point two is partly a matter of cost and partly a matter of fixture design. Lamps with tight heavy shades can absorb most of the light you pay for before it gets into the room.

"Enough light" doesn't do the job, however, if the lighting is out of proportion to the room's general illumination. And the general illumination, in turn, must be so scaled that it is not blinding to eyes that have been "dark-adapted" by a walk home through poorly lighted streets.

LET US IMAGINE that you are reading this article by the light of a 100-watt bulb. Shining on the page at a distance of three feet, the lamp produces the relatively low intensity of twenty foot-candles. As there is no other light in the room, the areas

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around the magazine are only dimly illumined, say one foot-candle intensity at most, producing a contrast ratio of twenty to one between the white page and the surrounding area. Thus if you have occasion to look away from the page from time to time, your eyes have to adjust themselves very rapidly to a considerable change in brightness.

When the eye first turns from brightness to darkness, the iris has to open to its widest aperture and quantities of retinal fluid have to be generated quickly. Even with these efforts, it takes a few seconds before anything can be distinguished in comparative obscurity. Then, when the eye turns back to the bright page, the reverse process has to be gone through, with the result that for a moment you have an uncomfortable feeling that the page is too bright and glaring.

IN SETTING up an illumination pattern for the average living room, a lighting expert would probably establish the following requirements: (1) a reasonable over-all intensity, no dim corners, no black shadows; (2) concentrated, direct light where it is needed; (3) flexibility, both in placing of light and in intensity.

In a room filled with indirect light the illumination is good in the sense that there are no deep shadows, but it is not pleasant illumination. There is no contrast. Objects seem to lose their sharpness. One way to get a background of light is to use the so-called "direct-indirect" fixtures, frequently seen in houses in the form of lamps that throw light to the ceiling, where it reflects down to table or book. Use of translucent shades gives color and warmth which make the room far more attractive and homelike.

Concentrated light can be provided in many ways. A bulb in a reflector will do it; so will inside-silvered lamps seen so often in show windows and art galleries. There are lens-type spotlights which can be built directly into the ceiling so that only a flush of glass shows. Also available are the small spotlights used for shop display purposes, although some of these will seem inappropriate for living-room use. If the idea of a wall spotlight seems too radical, use a more conventional solution such as table lamps with properly designed shades. Another control possibility is the three-way lamp, now used more and more in floor and table lamps to provide flexibility of lighting. The main point is: concentrated, direct light must be provided where it is needed, in every room in the house.

Illumination of the dining room is vastly different from illumination of the living room. The dining table, normally, is a fixed object. The people who use it are, during a meal, equally fixed in their positions. This means that the lighting scheme can be more static. The only light needed for eating is light on the table. Background illumination has only to be bright enough to reduce excessive contrast between the table and its surroundings.

But light for the table is not merely an illumination: remember that the one place in the modern home where the candle still has functional justification is on the dining table, where the flickering light and warm color do an excellent job

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of glamorizing the food, the tableware and the diners. The main fixture, whatever it is, must be capable of producing a comparable result. This can be achieved by having a strong, direct light shining down on the surface of the table.

SPECIAL LIGHTING functions in tomorrow's house will demand creative solutions from the designer, though not necessarily at great expense. We are accustomed to lights in refrigerators and clothes closets. In the new bureaus that are being treated as built-ins rather than loose pieces of furniture, why not lights in the drawers? Anyone who ever tried to find a pair of dark socks on a dim winter morning would probably bless the manufacturer for the rest of his days.

Most of us take for granted the existence of fairly good lighting for the bathroom mirror. But there are other mirrors in the house where people apply lipstick, straighten hats and so on, and good illumination is needed here too. There is no particular trick in making mirrors that have their own little lighting systems built in.

Most modern cars have a tiny dashboard light to illuminate the area where the ignition key goes in. Yet there is no similarly convenient gadget for the front or rear door keyhole. For an ingenious designer, providing such a convenience would be no problem at all. And designers might take a tip from theatres where there are tube lights in hollow railings along the aisle. A stairway illuminated in this way would be safe and unusually good looking as well.

The job of properly lighting your home is an exacting one, requiring more ingenuity and expense than has been given it in the past. But the benefits are more than worth it. Awaiting those who are ready to start the job is a vast accumulated experience which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to acquire but which is now available to you for practically nothing.

He Created an Alphabet

MORE THAN one hundred years ago, on the banks of the Tennessee River, there lived an American who made an interesting contribution to American history: an unique alphabet. He was George Guess, a Cherokee Indian whose tribal name was Sequoya. This self-tutored man presented his race with the phonetic characters that form one of the most beautiful languages ever spoken.

With only the help of his daughter, Eye-O-kah, he labored for twelve years to produce the musical cadences which make it possible for anyone to read Cherokee after studying the alphabet for just one day. George Guess listened to the sounds of birds and animals, then created 86 symbols on rocks and called them "talking stone." His statue is in the national Capitol and the oldest living things in the entire world are named for him, the giant redwoods of the Yosemite Valley of California—the Sequoias.

—MILTON BACON

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Wall Street has changed since 1929; if you're speculating again, better brush up on the new rules

The Truth About the Stock Market

by SAM SHULSKY

ARE YOU ONE of the millions of security holders now playing the stock market in the hope of running your stake into a private old-age security plan? Or are you merely one of the 85 million War Bond holders on the verge of going into Wall Street to get some of that "easy money" everybody's talking about? In either case you ought to know that there have been some drastic changes made since the last time we decided that there was gold for the asking on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

Making a fortune in Wall Street isn't as easy as it looks. In fact, it never was—as millions of disillusioned speculators discovered in those dark October days of 1929. But if you still want to try the get-rich-quick game, you should first look into some of the new rules that have been set up to protect both you and the stock market.

For example, write a letter to the Exchange, saying you have 300 dollars to invest and want to buy a low-priced stock "that's sure to go up." You will receive a reply suggesting that you put the money into victory bonds. Or go to a broker with your 300 dollars and try to buy 50 shares of XYZ at 20 (you've heard it'll hit 35, sure). The broker will give you a polite but firm "no." Early this year the Federal Reserve Board stepped in and wiped out all stock margins. From now on, it's 100 per cent cash, on the line.

These are the two changes that will strike you first. But there are many more, all adding up to the fact that the new Wall Street is not interested in attracting customers in the "Hello Sucker!" style of the

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speakeasy '20s. That brought boom, collapse, public suspicion and government regulation. Nearly twenty years were required to cover those scars, allay suspicion, and temper Washington antagonism.

Today the Street, having regained a good measure of public confidence, is taking no chances on losing it again. It's had time since '29 to think clearly about what it wants to be "when it grows up." A majority has come to the conclusion that it must operate as a conservative business, providing: 1) money for the constant expansion of American productive capacity; and 2) a medium for the legitimate investment of your surplus funds.

In its new form the Street only faintly resembles its boom-day self. A few months ago, the Exchange suspended a broker's employee who induced a customer to buy a stock by saying, "They are putting it up." The Exchange said this was "loose and irresponsible language."

It could have added, with a greater degree of truth than ever before, that there is no "they" in the new Wall Street. Gone are the magic names of Livermore, the boy plunger, and Mike Meehan, who ran Radio from pennies to 500 dollars a share. The famed "Copper Pool" no longer exists, and rumors of deals by the Chase Bank "crowd" and by the "Corner" (J. P. Morgan & Co.) no longer stampede millions into buying or selling blindly.

Not only have pool operations been declared illegal, but constant watch is kept to prevent their return. A staff of Securities and Exchange Commission tapewatchers scan quotations with all the expertness of veteran traders. Any hint of manipulation or price-rigging brings out a flying squad to trace the origins of purchase and sale. Other investigators look into complaints received from any investor or speculator who feels he has been the victim of a faked market. Correlated with all this is a constant study of transactions by Wall Street executives and corporation officials who might take advantage of inside knowledge to profit at the public's expense.

As a result, today's stock market represents the composite action of millions of traders like yourself, not the domination of a group of wealthy plungers. Yet despite restraint by exchanges and brokers, mass speculation often knows no bounds. In times of rising markets it is a courageous broker indeed who will veto a customer's hunches.

One customer's man recently pleaded with a woman client not to buy a "dog" selling at 87 cents. The stock was so far "under water," he explained, that it could never have real value. She said the price was so low, how could she lose? Then the broker played his trump card—an appeal to feminine vanity.

"Would you buy a burlap dress just because it's cheap?"

She kept her money in U.S. Steel

Sam Shulsky did his first writing as a high school correspondent for the Rochester (N. Y.) Journal. He has been writing ever since. A graduate of the University of Rochester, he did postgraduate work in business administration at New York University. In 1935 Shulsky joined the financial staffs of the New York Journal and the International News Service, and for the last three years he has been assistant financial editor of both. He is the author of many magazine articles on finance, business and housing.

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which, in the next few months, ran full tilt into a strike and sold lower. Meanwhile the water-logged "dog" rose to six dollars a share. Now the well-meaning broker moans that "every bridge club knows me as the biggest dope in Chicago!"

Perhaps the prime example of stock-market happenstance concerns a group of 25 Midwestern brokers, who formed a club for the sole purpose of convivial friendship, and dubbed it the Investors Club. Then, to support that austere title, each contributed ten dollars to the treasury at every meeting, the resulting sum to be invested in a manner "befitting" the club's name.

The first night the chairman called for a show of fingers on the table, and counted 74. Taking the day's New York Curb list, he went down 74 names and bought 250 dollars' worth of that stock. By the next meeting the stock had doubled and the club, realizing it had erred in its purpose, decided to buy the cheapest stock traded on the N.Y. Stock Exchange that day. In a month, this had doubled too.

The next meeting's 250-dollar investment was picked by adding the ages of the members' daughters and going that far down on the Stock Exchange list; at the next meeting the sons' ages were added. All the stocks went up. Now the embarrassed club's officers are trying to figure out a way to lose the money because: (a) they had intended to compile their experiences as a warning to reckless clients; and (b) they've made so much money that the pall of profit hangs heavy over the clubroom bar.

These, of course, are not the kinds of activity that Wall Street boasts of, nor are they typical of how money is being made. But they do prove that inside control of prices has largely disappeared.

To complete the transition from a pool-dominated market to one influenced by informed investors, Wall Street houses now spend millions annually to provide customers with factual information. This effort remains the biggest hope of the constructive elements, who realize that though they may have been technically correct in putting up the "caveat emptor" sign in the '20s, it proved bad business in the long run.

In a recent memo to branches and correspondents in 62 cities, Harold L. Bache, head of Bache & Co., one of the world's largest brokerage firms, told his managers to warn clients that low-priced stocks are not necessarily cheap: that a stock selling at two dollars may be overpriced whereas one selling at $200 may be a bargain.

Complementing this type of specific warning has been a flood of "go slow" advice. During the last four years of advancing prices, the Street and its customers have been subjected to a series of danger signals sent out by analysts, market-letter writers, investment counselors and others who get the public ear, warning that what goes up *must* go down. (In the lush boom era of 1928-29, anyone who suggested that stocks could move in any direction but upward was scorned as a crackpot Jeremiah.)

Of even greater significance is the fact that despite all the public attention the market has recently attracted, the value of shares now traded is lower in proportion to the

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national income than at almost any time in the last 75 years! Twenty years ago, several billions in credit were needed to maintain stock-prices. Today less than a billion is so employed. In 1929, a membership on the Exchange represented 625 thousand dollars. Today the value is around 95 thousand dollars.

Your broker will admit he's just as well satisfied with the market's sub-dominant position. The Street realizes that it is not yet out of the woods of public suspicion and will never again be free of government restrictions. Emil Schram, the Exchange's hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year president, dwells on this fact in warning his membership. Cracking down on a flood of rumors and resultant heavy dealings in cheap stocks, he declares the Exchange is "determined" to preserve the progress made in the improvement of its public position."

As for federal controls: "Whether some like it or not, the principle of regulation is permanently established and widely accepted. We must never think of breaking down the barriers against abuses which formerly existed."

To strengthen these barriers, the Exchange has launched an advertising campaign costing 750 thousand dollars annually, aimed at keeping the uninformed trader out of the market and stressing the precautions you must observe if you insist on speculating. This has taken the form of one of the most unusual "we-don't-want-your-business" campaigns in advertising history. Those who merely want to gamble have been told point-blank to stay out of the market. Meanwhile, to encourage desirable investors, the Exchange has stiffened requirements for information from companies whose securities are listed. Says President Schram:

"Our member firms have invested large sums in research. Those who scorn this information and conduct operations on the basis of tips and hunches contribute to instability and render an absolute disservice to our general economy."

Behind this reform movement stands, of course, the Federal Government. As early in the New Deal as 1933, securities acts began to sweep out of Washington, each wave cooling more of the old-fashioned speculative fervor. Pool operators were so closely watched that they soon disappeared. Corporation "insiders" were forced to disclose dealings and surrender any profits made by use of exclusive information. Commercial banks were divorced from the lucrative field of selling and trading in securities, while many traditional banker-utility relationships were broken up.

Other government agencies, emboldened by the new trend, have not been slow to step in. The De-

Next Month in Coronet

Immortals of Music

a full-color pictorial feature recalling crucial moments in the lives of GREAT COMPOSERS

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partment of Justice is even now engaged in a "fishing expedition" more than two years old, trying to find out whether investment-banking syndicates which float new issues are violating anti-trust laws. Twice last year the Federal Reserve Board reduced the amounts of credit that speculators could use to buy securities, culminating in the 100 per cent cash order.

Congress has done its bit with a capital-gains tax law — a device which rewards those who practice the virtue of patience. The law reads that any profit made in a security held less than six months is taxed at regular income rates, whereas if the security is held more than six months, the maximum levy is only 25 per cent. By thus inserting a "time clause" in big transactions, the government has discouraged the game of quick profits—buy today and sell tomorrow—which has worked to the detriment of the small traders.

Such rules and regulations—imposed from above as well as initiated by the Street itself—have exerted a sober effect on the market. But this does not mean that you can't lose your money in the new Wall Street. The market is still very much a broad two-way street, where prices can go up or down. Today, however, the bad curves are plainly marked, the traffic rules are clear.

Some unreconstructed rebels complain the transformation has gone too far—that what with present curbs on trading, the SEC's constant plaguing and high income taxes, it is virtually impossible to make a quick fortune today. This, however, is distinctly a minority opinion. Speculative fortunes *have* been made in the last few years. A vast majority of brokers have made money. Lights frequently burn in downtown New York skyscrapers these nights as "back offices" struggle to clear the books.

But firms which have reorganized on a modern-day basis use the energy formerly consumed in complaining about the New Deal to making a living under it. They are satisfied that today's setup is a far sounder and safer one than yesterday's. That is why the Street is striving mightily to acquire the respectability, in appearance as well as in fact, which it knows it must have if it hopes to remain a free and vital force in our economic system.

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A Monsignor with printer's ink in his blood directs a unique chain of papers

A Churchman Edits the News

by BARRON B. BESHOAR

THE LITTLE Monsignor bustled out of his office and stuck a notice on the bulletin board. When he had returned to his editorial sanctum, the staff read:

" 'State' is a formal word for 'say' and should be used only in matters of importance. Do not mark it, however, unless you are sure of yourself. A poor writer once edited Archbishop McNicholas' copy here and took out 'state' where it should have been used. There was hell to pay."

Notices such as that are common in the news room of the *Register*, largest Roman Catholic newspaper enterprise in the world. The fiery founder, editor and manager of the system, the Rt. Rev. Matthew J. W. Smith, Ph.D., LL.D., Jour.D., insists that these ukases keep his staff of cleric and lay newspapermen on their editorial toes.

The Monsignor, as he is known to everyone in Denver, has some ideas on editing and publishing that would horrify his contemporaries in the daily newspaper field, but the fact that he has developed a system of 32 diocesan newspapers and a national edition with a combined circulation of 675 thousand a week puts him in the authority class without reservations.

His commanding position in the field of Catholic journalism was emphasized not long ago when he went to Rome as a guest of Francis Cardinal Spellman at the time that the latter was elevated to the College of Cardinals.

From the Monsignor's half-million-dollar plant in the shadow of the Rockies, newspapers go out each week to dioceses in every part of the U. S. Each is an individual newspaper—the Central California *Register*, the Nevada *Register*, the St. Louis *Register* and on down a long list. The national edition, known simply as the *Register*, is published for Sunday distribution.

Each newspaper has its own editor located in the diocese for which the newspaper is published, but much of the editing as well as the actual make-up and printing are done in Denver. In each instance, the bishop of the diocese has solicited the *Register* to print his

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newspaper; in no instance is there a written contract, only an oral agreement between the bishop and Monsignor Smith.

He has built this journalistic phenomenon through business acumen, editorial sense combined with punchy writing, and a fanatical devotion to rhetoric. The latter was instilled by his mother, fostered by a newspaper editor who used Matt Smith as a literary guinea pig, and perfected by years in a seminary.

THE EDITOR, W. H. Schwartz, who comes as close to being a patron saint to the Monsignor as is possible for a fervent Methodist, gave young Matt Smith his first job on the morning *Tribune* in his native Altoona, Pa. The veteran editor, whose one regret was that he had not "studied for the ministry and become a bishop," worked his protégé at one editorial job after another. At the same time he put him through an intensive course of the English and American classics.

At the close of the course, Editor Schwartz and the *Tribune's* city editor, E. W. Everhart, gave him an ornate journalism degree of which Everhart said: "If people don't recognize this fine degree for its true worth just tell them to go to hell!" That was in 1913.

Not long after, young Smith, alarmed by tuberculosis in other members of his family, bade the Alleghenies good-bye and headed West. In Colorado, he worked first as telegraph editor of the *Chieftain*, morning daily in Pueblo, then moved north to Denver to become editor of the Denver *Catholic Register* at the ripe age of 22.

The *Register* was owned by the Rev. Hugh L. MacMenamin and a group of Catholic laymen. Only about half of the 28 hundred subscribers were putting out cash for their weekly paper. The other assets, effectively offset by a four-thousand-dollar debt, were a desk, two chairs and an ancient typewriter that completely baffled the young editor.

He began his editorship on the theory that newspaper publishing is a scientific business. To school himself as editor of a religious newspaper, he entered St. Thomas Seminary in Denver, where he studied for the priesthood. Meanwhile, he continued to edit the *Register*.

At the Seminary he perfected his English and today, with three to four million faithful readers each week, he still believes that good English is the first requisite of a newspaper. Yet it has led him into fields strange to his trade. For example, he conducts a college of journalism and grants degrees to staff members who complete the courses.

When a man starts on the *Register* his first chore is to read ten books on journalism provided by the Monsignor. When the employee begins his editorial tasks he is invited to attend college on office time. Students study philosophy under priests from St. Thomas Seminary, rhetoric under professors from the University of Denver, a Methodist institution, and journalism under the Monsignor himself. If a student lags in class the *Register* hires a tutor.

"We run a religious newspaper and I can't have staff members falling over cliffs when they make a statement in print," the Mon-

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signor tells you. "And we can't have the old heresies cropping up in the *Register*."

His college has produced several scholars, much to the Monsignor's delight. One staff member who started out to be a reporter now translates ancient works from Latin into idiomatic English for use in the college classroom.

Students suspect the Monsignor would like to have the classes conducted in Latin. He hasn't broached the idea yet, but they shiver when he tells them: "There is an infallible test for a well-written newspaper story. If it will translate into Latin, it is written in good English." And then he growls: "Most of them will not translate."

Editorials in the national edition are written by the Monsignor under the caption, "Listening In." He writes with both fists. He never attacks Protestants or other religious groups. He often corrects them in a couple of columns. He gave strong support to Franco during the Spanish war, but stoutly maintained the Falangist leader was merely "the lesser of two evils."

He fires his editorial gun time and again at birth control, and merrily strafes the Planned Parenthood people. His readers never know when he will find birth control the evil root of some seemingly unrelated subject. But of one thing they are certain: his editorials will follow the Papal encyclicals faithfully. If an editorial deals with capital and labor, the Monsignor will be behind the barricade waving a Papal flag at the vested interests. Some of his editorials in behalf of the CIO have sent wealthy Catholic laymen screaming to their pastors, and have caused business agents to regard labor newspapers as weak and anemic.

The Monsignor has a ready explanation: "This newspaper adheres to the theology and sociology of the church. That means we stand with the masses."

DURING KLAN rule in Colorado in the 1920's, when a Klan governor sat in the Capitol, the Monsignor was attacked as often as he led an assault. When the Klan planted a young woman in St. Rose's, a residential home where the Monsignor resides, he discovered the plot, instructed the woman in the Catholic faith and baptized her. From that time until the Klan was no more, he lived and worked with a bodyguard at his side.

There are no bodyguards today, but there are controversies galore. Many Catholic editors are critical of his "Listening In" and his editorial column in the Denver *Register*, which appears as a "registorial" along with other "registorials" by staff members. He pays no attention to these critics, being more interested in the reactions of his lay readers.

Much of the copy reaching the editorial room has been scribbled in pencil by parish correspondents who have little knowledge of news writing. Although the stuff would put the average rewrite man on a secular newspaper in a psychiatric ward, *Register* staff members patiently rewrite it under constant urging to find something newsworthy in it. Typical of bulletin-board notices was this one:

"Watch for the more sensational item! Keep out of the rut! This is

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your test as a journalist—to make what is dull into something attractive. Write with fire! . . . And, dear friends, occasionally read the Style Sheet and remember that nobody but the editor has a right to introduce any changes in style. If you think changes should be made, consult me. I am open to reason."

The "dear friends" swear softly at the Monsignor, but they take his needling notices to heart. They know that newspaper blood flows hotly through Matt Smith's veins. Priests come from every state to study journalism under him. They spend two or three years in his busy news room, go away to edit newspapers that look like newspapers.

Clerics on the staff usually hold places as assistants in Denver parishes, enabling them to keep up with priestly duties while becoming journalists. Oddly enough, they work a full day Sunday when other Catholics are observing the commandment: "Remember thou keep holy the sabbath day." Their day of rest is Thursday.

Salaries of the lay workers are comparable to those paid on Denver's daily newspapers. There are other attractions, too. For all his tough-sounding bulletins, the Monsignor loves his journalists. If one of them is in financial trouble, the Monsignor straightens it out with a check. If one becomes a father, a not-uncommon occurrence for laymen on the anti-birth control *Register*, a check to cover expenses appears on the new father's desk.

The *Register* makes money. It has ever since Matt Smith took it over, excepting the first year. He early acquired considerable stock, but today the sole owner is the Archdiocese of Denver. The Monsignor presented his stock to the church, contending that an individual has no more right to own a church newspaper than a church.

His ambition through the years was to put the Denver *Register* in every Catholic home in the diocese and build up a national circulation of 100 thousand. At 54, he has achieved both ambitions and has moved his sights up. Now he wants a national circulation of 200 thousand, "which would make another million readers every week."

Those who know him believe he will attain his new objective, basing their belief on his pride in craftsmanship, his energy and his assumption that he was chosen for such a task.

"I would be a liar if I denied that the Lord has used me as an instrument," he tells friends. "Again we have proof here that Christ uses the weak and foolish to confound the strong."

Two popes, Pius XI and Pius XII, have praised the little Monsignor and his work. Neither, it seems, used the adjectives "weak and foolish."

Happiness sneaks in through a door you didn't know you'd left open.
—JOHN BARRYMORE

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CASEY at the BAT

AMONG OUR classic American heroes none shines more brightly than the immortal Casey, ballplayer supreme. A man of strength and character, his greatest performance was the achievement of perfect failure in a time of crisis. This magnificent creature of zero accomplishment deserves nothing but the best. So Coronet heaps glory upon grandeur by presenting these drawings from Walt Disney Productions' new feature picture, *Make Mine Music*, with this slightly condensed version of Ernest Lawrence Thayer's deathless poem, *Casey at the Bat*.

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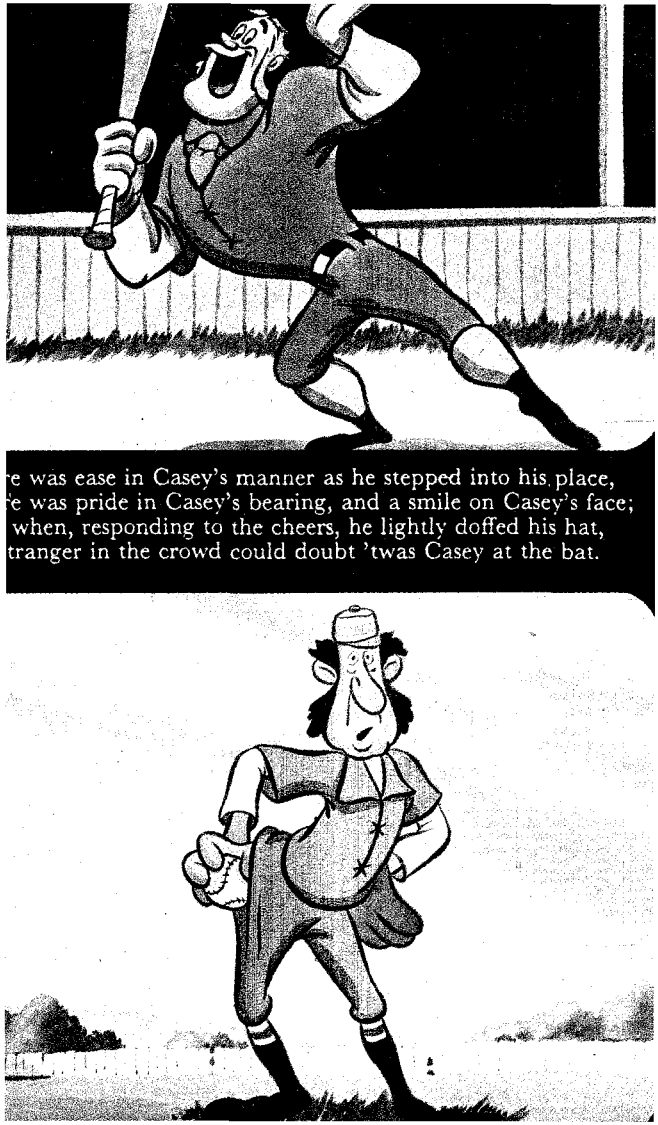
e was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
e was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;
when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
tranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

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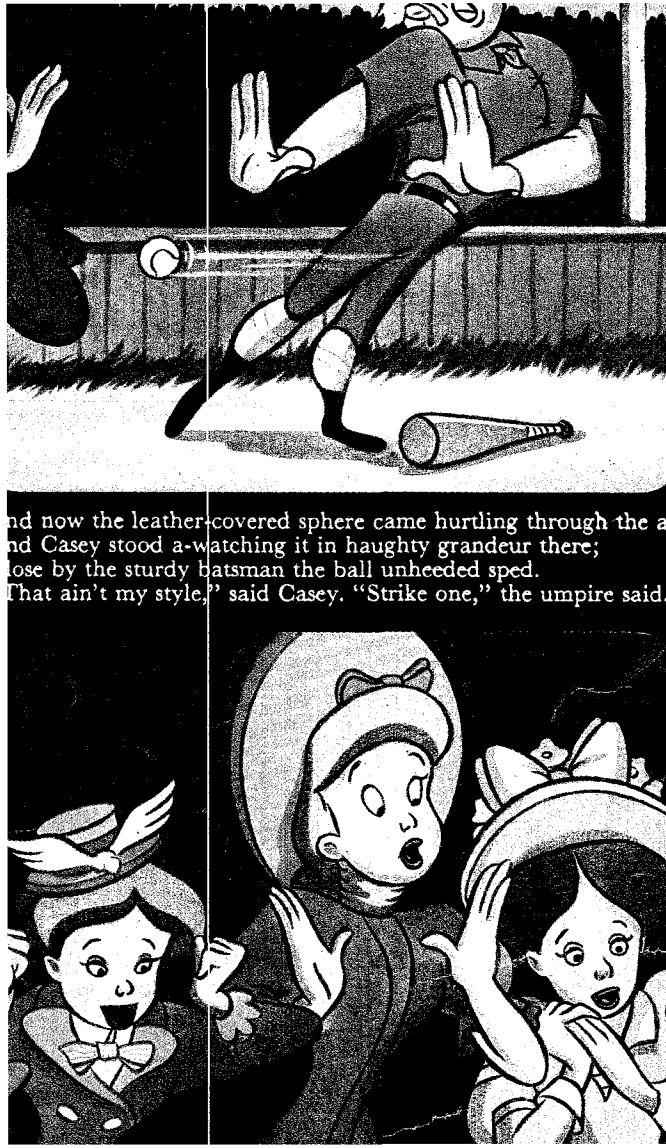
nd now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the ai
nd Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
lose by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

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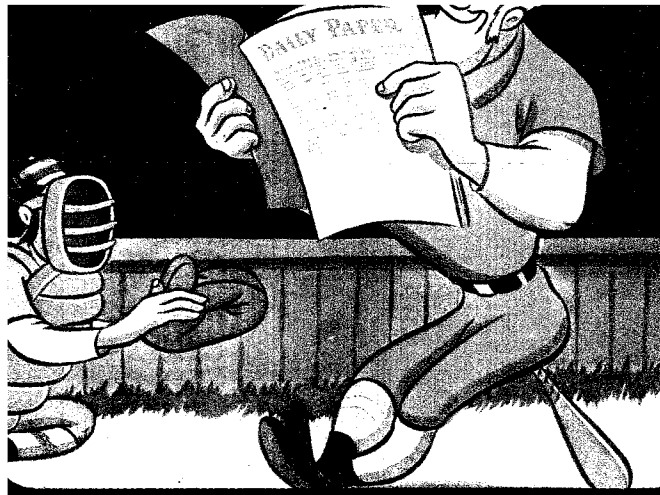

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

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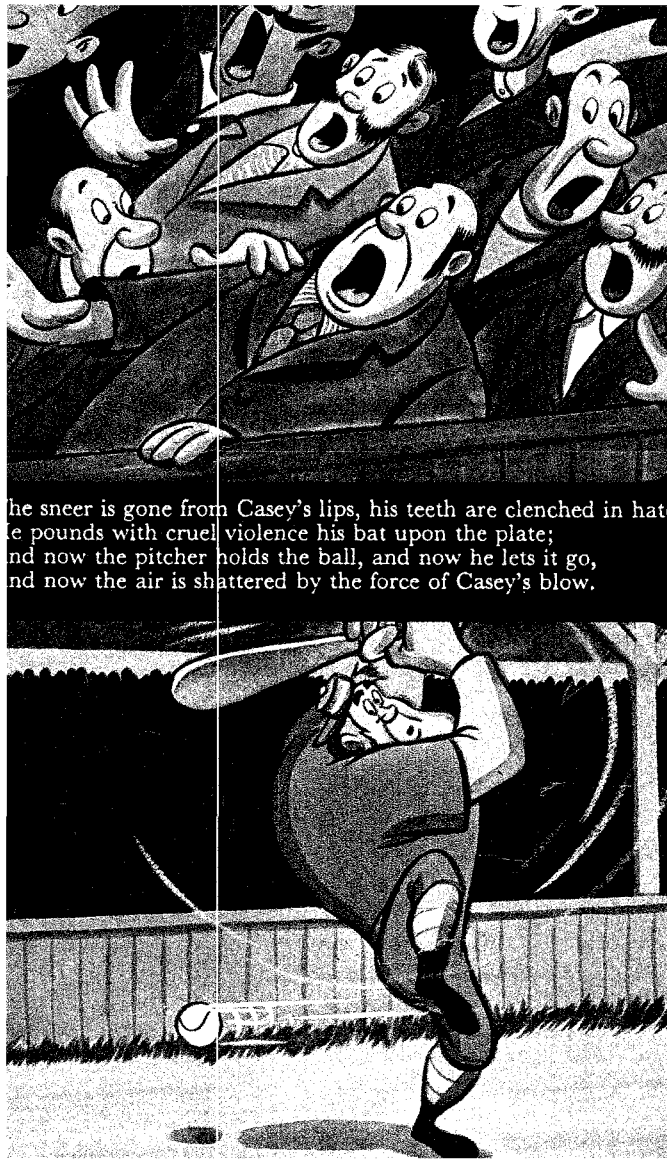
he sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate
e pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
nd now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
nd now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

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Our *Human* Comedy

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is an oft-quoted phrase to which we heartily subscribe. So gathered here are tidbits from life's lighter moments.

FRANK SINATRA was once scheduled to open at the Waldorf's Wedgwood Room, but on the opening night he became ill and asked Danny Kaye to substitute for him. Kaye, who had reserved a table for the opening, agreed to go on. His wife, Sylvia Fine, played the piano accompaniment, and Kaye worked the show.

When it was over, Danny returned to his table. He asked for the check. When the waiter submitted it he whispered confidentially: "We removed the cover charge for you, Mr. Kaye."

—LEONARD LYONS

CALIFORNIA police were confronted with something new in banditry when a gas station attendant reported being held up by a robber with a heart of gold.

When the bandit demanded the money in the till, the attendant protested. "I'll lose my job," he wailed. "The boss will never believe I was robbed."

"Then I'll write him a note about it," suggested the bandit.

"The boss wouldn't believe a note, either," the victim insisted.

"Okay, get him on the phone." The attendant complied.

"Look, pal," the bandit told the station owner pleasantly, "George is losing eighty dollars through circumstances over which he has no control. I'm taking it at gunpoint—so please don't fire him."

Then he hung up and left with the money. —W. E. GOLDEN

WHEN A Los Angeles housewife answered her doorbell, she was confronted by a well-dressed, personable young man. A military discharge button gleamed from the lapel of his coat.

"You're Mrs. John Grunyon of Ames, Iowa?"

"Yes, but—"

"Did you hear the Sudsy Soap radio program yesterday?"

"Why, no."

"Well, Mrs. Grunyon, you have won the weekly grand prize—a free trip back to Ames, Iowa, for you and your family."

Mrs. Grunyon gasped.

"Of course," the young man added, "if you don't care to accept, Sudsy Soap will have another drawing next week."

Mrs. Grunyon hurriedly protested. "Why, only the other night

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we were talking about going back," she said. "My husband lost his job with the shipyard and is out looking for work right now."

"Well, I'll be back this afternoon for your decision."

When the young man returned, the Grunyons told him they had made up their minds to return to Iowa. In fifteen minutes he was back with tickets on a train scheduled to leave the next day.

The following morning he was on hand again to help them pack and make himself generally useful. When the train pulled out that evening, he stood outside the Grunyons' window, smiling and wishing them a happy journey.

"Son," Grunyon called to him, "you have been very kind and helpful; but tell me, what do you get out of this, anyway?"

The smile broadened on the ex-serviceman's face.

"An apartment," he replied. "A place for me and my family. And just a tip, Mrs. Grunyon. When you get home don't waste time looking for my brand of soap. You won't find it anywhere!"

—CHARLES COOMBS

AS A primary school teacher in a small town, Horace Mann, the educator, decided that his young students should learn as much about mathematics as possible. Sometimes, however, his lessons were a little beyond the youngsters' comprehension.

On one such occasion Mann was explaining subtraction. "In order to subtract," he said, "things must always be of the same kind. For example, we could not take three oranges from four apples or five horses from six pigs."

To which a farmer's youngster in the back of the room innocently asked, "How is it then, sir, that my father takes five quarts of milk from our two cows every day?"

—LOUIS HIRSCH

WHEN GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, the playwright, once signed to make a guest appearance on a popular radio show, he was informed that he would receive the usual fee of five hundred dollars. "As a rule," he was told, "guest stars turn the money over to a favorite charity."

"Personally," said Kaufman, "I prefer to turn the money over to a very needy family—of which I am the head!" —IRVING HOFFMAN

THE SCENE was one to gladden the heart of any artist. The lovely Vermont cottage with its quaint thatched roof was set in a colorful frame of gorgeous flowers, majestic trees and thick green shrubs. The artist set up his easel and started to paint.

The owner of the cottage came outdoors to watch. "What are you going to do with the finished picture?" he asked.

"I shall send it to an exhibition."

"Will many people see it?"

"Thousands, I hope."

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind putting on it, 'To let for the summer months.'"

—*Christian Observer*

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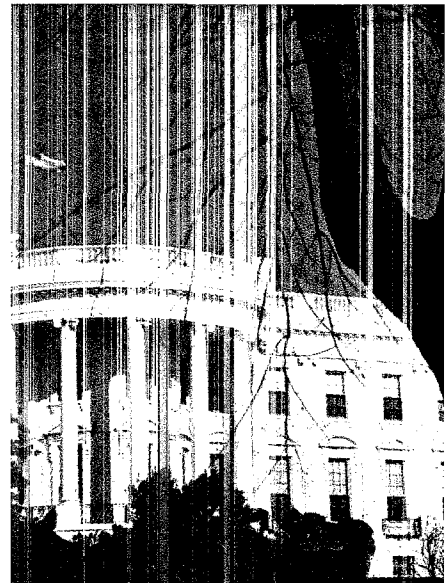

Presidents Live

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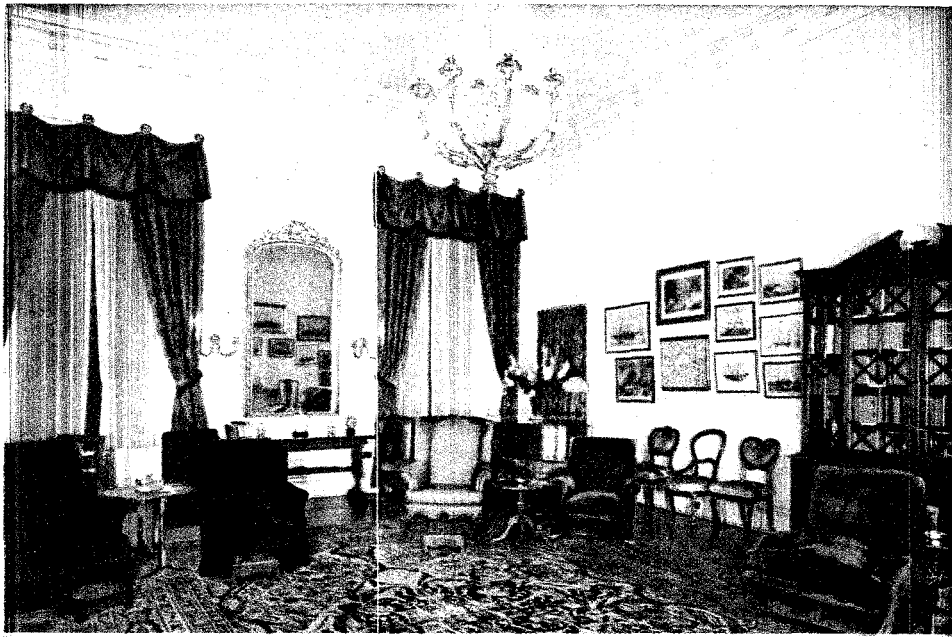

The Monroe Room

THE MONROE ROOM is the souvenir of another era. Its finely wrought furniture was duplicated from originals in the Monroe Museum in Fredericksburg, Virginia, by Mrs. Herbert Hoover when she was First Lady. The pounding of fists on tables and the eloquence of cabinet members have echoed for generations in this room. Here President William McKinley, with one stroke of his pen, brought joy to a nation's heart when he signed the treaty ending the bloody Spanish-American war.

As the President's study, the Monroe Room was long a place of seclusion from the bustle of his household on the second floor, and from state business on the floor below. Today it is President Truman's sitting room, but it is forever dedicated to James Monroe, fifth President of the United States.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826)

James Madison (1751-1836)

James Monroe (1758-1831)

John Quincy Adams (1767-1848)

Andrew Jackson (1767-1845)

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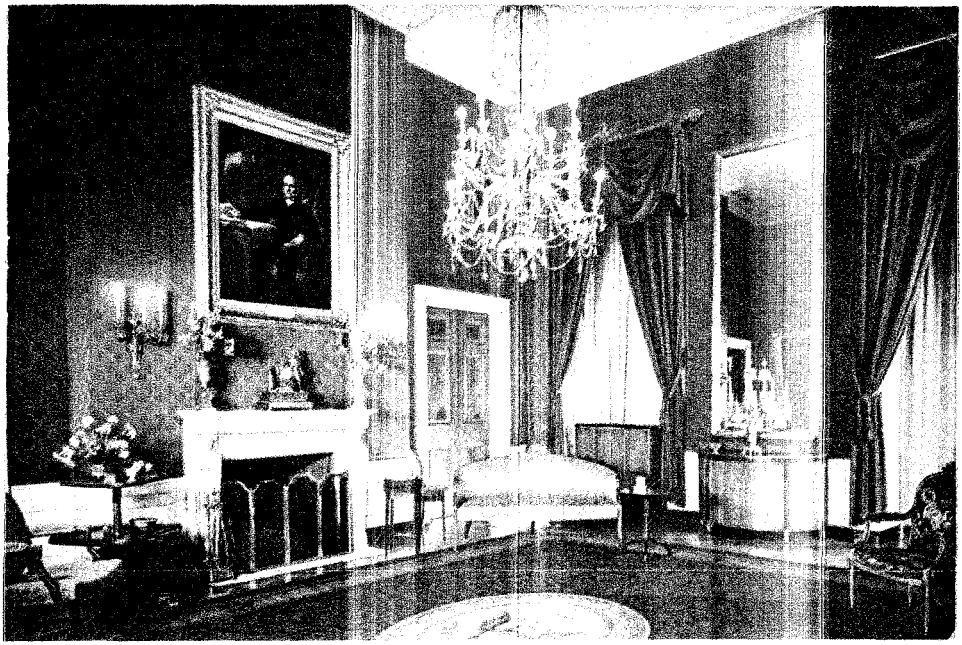

The Green Room

UNTIL THE National Commission of Fine Arts was established by an Act of Congress on May 17, 1910, to pass judgment on all White House alterations, the personality of this informal reception room was altered whenever a Chief Executive wished to make a change. Thomas Jefferson dined here, enjoying both good food and good talk with intimate friends. Gold pieces clinked and bank notes rustled on gaming tables here during the administration of James Monroe. Later, under scholarly John Quincy Adams, the Green Room was transformed into a sedate drawing room, enhanced by white dimity curtains, a mahogany desk, and a fine Brussels carpet. In time it was changed again, to a music room and a haven where Grover Cleveland could relax from his grinding duties as President of the United States.

Martin Van Buren (1782-1862)

William Henry Harrison (1773-1841)

John Tyler (1790-1862)

James Knox Polk (1795-1849)

Zachary Taylor (1784-1850)

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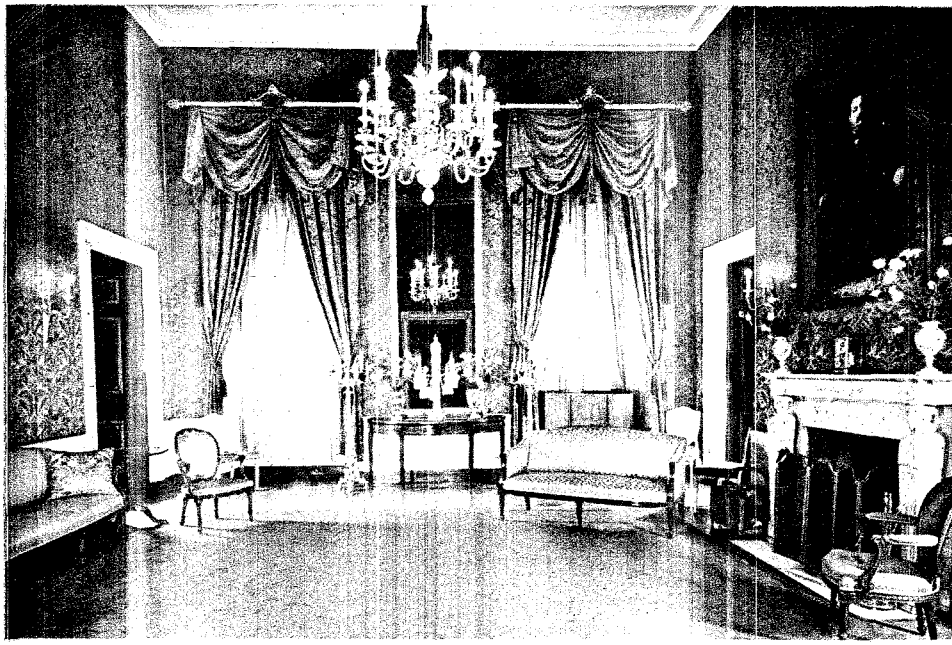

The Red Room

THE RED ROOM, where high-ranking guests are usually taken upon arrival at the White House, has felt the endless beat of great and small events. Here Rutherford B. Hayes broke precedent by taking his oath of office on March 3, because March 4, 1877, fell on a Sunday. The simple ceremony was held before dinner, and when Hayes took his place in the dining room, few of the guests were aware that a new President sat among them. Throughout his term of office Hayes was fond of gathering in the Red Room with his family to sing familiar hymns and sweet, old-fashioned songs. And here, among the dramatic red draperies and upholstery, Franklin D. Roosevelt, on the eve of his first term of office, met with Herbert Hoover for a strained seventeen-minute meeting to speak of urgent matters.

Millard Fillmore (1800-1874)

Franklin Pierce (1804-1869)

James Buchanan (1791-1868)

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865)

Andrew Johnson (1808-1875)

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The Blue Room

THE UNSETTLED conditions of the 1800s, when America was growing and changing, are reflected in the history of the Blue Room, generally regarded as the most beautiful in the White House. Originally called the Elliptical Drawing Room, it rapidly became the Oval Reception Room, the Circular Room, and the Blue Elliptical Saloon. Today it is the official drawing room of the nation. Here, amid the romance of history, in a room banked with flowers, Grover Cleveland, only President to marry in the White House, spoke his marriage vows with Frances Folsom. Here too the great democrat Thomas Jefferson, impatient with the formality of bowing to guests, broke with the tradition of Washington and Adams to step forward and shake hands with statesmen and plain citizens alike.

Ulysses Simpson Grant (1822-1885)

Rutherford Birchard Hayes (1822-1893)

James Abram Garfield (1831-1881)

Chester Alan Arthur (1830-1886)

Grover Cleveland (1837-1908)

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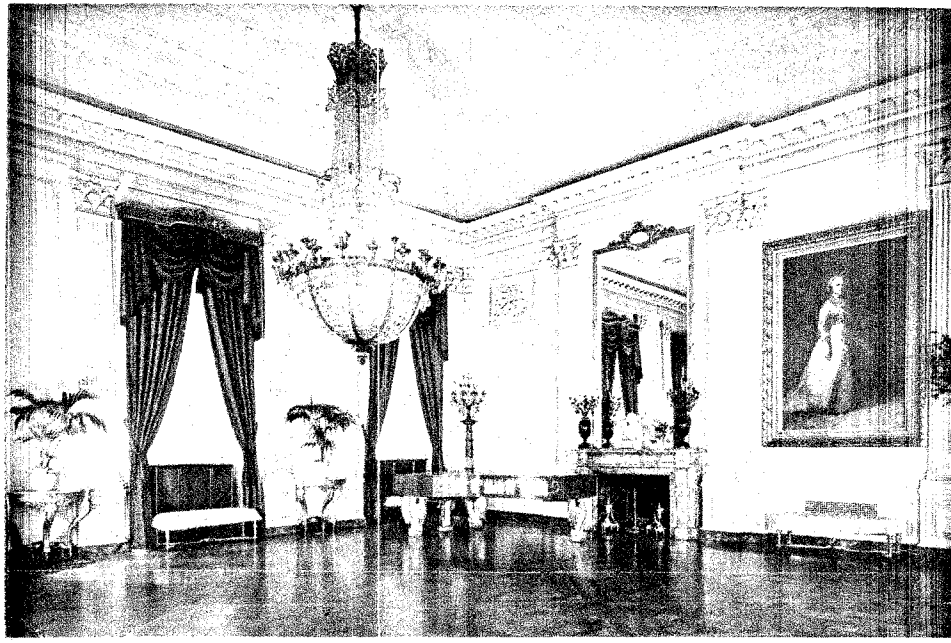

The East Room

IN THE magnificent East Room Presidents for over a century have held their most important social gatherings. In this room memories crowd one upon another: of Mrs. John Adams hanging her wash to dry here in 1800 when the East Room was a barn-like chamber in a raw new house. And there are sobering memories of two unforgettable days when the great mirrors were shrouded, the walls and chandeliers veiled; when heartsick people wound slowly by in solemn procession to gaze for the last time on the martyred face of Abraham Lincoln, and the careworn face of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The heroic spirits of these men still live in the house on Pennsylvania Avenue, keeping close watch on the interests of the people even as they did in life, when two great wars threatened the nation.

Benjamin Harrison (1833-1901)

William McKinley (1843-1901)

Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919)

William Howard Taft (1857-1930)

Woodrow Wilson (1856-1924)

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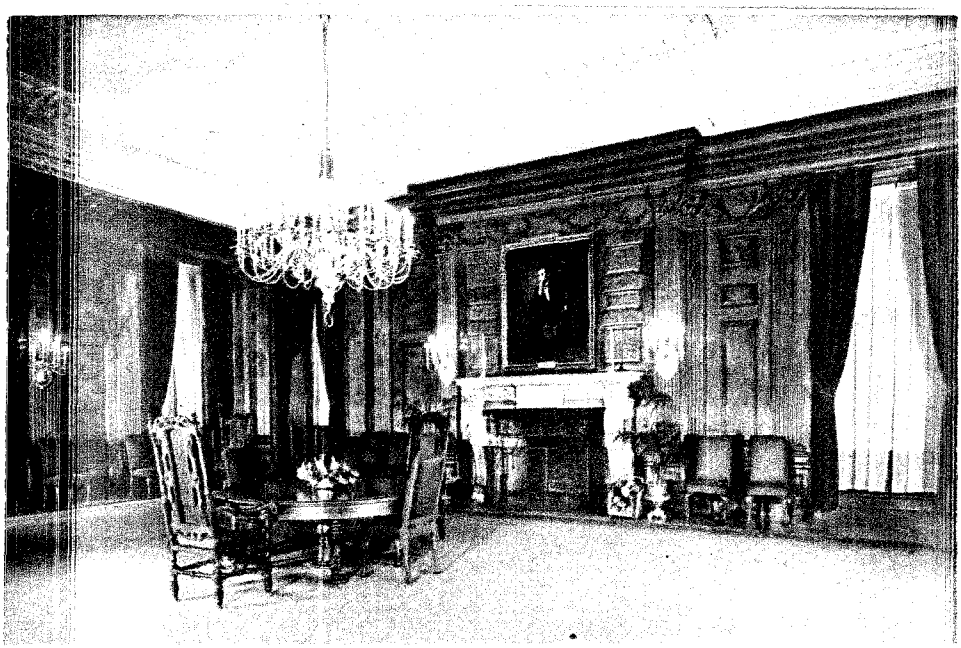

The State Dining Room

RULING OVER THE State Dining Room, where the great and the near-great from all sides of the world have been honored guests of our Presidents at glittering state dinners, are the words of John Adams, the first President to live in the White House. They were engraved upon the great fireplace in 1939 at the request of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The words are a prayer in stone, a guiding spirit not only for this room but for the entire White House, and ultimately for the entire nation. They are a prayer and an admonition to a people who have the privilege of choosing their own leaders, as needful today as when first written in 1800: "*I pray Heaven to bestow the best of blessings on this house and all that shall hereafter inhabit it. May none but honest and wise men ever rule under this roof.*"

Warren Gamaliel Harding (1865-1923)

Calvin Coolidge (1872-1933)

Herbert Clark Hoover (1874-)

Franklin Delano Roosevelt (1882-1945)

Harry S. Truman (1884-)

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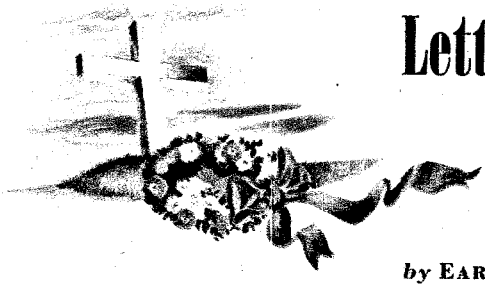
An English girl pays simple tribute to the valor of our sons who sleep in foreign graves



Letter to Saint Peter

by EARL MERCER

America's sons who rest in heroes' graves overseas have given fresh meaning, new solemnity to Memorial Day. They are far from home;but they are not forgotten nor is their valor unsung. Inscribed on a chapel wall of an American military cemetery in England is this simple sonnet from the pen of an English girl, Elma Dean:

Let them in, Peter, they are very tired.
Give them the couches where the angels sleep.
Let them wake whole again to new dawns fired
With sun, not war. And may their peace be deep;
Remember where the broken bodies lie.
And give them things they like, let them make noise,
God knows how young they were to have to die!
Give swing bands, not gold harps, to these our boys.
Let them love, Peter, they have had no time.
Girls sweet as meadow wind with flowering hair.
They should have trees and bird songs, hills to climb,
The taste of summer in a ripened pear. Tell them
How they are missed. Say not to fear;
It's going to be all right with us down here.

These valiant dead, like their brothers who fought and died on foreign soil, would have asked no finer tribute than this: to be reminded that they are among friends who knew for a little while their laughter and charm, their vibrant youth and flaming courage.

Yes, may their peace be deep; may their slumber nevermore be broken by the thunder of cannon or the roar of planes carrying cargoes of death.

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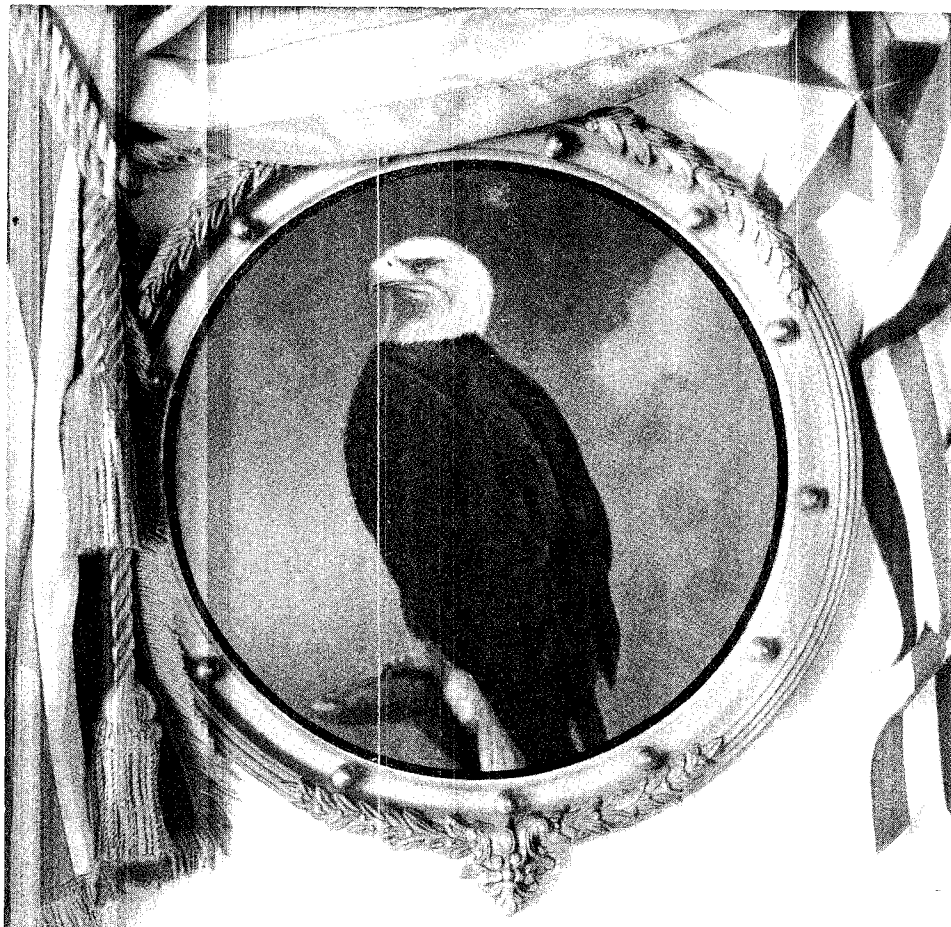

America's Most Illustrious Eagle

How a remarkable bird went to war and won a distinguished place in U. S. history

by MILTON BACON

ONE DAY in the spring of 1861 Chief Sky, a Chippewa Indian living in the northern wilds of Wisconsin, captured an eagle's nest. To make sure of his prize he cut down the tree and caught two eaglets as they were sliding from the nest. One died. He took the other home and built it a nest in a tree close by his wigwam.

The eaglet grew as big as a hen and the red children were delighted with their new pet. But Chief Sky was so poor he had to sell the bird

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to a white woman for a bushel of corn. Her husband brought it to the little village of Eau Claire, a hamlet bustling with soldiers.

"Here's a new recruit," shouted the soldiers. "Let him enlist." And the eagle was sworn into service with red, white and blue ribbons around his neck.

The company took him to Madison, the state capital. As they marched into Camp Randall with colors flying, drums beating, crowds cheering, the eagle suddenly seized the flag in his beak and spread his wings while his bright eyes kindled with the spirit of the scene. Shouts rent the air: "The bird of Columbia, the eagle of freedom forever!"

The soldiers named him Old Abe and the Eighth Wisconsin regiment was henceforth called "the Eagle regiment." A St. Louis resident offered five hundred dollars for Old Abe, but the boys had no intention of parting with their bird. He was above all price . . . an emblem of battle and of victory.

Old Abe fought through the whole War between the States and had many adventures. He was at the siege of Vicksburg, the storming of Corinth, the march of Sherman up the Red River. The whiz of bullets and the scream of shells delighted him. In the heat of battle he would flap his wings and mingle his wildest notes with the noise around him. He was fond of music; his favorite songs seemed to be *Yankee Doodle* and *Old John Brown*. Upon parade he gave heed to "Attention!" His eyes on the commander, he would listen and obey orders. After parade he would put off his soldierly air and become "one of the boys."

The Confederates called him "The Yankee Buzzard," "Old Owl" and other hard names. One of their commanders, General Price, told his men he would rather see Old Abe captured than a dozen battle flags. The eagle was wounded three times, his tail feathers were cropped a hundred times by bullets. But he returned to Madison with the remnants of his regiment, toil-worn but victorious.

After the war, Old Abe made triumphant tours of the country, raising eighteen thousand dollars for the benefit of Civil War veterans. More than 25 thousand letters containing money came to his home state. Showman P. T. Barnum offered twenty thousand dollars for Old Abe; a distinguished sculptor made a bronze statue of the eagle and a Boston artist painted his portrait; his quills were used to sign many important documents. His fame even spread to Europe and many visitors from abroad asked where they might see the illustrious eagle. No other bird has ever reached such distinguished heights in American history.

Old Abe died in 1881 and was preserved and placed on display in the state capitol in Madison, where thousands paused to learn his story. But the bird was destroyed when the capitol burned in 1904, and another eagle was mounted to take his place.

Sit loosely in the saddle of life. —ROBERT L. STEVENSON

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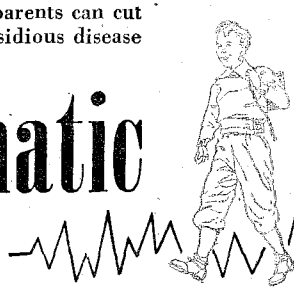
Only the vigilance of parents can cut the heavy toll of an insidious disease

Rheumatic Fever



Scourge of Childhood

by BERNADINE BAILEY

ROBERT, I'M ASKING you for the hundredth time, *please* stop fidgeting. Don't jerk and twist so."

"But Mother, I can't keep my legs still."

"Nonsense, you just won't try. I don't know what's come over you lately!"

For a few minutes the seven-year-old boy kept still, clasping his arms tightly around drawn-up knees. Then the impulses came again, causing his body to twist and turn. First his legs, then his arms darted out unexpectedly.

This is a scene enacted in all too many homes where rheumatic fever occurs, with its crippling effect on the heart. The twitchings are one of the rarer manifestations of the disease, but the disease itself is far from rare. Today rheumatic fever kills more children than measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, epidemic meningitis and infantile paralysis combined! But unfortunately a crippled heart doesn't dangle a crutch for all to see. Otherwise an aroused public would achieve the same control over rheumatic fever that has already been achieved over so many once-dreaded diseases.

Because symptoms may take various forms, rheumatic fever is often overlooked in the early stages. Yet if the disease is kept in mind and ailing children are given prompt medical attention, rheumatic fever can be treated and damage to the heart minimized. That is why every parent should know what to look for and how to proceed.

The child may appear extremely nervous, like Robert, with uncontrollable twitchings, wrigglings and facial contortions. He may have low-grade fever and complain of aches and pains, especially in the legs and knees. He may be thin and listless and have no appetite. He may be subject to frequent sore throats and nose bleeds.

When one or more of these symptoms is found, call a physician. In addition to a thorough physical examination, the doctor will ask many questions. Have other members of the family had rheumatic fever? Does the child seek attention through complaining of pains? Is he getting along well at school? Is there

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"home pressure" for him to excel in school? Has the child recently been exposed to some other disease, such as scarlet or undulant fever?

Occasionally it is necessary to question persons outside the family —the school nurse, the child's teacher—in order to complete the picture. Laboratory tests may be required, such as a sedimentation test and blood count, for rheumatic fever is difficult to diagnose.

If the child has active rheumatic fever, he must be considered acutely ill. This means, primarily, complete bed rest in order to spare the heart unnecessary work. In addition, the patient may be given sedatives if the twitchings are severe. Should the heart be seriously affected, special drugs, and in some cases oxygen, are prescribed.

USUALLY, RHEUMATIC fever can best be handled in a special institution, since treatment is complicated and requires a long time. Unfortunately, few communities outside of large cities have these facilities. Acute cases are usually treated in hospitals. But if the child is being cared for at home, the public-health nurse should be called for a daily visit.

As a rule the acute stage merges into the chronic, which may last for six months or more. This is the most difficult period. The child must be kept in bed, yet since he frequently looks and feels well, this is no small problem for a busy mother. In some communities, recreational programs have been devised through the organization of in-bed clubs, the use of volunteer college students as tutors, and visits by occupational therapists.

The child's attitude toward himself and his illness must be guided in the right direction. Some children like being the center of family attention and want to maintain their position permanently; others refuse to admit they are incapacitated and may put undue strain on their bodies by excessive activity.

Fortunately, a relatively small percentage of children, by the time they reach adolescence, have suffered so much heart damage that they cannot live reasonably normal lives. Young hearts have great recuperative power. The prime danger of rheumatic fever lies in its tendency to recur, and it is the recurrent attacks that cause crippling forms of heart disease.

When the doctor decides that the infection has subsided, he will allow the child to increase activity by easy stages. After a few weeks the patient can usually return to a normal life of school and play. From that point onward, however, every effort must be made to prevent a recurrence of acute infection.

The child's general health and resistance to disease can be kept high by good health habits, nourishing food and plenty of sleep. Clothing should be warm enough, with special protection against wet feet. It is particularly important to avoid exposure to colds or other respiratory infections; they often precede an attack of rheumatic fever.

The control and prevention of rheumatic fever are admittedly difficult. The disease is not "catching" in the same sense as measles or chicken pox; hence only nine states and the District of Columbia require that physicians report it. Since 1935, however, the U.S. Children's

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Bureau has set aside funds each year for the development of state programs. At present, 19 such programs have been approved, bringing service to 240 of the 3,070 counties in the United States.

Rheumatic fever occurs much more frequently in some sections of the country (New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Montana, Idaho, Utah and Colorado) than in others, but there is no section where it does not cause death, serious illness and disablement. Overcrowding, poor home hygiene or other conditions that favor the onset of upper respiratory infections also favor the development of rheumatic fever. March to June is the season of most frequent attacks, rather than the cold winter months.

Recently, rheumatic fever came to public notice as a result of Army and Navy findings. Approximately 33 thousand of the first two million men examined for the draft were found unfit because of rheumatic hearts. After induction, thousands of additional cases were found. As a result, several Army and Navy hospitals have been set aside for the exclusive care of rheumatic heart cases. Here, experiments are being continued in the use of sulfa drugs. There is evidence that small daily doses have a prophylactic effect in preventing recurrent attacks, but it is still too soon to say that a "cure" has been found.

Most recurrent attacks come within five years after the initial onslaught, so if the child can be brought safely through these five years—either through careful hygiene and proper living conditions, or through small daily doses of one of the sulfa drugs—he need have little fear of a permanently crippled heart.

The primary responsibility, however, rests with parents. Physicians can report the disease when it is found, convalescent hospitals can care for children, but only the parents will see those first symptoms, seemingly unimportant, that may be danger signals. By being eternally vigilant, you can help to protect your boy or girl from childhood's Number One scourge.

Bunny Business

TEN YEARS AGO some friends presented Mrs. Louise L. Van Valkenburgh of Houston, Texas, with two Easter bunnies as a token of their affection. Today seventy-year-old Mrs. Van Valkenburgh has created a profitable business in the confines of her own back yard. From her two original bunnies, she has bred five hundred giant multi-colored, long-haired rabbits weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds each. These magnificent specimens of the rabbit kingdom go into the making of woolen cloth and smart fur coats. It's said that they also make smart rabbitskin gloves which compare favorably with kid and pigskin gauntlets.

—BETTY TENNEY

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Where do side-show oddities come from? Ladies and gentlemen, you'd be surprised!

How Circus FREAKS Are Made

by SCOTT HART

FOR TEN MINUTES the Wild Man from Borneo leaped and gyrated, pausing occasionally to scratch himself, yank at his coarse flaring hair and glare through the bars with a gleam of great belly-hunger that might be satisfied only by a couple of spectators on rye.

From outside, the Midway sent a roll of tumbling noises and yells, plus the raucous phrasings of the calliope. On a platform before the tent a tense, narrow-cheeked man related how the unfortunate individual from Borneo knew the whereabouts of neither father, mother nor home, and that five thousand dollars would be paid anyone providing such information.

Inside the tent, a fat rural woman said, "Oh, ain't that awful!" A child asked, "You reckon he can get out?" But when dinnertime came, the Wild Man was taken to meet a distinguished local circus fan and his wife. In the ensuing pleasantries, he created a very happy social impression.

With professional awareness, however, the Wild Man failed to mention that he came from South Carolina. The amenities also forbade mention of the fact that most Wild Men from Borneo are amiable Negro boys from about the circus lot who are trained to growl, flash a set of fake tusks and eat raw meat.

Man's traditional itch to see something new and different has infected America since Colonial days, when through New England streets were paraded imported strange beasts. Then came two young children, Susan and Deborah Tripp, exhibited at Peale's Museum in 1829 because of their astounding heft of 205 and 124 pounds respectively—the forerunners of mountains of Fat Ladies. But today's freak shows, those hocus-pocus exhibits perennially patronized by Americans, were born of P. T. Barnum, who practiced humbug with a haunting inward sigh for morality.

Into his bulging American Museum in New York in the early 1840s he introduced with crescendos of publicity a mermaid which he claimed had been captured by some Japanese off a lonely isle. Thus he verified the great principle

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of hocus-pocus—that distance and mystery lend enchantment.

The Wild Man is always from Borneo. The Bear Woman is from the darkest wilds of Africa. The Pinheaded Man is from the jungle-ridden regions of Somewhere. Even when World War II came, some fifty million Americans who would never accept a $7 bill still took an afternoon off to munch popcorn and stare, perhaps because the side-show recalled nostalgic memories of a peaceful childhood.

The war brought occasional doldrums to the shows; but the public was delighted to know that Skeets Hubbard, the Human Pin Cushion, whose body defies rapidly hurled darts, gave blood to the war effort. The soaring imagination of circus proprietors never succeeded in making the Fat Lady and the Snake Trainer martially inspiring, yet the terrors of war were nonetheless rolled out.

One exhibit was a mummified Japanese. This horrible sight, attired in uniform and laid out in a coffin, was offered as the handiwork of Solomon headhunters who had, with accustomed lack of neutrality, pounced upon the Jap, dried him out and sent him to the show. The Jap was an artistic creation of papier-maché.

Outside, the endless spiels went on like crackling summer insects. The Upturned Faces stared, munched popcorn. They saw the Missing Links, so numerous that if all were joined into a chain it would rattle around the world and back to the tent-flaps of Barnum. One was Wild Rose, a pinhead who, it was palpitatingly disclosed, was captured in the Guatemala jungles after a ferocious struggle with eight American sailors. Just what eight American sailors were doing in the wilds of Guatemala, or how they managed a passport for Rose, was not disclosed.

Pinheads, however, have always been popular. The most famous was Zip the What-Is-It? Charles Dickens saw Zip at Barnum's American Museum and, startled, asked "What is it?" Someone, Barnum saw instantly, had done some thinking for him. "What Is It?" cried Barnum—and left the question unanswered for the paying public. Although Zip was billed as from Africa, he was just a deformed Negro boy from the South.

Then there was Coo Coo the Bird Girl, another pinhead, exhibited in skin-tight clothes adorned with pasted-down bird feathers. Billed, of course, as from the wilds of Somewhere, her origin is obscure. Yet the pinheads, stripped of spiel, are rightful curiosities of nature.

In the heads of all babies are soft spots which harden in normal process. With pinheads the process fails, and their heads rise to a point. To say that they come from far-off places is simply to create a cape of dark magic, for the humbuggery of distance never fails.

THE "SIDE-SHOW TENT," as the public calls it, always stands off from the Big Top in a noisy loneliness. There is little mixing between the great performers of the Main Tent and the grotesque personnel of the side show. The strange people, however, have a strong bond—the fellowship of asylum. Life outside in the aloneness of their distortions would be unbearable. Yet oc-

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casionally someone laughs from a stricken life.

The story goes of a cultured Bearded Lady, billed as the Missing Link, who took the companionship of birds and monkeys because neither her associates nor the gaping public could join her in speaking five languages. Krao by name, she was placed on exhibition at the age of seven and, according to one showman, was later adopted by a rich Berlin family from whom she picked up culture.

The fates returned her to the show and the fraternity of distortion, where at mealtimes the freaks eat together. In off-moments they sometimes discuss the patrons, the clothes worn by city slickers, the round haircuts of farmyard yokels. Many of them could buy and sell the people who come to stare. But they've earned their money, for it's hard work just to be looked at.

Although side-show moralities are more than passingly watched, showmen ask only one question: "Does the public want it?" And the public receives it in a flim-flam. Showmen tell of Jo Jo, the real, and Jo Jo, the impostor. One Jo Jo was a Russian freak who had the face of a dog. An American showman, wanting to introduce a similar novelty here, seized on an English comedian and fitted him up with a dog-face mask.

The angry Russian came to America and demanded that he, the real thing, be exhibited. But unlike the Englishman, he lacked the talent to bark, and so his competitor continued at several hundred dollars a week while the Russian hired out to a dime museum.

Then there was the horse with the tail where his head should be. This was simply a horse turned backwards in its stall—at fifty cents a look. Another fabulous favorite was the Blue Man who, it was proclaimed, had been kicked by a horse during the Boer War. "He is turning bluer all the time," the Upturned Faces were told. This was true. But truer still, the exhibit's condition was the result of a breakage of the liver.

There was also the Moss-Haired Girl, who soaked her locks in stale beer and other concoctions mysteriously mixed behind the tent. She became the Descendant of an Oak. Millions wondered about the Girl With the Elephant Nose. Her mother, said the bland barkers, was frightened by an elephant just before the exhibit was born.

One freak purportedly came from a cave in the Superstition Mountains near Phoenix. She was found naked, it was shouted, by a learned geologist on a scientific prowl. Snakes crawled on her lovely white form, and with dashing chivalry the geologist battled off the snakes, hurried her to a hospital—but didn't marry her. She was suffering from amnesia! Who was she? Thousands wondered, paid and sympathized.

In the most dramatic catalogue of fakes stands Barnum's wizened Fiji Island Mermaid, half monkey, half fish, skillfully joined; and Joice Heth, Negress, supposedly 161 years old and palmed off as George Washington's nursemaid. "I raised him," she used to say, with everyone but Barnum and herself believing.

There was the Cardiff Giant, a

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monstrous man hand-fashioned from stone and buried for two years in New York State to absorb the cracks of age. There was Doctor Desmond, the Armless Wonder, who could throw people around by using trick mirrors concealing his arms. Beebe Dupont, the Handcuff Queen, used wax hands; and there was Zup, brother of Zip the Missing Link, graduate of a Savannah high school. Ben Ali lifted a 100-pound weight marked 500 pounds, and chewed apart a crowbar which had been sawed in half and joined with licorice candy.

Many sword-swallower acts, however, are proved true by the X-ray, and one Sebastian Montenero, the Tack Eater, actually has swallowed thousands of razor blades, pieces of glass and metal objects other than his specialty, tacks. Another true performer is the man who turns his neck 180 degrees on his shoulders. He cannot breathe in this position so must get his head back around after a half-minute, about which no indulgent person who sees the stunt will complain.

The lady snake-charmers, long a heavy attraction, don't call themselves "charmers" any more but "trainers"—one of the few admissions that the public knows *something*. If Eve was damagingly beguiled by a reptile, untold millions after her have been flim-flammed by them. In some instances rattles have been sewed on enormous but harmless snakes. In other cases, the "trainers" toured the eastern United States with harmless but unfamiliar reptiles from the southwest.

The Leopard Man is most often a light-skinned Negro afflicted with vitiligo. The Pin Cushion Man is generally suffering from tabes, and the India Rubber Man may have hyper-elastica of the fibers. The giants, pigmies and midgets—General Tom Thumb who came from Connecticut and shook hands with Lincoln was the most famous of the latter—have decreased and probably will pass entirely when medical science knows more about the glands.

What the future holds in the sideshow's field of tremendous endeavor, showmen alone can predict. Beyond question someone will present the Great Rudolph, the Only Man Alive Who Can Chew an Atomic Bomb. And if someone later discloses that it was only an apple pie, the show will still go on. After all, it's fun to be fooled.

Polite as a Parrot

A CHINESE UNIVERSITY student, who had been invited to the president's reception, prepared for the occasion by memorizing phrases from an etiquette book. He had the polite phrases memorized so well, in fact, that when a cup of tea was handed to him, he solemnly responded, "Thank you, sir or madam, as the case may be."

—*Sunshine Magazet*

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A famous judge offers a few rules for making a success of matrimony

Courage for Marriage

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

IT WAS THE day when fall court season opened. Veteran courtroom attendants had never seen anything like it—six hundred lawyers jam-packed into four Chicago courtrooms, trying to file more than a thousand new divorce suits in the face of a docket already congested with 13,102 cases.

In one of the courts sat 76-year-old Joseph Sabath, world's most famous divorce judge. He knew that while this opening day was a tidal wave, the storm would not end when the initial inundation subsided. He knew that a still greater domestic catastrophe threatens American homes, born of the countless war-hastened weddings now being put to critical test by the return of millions of servicemen. Yet he also knew that the vast majority of modern marriages can be salvaged if the young people themselves, who rushed into matrimony under high emotional stress, will earnestly and honestly follow a few simple rules that spell success in marital partnership.

"Young people won the war," Judge Sabath said as court opened. "Now they can win the marriage."

He spoke with more authority than that of an arbiter of divorce, for he went through a "marriage mill" himself as a youth. Just 57 years ago last August, Sabath staged an elopement that had all the earmarks of a war wedding—without the war. Two almost-penniless youngsters ran away to a Gretna Green, fibbed about their ages, and were married by a justice of the peace. Today, Judge and Mrs. Sabath are called Chicago's "ideal married couple."

The jurist asserts that a happy married life since 1888 makes him an optimist about marriage, in spite of having heard 100 thousand divorce cases. He has been a judge now for nearly forty years. He helped to establish the Court of Domestic Relations, founded the Divorce Court, launched an Alimony Bureau which has collected more than two million dollars for the support of children without cost to mothers, and has brought about 65 hundred reconciliations where divorce proceedings had started.

While many marriages fail,

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Sabath asserts that divorce as a panacea is more often a flop—a vast number of those who are divorced live to regret it. He believes that probably sixty thousand of the cases he has tried could have been prevented by early "cauterizing" of the infections of misunderstanding and ill-will. As evidence, he recalls that seventy per cent of the courtroom reconciliations he has effected between couples—at least those with children—have endured.

NEITHER YOUTH nor lack of financial security need be a barrier to marriage, Sabath holds. "Boys and girls who marry when young are better able to adapt themselves to a new mode of life. They respond more readily to change and to new habits. As far as postponing marriage until economic security is guaranteed, that is not wise. There isn't any such thing as complete economic security."

Millions have died in plagues, the white-haired judge explains, but no one ever dreams of giving up the struggle for improved living. The same application to the social ills of society, including the cancer of divorce, will eventually produce the same results.

"The secret lies in preventive medicine," Judge Sabath continues. "Trying to treat domestic discord after it has reached open court is like treating a wound after infection has advanced too far. That is why the first year of marriage, when the pattern of living is being set, is crucial. Courtesy and courtship, practiced after marriage as zealously as before, guarantee a lifelong honeymoon."

In one moderate-sized room Judge Sabath has reconciled 65 hundred jangling, discordant couples. In his chambers back of the courtroom he sometimes hears as many as fifty divorce cases in a day. It is here, after he has declared a temporary recess, that he journeys from the bench, followed by the estranged couple—and very often by their children.

Soft curtains hide the glare of the city. A fireplace glows cheerily. Easy chairs and lamps, bright rugs and pictures on the wall, particularly snapshots of the younger Sabath generations, give the pleasant atmosphere of a living room.

The Judge gazes idly out the window a moment or two. He is letting his "guests" become oriented to the strange surroundings adjacent to a noisy courtroom. Then he turns and with a smile says, "Would you like to see pictures of

A Key to Happiness

After listening to more marital woes than any other living man, Judge Sabath has evolved this "Key to Happiness" for newlyweds:

1. Establish your own home, even in a one-room flat.
2. Avoid little quarrels and the big ones will take care of themselves.
3. Compromise constantly. This is the antitoxin for divorce.
4. Practice sympathy, good humor and mutual understanding.
5. Don't grouch before breakfast—or after it.
6. Respect your "in-laws" and don't criticize them.
7. Build your home on religious faith, and never end a day without a clean slate of forgiveness.

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my great-grandchildren? They're the finest kids you ever saw."

Minds are diverted. Judge Sabath gives the husband a cigar, offers chocolates to the wife and children. Before long he has established a semblance of camaraderie. Then he shifts his strategy.

"What lovely children you have," he goes on. "You both must love them dearly. And they love you, too. . . . You know, I've lived for 76 years and have seen thousands of families. I know such fine children as these must have been born of devoted parents. You did love each other very much at one time, didn't you?"

By this time eyes are misty.

"You loved each other once and you can love again. I'm going to leave you now so you can have the thrill of making up alone. When you want me, knock on the door. God bless you both."

Court remains in temporary recess, but neither lawyers, witnesses nor onlookers chafe. They have learned Judge Sabath's ways and wait patiently. It isn't long until the tap-tap is heard, and the Judge enters his chambers to find contentment there. Husband and wife, now hand-in-hand, promise to write to the Judge. He lets them out a side door, goes back on the bench, announces "Smith vs. Smith continued. Call the next case."

Afterwards, you ask Judge Sabath about it. "All I did was to restore the aura of their marriage. They shattered it by petty bickering, and the consequent disillusionment embittered both. But really the breach was easily healed."

Keep the glamour in marriage—that is the veteran's magic. Rarely do couples marry without it, so the beginning of married life is usually auspicious. To maintain this glowing feeling is a job, but it is easily done with common sense and determination. And the results often extend far beyond the individual fireside.

Once Judge Sabath succeeded in reconciling a workman and his wife, thus salvaging a home for five children. He all but forgot the case until several months later when he received a scrawly letter: "Cristmus is cummin and we want you to cum too. Plese cum and eat Cristmus dinner with us."

Thus the portly but beaming Jewish judge took his way to an immigrant family household to celebrate the great Christian festival! He not only enjoyed a fine turkey dinner but came away with a gaudy necktie. But the thing that entranced him most was the delightful spirit of the home. In fact, it seemed to do something to him, for on the first day of court after the Christmas holiday, he effected four reconciliations instead of the customary one.

One of the illusions of life is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year. —EMERSON

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Beware of the stranger thumbing a ride; he may repay your kindness with murder

DANGER: Hitchhiker Ahead!

by MICHAEL EVANS

IT WAS RAINING—one of those driving rains that turn the landscape gray. The light was failing so rapidly that Harvey Wilson flicked on his headlights, although the dashboard clock showed it was barely five o'clock. He had had a tiring day and was still in for five hours of hard driving to Chicago.

Obliquely Wilson eyed the youngster beside him. He liked company when driving alone for mile after mile across the lonely prairies. That was why he had picked up this youngster on the highway. The kid was standing neat and straight when Harvey slowed for an intersection. He had put his hand up with a smart, clean move like a signal. Harvey liked that.

"Come on, kid," he told him, "climb in."

Harvey glanced at him. Nice-looking kid, dark-haired, neat clothes. Should be good company.

"Cigarette?" he asked.

"Thank you, sir," the kid said.

"Where do you get that 'sir' stuff? Just out of the Army?"

The youngster cupped his hands to light the cigarette. "Yes, sir," he said. "Out last month—after two years."

Wilson asked a half dozen questions about the war but got only "Yes, sir" and "No, sir." Finally he gave up and planted his foot on the accelerator. Bad luck. A long dull drive, rain, and a kid who wouldn't talk.

What a day, he thought. The rain was heavier now and the light was almost gone. He drove slowly. Occasionally he glanced at the youngster. There were beads of perspiration on the kid's forehead.

Harvey felt uncomfortable. These kids! This one was probably back at Iwo Jima, going through some experience again. Wilson shook his head! The things these kids had been through! . . .

They were passing a low spot on the highway now. The rain was thicker and Wilson slowed the car to a crawl. Suddenly he felt the kid lurch against him and for a moment his eyes flicked from the highway. Before his startled brain could register what his eyes had seen the youngster brought the butt

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of a .45 down on Wilson's head. Then he grabbed the wheel and brought the car to a stop.

The young man jerked open the door and wiped his gun with a handkerchief. Then he pulled Wilson's body from the front seat.

Breathing heavily, he rolled the body down an embankment and into a heavy underbrush. He reached into Wilson's pocket and found his wallet. Then he unstrapped Wilson's wrist watch.

Back at the car he thumbed through the wallet. He found 35 dollars, a driver's license, a motor registration card and a certificate of ownership. The youngster wiped a few smears from the front seat, stepped on the starter and drove off.

That is not a fiction story. The name and locale have been changed. But Harvey Wilson was murdered by a hitchhiker last month. Another Harvey Wilson was killed the month before and another the month before that.

At least one motorist driving the American highways this month will pick up a nice-looking lad at a crossroads. He will never reach his destination. His kindness will be repaid—*with murder*.

The hitchhiker is a menace. A deadly menace, not only to others but to himself. Ask the chief of police in your town, the head of the State Highway Patrol, or better yet the FBI, this question:

"What is the connection between hitchhiking and crime?"

The answer will come back like a volley: "Hitchhiking and crime are virtually synonymous."

One police authority estimates that hitchhikers are involved in nearly half his highway cases. "The biggest source of trouble," he says, "is the ordinary accident. Next comes the hitchhiker. But what most people don't realize is that hitchhikers are involved in a great number of ordinary accidents.

"They may be riding in cars that are sideswiped. They are run down along the highway. Or the truck driver they are riding with gets sleepy so they take the wheel and run the truck into a ditch."

During the war the hitchhiker was tolerated, even officially encouraged. Gasoline rationing was strict, tires were short and automobiles scarce. Thousands of officially-sponsored plans were set up to provide hitches for war workers and servicemen. These plans bred few tragedies, but they had a by-product. Motorists became hitchhiker-conscious. They felt ashamed to drive cross-country in an empty

Don't Fall for This Trick

One of the weirdest hitchhiking hazards yet uncovered came to light in Pennsylvania, where four men established a syndicate. They played the highways around Philadelphia, posing as hitchhikers. Each carried a suitcase.

After a few miles of light conversation the hiker would say confidentially: "Would you like to get a fine gold watch at a bargain?" Then the hiker would hint that "this is something special."

Once the sucker was hooked the hitcher would "dispose" of the "hot watch" for a hundred dollars or whatever the traffic would bear. He would then hop off at the next convenient stop. Actually, the watches were plated jobs worth fifteen dollars.

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car. By the thousands they pulled up at the sign of the crooked thumb and said "Hop in!"

With the war over, the necessity for organized hitchhiking faded as quickly as the perils of promiscuous free-riding increased. The catalogue of these perils reads like a catalogue of crime.

Murder heads the list. You are never safe with a hitchhiker in your car because you never know who he is. Scores of criminals have hitched their way from the scene of a crime. Often, the persons who gave the lifts never were the wiser. But some paid with their lives.

A publisher's representative in Georgia gave a ride to a 22-year-old boy. He noticed the youth had been drinking and started to lecture him on the evils of alcohol. The boy calmly pulled out a pistol, killed the man, tossed the body into a river and drove away.

Sometimes it works the other way. A young Texas woman hitched a ride from a pleasant stranger who drove up to a bus stop outside the plant where she worked. Five days later her body was found in a corn field, a hundred miles away.

A man staying at a New Mexico health resort gave a lift to a clean-cut young fellow. When he stopped the car the hitchhiker alighted, clouted his benefactor on the head with a stone, pitched the body into the bushes and drove away.

In Michigan a friendly Detroiter gave a ride to a sixteen-year-old youngster. The boy noticed a .38 caliber gun which the driver carried in the glove compartment for protection. He seized the gun and demanded the driver's money. When he found the man had no money, he pumped three bullets into him, dumped him onto the road and drove off.

An AWOL soldier begged a ride from a pretty Wisconsin motorist. A few miles down the road he seized the wheel, halted the car, attacked the girl and strangled her. Leaving her body in the car, he managed to hitch another ride and was 200 miles away before police, by luck, picked him up.

In every state, police files bulge with incident after incident. A man was driving his wife, his 10-year-old son and his mother along a Kentucky side-road. A lounger in dungarees asked for a lift.

Ten minutes later the hitchhiker pulled out a knife and ordered the car stopped. "Now," he snarled, "get out—all except the old lady."

He drove off, still flourishing the knife, with the elderly woman at his side. Forty-five minutes later the police caught up—too late. The hitchhiker had rammed the car into another machine. He was dead. So were the old lady and one of the four persons in the other car.

THE FBI IS the agency which fights kidnaping. Run through their files and you will be startled at the number of "casual" kidnapings carried out by hitchhikers.

Six young women in a southern state were driving gaily to a town dance one night. A young man thumbed them and they gave him a lift. Next morning they were not so gay when they reported to police in the next state. The hitchhiker had commandeered their car at pistol point and taken them on a wild 250-mile ride before he released them and sped away.

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A Cincinnati man picked up three hitchhikers. They drew guns and made him drive to one filling station after another. At each place they staged a holdup. Early in the morning they crossed into West Virginia and finally, after two more holdups, dropped the terror-stricken motorist from his car.

Female hitchhikers can be as deadly as the male. In Utah a motorist picked up two young women who wanted a ride to Denver. They stopped at a lunch counter for sandwiches and coffee. The next thing the motorist knew, he was waking up in a cheap hotel. The hitchhikers had slipped knockout drops into his coffee and had made off with his car, his luggage and a wallet containing 1,380 dollars.

The perils of thumbing are equally great for those who stand beside the road. A Connecticut youth was hitching his way to Montana. Everything was fine until he picked up a ride between Davenport and Clinton, Iowa. There were two men in the car. They forced the youth out of the machine, took his wallet and left him, stripped, in a cornfield.

A mother and two young children were hitchhiking from Missouri to Michigan. They had gotten as far as the Chicago suburbs, where a driver dropped them on the Lincoln Highway. They waited there for another lift. Finally one of the youngsters, an eight-year-old boy, decided to do his own thumbing. He moved out on the highway—too far out. A truck swept by and ran him down before the horrified mother's eyes.

HITCHHIKING is illegal in 22 states and the District of Columbia. Some states, like Minnesota, fine the person who provides a lift. Others levy a penalty on the person who lifts his thumb. Most cities also have laws against thumbing rides, but no one pretends that these laws are rigidly enforced.

Almost all large truck operators have strict rules against giving rides to unauthorized passengers. This is based on very practical grounds. In most states the operator of a motor vehicle is responsible for injury to his passengers. Thus if a truck driver gives a lift to a thumber and the thumber gets hurt, the company must foot the bill.

Yes, Americans are good-natured and generous. If they are driving along a highway and a man beside the road thumbs them, their natural impulse is to give him a lift. It is hard for them to realize that the man standing beside the road may be—innocently or with malice aforethought—their invitation to death or disaster.

Life Lines

You'd be surprised how you can win friends and influence people if you have some idea of what you're talking about. —CHANNING POLLOCK

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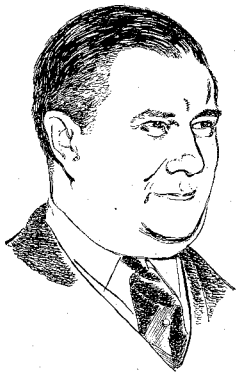

Our blunt, hard-hitting ambassador to Latin America is an expert in dealing with bullies and dictators

SPRUILLE BRADEN
Two-Fisted Diplomat

by JACK HARRISON

THERE'S AN ADAGE that when a diplomat says "yes," he means "perhaps." When he says "perhaps," he means "no." And when he says "no," he is no diplomat.

Spruille Braden, America's plainest-speaking diplomat, scarcely fits that pussyfooting description. An "atomic" ambassador who is something new in statecraft, the Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin-American Affairs says exactly what he means, scorning the profession's traditional triple-talk. No teacup dilettante, this diplomat is a performer, not a promiser.

Only Franklin D. Roosevelt, another Yankee patrician with the human touch, so bewitched masses in our sister Southern republics. Virility-admiring Latins admire Spruille Braden for his courage, candor and strength. They say he is *mucho-hombre* ("much man.")

On Buenos Aires streets, newsboys hawk Braden's latest speech, while terror-ridden Argentines call their colorful *amigo* from the North "The Colonel Tamer" for his defiance of their dictator. Swaggering Colonel Juan Perón and beefy Braden first locked horns in the Casa Rosada, pink-colored Argentine government house, soon after V-E Day. The American ambassador demanded that the country's "Strong Man" release anti-Perón political prisoners, stop Nazi coddling and press censorship.

Grudgingly, Perón agreed, but in return requested a more favorable U. S. press.

"In our country we don't control the press—and I won't even try," Braden replied.

Snorting, the South American *fuehrer* warned that the lives of two American correspondents criticizing him were in danger, then added ominously, "Those who adore me will kill *anybody* interfering with my plans."

Narrowing his hazel eyes, Braden icily retorted: "It doesn't matter whether I—or any other Americans—are murdered. What's important is that my country uphold the principles for which we fought a second World War."

Contemptuous of such democratic idealism, the Wild Bull of

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the Pampas played his trump card: "Remember, with government funds, I can put out half a dozen papers smearing you with cries of 'Yankee imperialism' and 'intervention'. My countrymen will rush to my defense . . ."

Making good this character-assassination threat while Braden was visiting the country's interior, Perón directed a shower of abusive posters and leaflets at Argentina's 13 million citizens, accusing his foe of being a meddling Yankee Cowboy. One vilifying circular implied Braden was the owner of a mine where 500 Chileans had just perished in a fire. Actually the mine had not belonged to the Bradens for many years.

"The name Braden signifies persecution and crime," Argentines were told. At a "memorial rally" for the dead miners attended by 400 picked Perón henchmen, the air rang with cries of "Death to Braden!" and "Out with the Yankee Pig!" Trigger-happy police joined in the fun.

But when Braden returned to Buenos Aires the next day he was welcomed by thousands of citizens in whom he had awakened democratic hopes. They jammed the railroad station, cheering him and singing their national anthem.

Braden became inured to living dangerously. Observing him board a train which he was warned would be blown up, a friend mused, "Spruille just isn't afraid." When the Perón government even officially disclaimed responsibility for his safety, our State Department demanded that its fearless ambassador have a bodyguard.

Then, without warning, word came from Washington of Braden's promotion to his present job. Predecessor Nelson Rockefeller had been widely criticized for appeasing Argentina into the San Francisco Conference. With America's pampas policy reversed, he was succeeded by a man who was anathema to the autocrats of Argentina. Before their Democratic Symbol departed, a half-million Buenos Aires-ites, in the greatest mass demonstration in South American history, staged a liberty march to salute him and hiss their dictator.

THE NAME Spruille, pronounced "Sprew-ille"—which always bewilders telephone operators — has been in the family for generations, an 18th-century Braden having been named after a French priest. The name's present bearer was born 52 years ago in a Montana mining camp.

The boy's late father, William Braden, was an ambitious mining engineer from Indiana. His mother, New Hampshire-reared Mary Kimball, says she is "related to half the statues in New England." But their only child caught a Latin itch early. At the age of seven, his parents took him to Mexico and then to Chile, where Bill Braden founded a copper company.

Outdoor life toughened the lad who once refused to attend a school where boys had to wear white pinafores. Spruille's mother tutored him when his inter-American gypsying interfered with formal schooling, and the boy learned to speak Spanish as fluently as English. At 16, he passed an entrance examination to Yale's Sheffield engineering school and graduated four years

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later, despite taking a year off to mine, timber and muck in the West. Classmates knew Braden as an All-American water-polo goalie and a jolly epicure.

School behind him, the 21-year-old engineer returned to enticing Chile where he made what he still considers "the smartest move" of his life. Legend has it that on St. Patrick's Day, 1915, he returned to Santiago, weary and discouraged, from an unsuccessful search for a lost mine high in the snow-topped Andes. Misfortune had plagued the expedition.

To lift his spirits, the Yankee engineer went to the theatre where he was introduced to exquisite 19-year-old Señorita Maria Humeres del Solar, daughter of a prominent doctor. Instantly the young man vowed, "I'm going to marry that girl," despite the fact that she was a Catholic South American and he an Episcopalian North American. The infatuated youth wrote his mother: "I won't describe her except to say she's perfect."

In understandable haste to bring the Americas closer together, he proposed less than a week later. Rejected, he unleashed a matrimonial onslaught that broke through Latin suspicion of the *gringo* in record time. Recalling the customary several-year Chilean courtship, the still beautiful Mrs. Braden laughs, "We were engaged three weeks after we met."

More than anyone else, his bride taught responsive Spruille Braden to think and feel like the *latino-Americanos*. Remaining below the border, Braden managed mining companies, electrified Chilean railroads, advised loan-seeking South American governments, made money, friends—and began raising an inter-American family.

He also raised eyebrows at his fashionable home in Riverdale, N. Y., where he spent much time during the Twenties. Shocking neighbors with daily sprints in a sweatshirt, he boxed with South American prizefighters who slept above his garage.

Then he had as his sole sparring partner a pugilistic hombre who was later to slug political bruisers in their own back yard from a ringside seat in Washington. Rich-Man-On-The-Hudson Braden became a close friend of Franklin Roosevelt and contributed to his 1932 campaign. The following year he liquidated all his Latin interests and was appointed a delegate to the Inter-American Conference at Montevideo, where he impressed Secretary of State Hull with his hemispheric knowledge. The keen Tennesseean later privately admitted that Braden was his ablest envoy.

DURING THE mid-Thirties, the burgeoning Braden was picked as chairman of the U. S. delegation at the wobbly Chaco Peace Conference, which sought to settle a long border-dispute war between Paraguay and Bolivia that had already cost 130 thousand lives. In radio talks to the peoples of the contentious countries, Braden helped resolve the ancient feud in 1939.

Rewarded with an ambassadorship to Colombia, soon afterwards he averted a "Pearl Harbor" at the Panama Canal. Thousands of Nazis, consistent with Germany's master plan, were swarming into Latin America. His European war

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guns ready, Hitler was eager to command subordinates within an hour's flying time of our gateway to the two oceans. With munitions stored under Colombian vegetation, the *Fuehrer* was biding his time.

Though the walls of the American Embassy were not immune to phone tapping, Braden was quietly making his investigation. Armed with evidence that the country's domestic airlines were controlled by 134 Nazi military pilots and officials and technicians who were planning to bomb the Panama Canal, he forced the parent company—Pan American Airways—to replace all Nazi personnel with Americans. Embittered Berlin shortwaved to South America: "Ambassador Braden will be made to suffer for this."

Later, as ambassador to Cuba, Braden put the heat on American business influences that were helping to keep Dictator Batista in power. Refusing to receive graft-giving Americans in his embassy, Braden forced a businessman's deportation, as well as a hate-mongering journalist's. Tabooing the American business practice of contributing to Cuban presidential campaign funds, he climaxed his career there by bringing democracy to Cuba. Grateful natives in June, 1944, flocked to the polls and swept their dictator out of office.

Two nights later, Braden was quietly dining when a Cuban patriot rushed in to warn that a military clique was plotting to take over the government and stop Dr. Grau San Martin from assuming his rightful presidency. Immediately the forthright ambassador warned the revolutionists that if the duly elected president was kept from office, the U. S. would throw an airtight blockade around the island. Frightened, the would-be usurpers dispersed.

WHEN BRADEN'S appointment as Assistant Secretary of State reached the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in October, 1945, several legislators held up his confirmation ostensibly because of his "interventionist" policies. Freedom-loving Latins were puzzled by the delay. More than his policies, what irked some lawmakers was Braden's persuading the State Department to postpone—as a rebuke to fascist Argentina—a scheduled Rio de Janeiro conference. Winter, alas, was creeping up on Washington and it was beautiful in Rio. The disappointed Senators—and their wives—had planned to make the junket in a battleship.

Though scolded, Braden was unanimously confirmed and today is the Capital's hardest-working official, with no time for siestas. His boundless energy exhausts assistants. When official Washington was jostling its way out of the Army-Navy game on a Saturday sundown, Braden was characteristically at his tidy desk in the State Department. Limitless as his patience can be on big matters, little things, such as a typographical error or a desk drawer that refuses to open, can harass him.

Working overtime doesn't bother him, however; he has cultivated the Latin habit of dining late, rarely arriving at his apartment hotel before 9 p.m. Never complaining about anything on the family's inter-American table, he sips dry

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Martinis as gustily as Chilean wines.

The Bradens have six children, some of whom were born in Chile, some in New York. Though definitely in the Social Register, the family has scant time for partying in the nation's Capital. In South America, however, protocol often kept assistants and their wives slumbering in corners at receptions while their terpsichorean ambassador danced till the wee hours.

The Assistant Secretary has a freshly-shaven, cherubic look. Possessor of a hearty laugh, he is an excellent listener who answers queries without evasion. He checks facts and important dates by consulting a breast-pocket notebook.

Charging him with being too direct, Braden critics argue that it is poor diplomacy for an ambassador to make trouble for a government to which he is accredited, especially among sensitive Latin nations. Averring that the foreign service requires—and rewards—caution, they urge the velvet glove instead of the iron hand. One Braden-baiter chuckles, "If you don't like a South American government, wait a minute for a revolution."

Braden defenders, on the other hand, insist he is a constructive trouble-maker, contending that the Perón regime, our stiffest hemispheric headache, is not the gay South American stereotype of the Hollywood musical. Instead, they assert, this born-in-Europe-but-bred-in-Buenos-Aires government follows the fascist pattern complete, from anti-semitism to detention of critics and murder in the streets.

Braden himself does not condone bullying or "dollar diplomacy" which once safeguarded American investments below the Rio Grande with guns and lives. His brand of "intervention" is insurance against being asleep at our hemispheric switch while Germany and Japan are being policed. "Had I remained silent in Argentina," he says, "it would have been interpreted as assent to their fascist behavior."

In Washington, this alert, undiplomatic diplomat ponders a vast pampas where democracy chokes for air. Though he needs no reminder, this dictator-wise ambassador to 21 American republics keeps in his desk a collection of blackjacks and brass knuckles which government-shielded hoodlums used to smite citizens who dared cry, *Viva la Democracia!* Uneasy dictators below the border know that Spruille Braden means business—democratic business.

He Wanted Out

A CONVICT FROM a Midwestern penitentiary once escaped by sawing through an iron bar with strands from his unravelled woolen socks. As the first iron particles wore away they adhered to the wool and provided an abrasive for cutting through the rest of the bar. Penitentiary inmates now wear cotton socks. —HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

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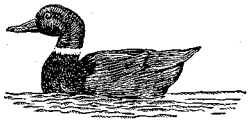
The world is eternally fascinating to those who see and appreciate its wonders



They Carve Careers Out of Nature

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

DURING MY YEARS as a wandering naturalist, I have known several unusual men of nature. To the average person, their doings often seem incongruous and topsy-turvy. But in that activity they are enjoying and finding eternally interesting the world in which they live.

One, a Wall Street broker, was an authority on white-tailed deer. When he invited me to his fashionable New York apartment, I found him setting up a pup-tent beside his grand piano, trying it out for a camping trip.

Another was a salesman, Frank Dunn, who collected tree-roots that looked like animals. He spent weeks in Death Valley and the Great American Desert, searching for additions to his amazingly lifelike collection.

A third, living in a Maine village, was Charlie Holway, master builder of snowshoes. In 1897 he made his first ones when his father wagered he couldn't turn out a pair that would stand up as well as the product of a Maine Indian. Holway not only won the bet, he started himself on a career. When I visited him, his snowshoes were being worn by trappers, guides, game wardens and timber cruisers in Canada and Newfoundland as well as in the United States.

Not infrequently men of nature—absorbed in what interests them most—are individual to the point of being unique. A noted butterfly-hunter on Long Island, for example, used to go afield with his net, wearing a silk stovepipe hat of Abraham Lincoln vintage. The hat was no mark of ostentation: it was utilitarian. To its interior, where they would be protected from harm, he pinned all his insect specimens.

Another friend of mine was walking across a field with William Brewster, famous ornithologist of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Suddenly a field-mouse ran up the inside of Brewster's trouser-leg.

"Do you know what he did?" asked my friend. "He whipped out a piece of string and tied it around the bottom of his trouser-leg so the mouse couldn't escape!"

The man I remember whose interest in nature was oddest of all

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was John Lee Baldwin. Whenever a letter reached the Babylon, N.Y., post office addressed to "Never Worked and Never Will, Babylon," they forwarded it to Baldwin's ramshackle Duck Shop on Merrick Road. That was his slogan. He gloried in the title of the Laziest Man on Earth.

He used to tell me that he started his Duck Shop just to have a place to loaf. Tacked to the walls were such signs as: "This Is No Workshop . . . Only a Place Where the Brain Relaxes" and "The Duck Work Shop . . . Ducking Work My Specialty."

Yet Baldwin was never idle. His definition of work was doing something you didn't want to do. All year long he did just what he wanted to do—whittling realistic little six-inch representations of flying ducks, landing ducks, swooping ducks and ducks in many other positions.

I would find him tipped back in a big chair lined with sheepskin. A black derby would be tilted on his head and pine shavings would be sliding like a glacier down his vest and onto the floor. On all sides there were ducks—on the walls, on the floor, piled high on every available flat place.

"I have always had a kindly feeling for wild ducks," he told me.

From the year he was sixty, Baldwin spent each birthday the same way—whittling flying mallards. The number produced ranged from 15 to 22. At the end of the day he packed them in a box marked to show his age at the time. Occasionally during the year he would compare the ducks in different boxes. In this way, he explained, he would know "when he began to slip."

Baldwin never went duck hunting in his life. He studied pictures of ducks, read books about them, watched them migrating. His whittled birds were bought by customers who came to the Duck Shop without any urging. They were sent to many parts of the world—to Italy, to Sweden, to the Orient. They formed part of the decoration of a Philippine hotel, fourteen thousand miles from Babylon. On several occasions his handiwork won honors in eastern exhibits. But for John Lee Baldwin, it was the pleasure of whittling that brought the greatest reward.

One afternoon I visited Charles Urner, the New Jersey ornithologist. For years he had spent spare time making wax molds of bird and animal tracks. Winding across his back yard was a walk unlike any other I have ever seen. In each concrete section were the imprints of tracks, formed with molds when the cement was soft. They ranged from the delicate imprint of a spotted sandpiper to the heavy tread of an African lion.

In the dune country of northern

Edwin Way Teale, author, naturalist and expert photographer, is one of the foremost writers of the day on natural history. He has written many magazine articles and several books, among them "Dune Boy," "The Golden Throng" and "Byways to Adventure." Teale is a member of the New York Academy of Sciences, the Explorers' Club, and the New York Entomological Society, and a fellow of the American Geographical Society. In 1943 he won the John Burroughs Medal for his outstanding work in the field of natural history. This article is taken from his new book, "The Lost Woods," published at $4 by Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Indiana I once encountered a steel worker from Gary who, like Baldwin, had whittled wildlife models for a hobby. His name was Luther Hinkle. During winter evenings Hinkle carved little pandas, alligators, eagles and elephants in his kitchen. Inside a trailer he installed them in small painted habitat groups to illustrate wildlife in various parts of the world. Then during the summer he drove his natural history museum to small towns to let children see the miniature likenesses.

Another interesting man of nature is Malcolm W. Rix, an executive of General Electric in Schenectady. He has turned a basement workshop into a nest where he hatches amazingly lifelike models of extinct birds. Long-vanished species, like the Labrador duck and the passenger pigeon, have almost come to life on his work table. By carving the bodies from wood and making the feathers from thin brass, Rix achieves effects impossible in wood alone. The great auk, the heath hen, the colorful Carolina paraquet and other birds of long ago were on his future schedule when I last visited him in his workshop.

In an abandoned railroad station at Lake Mahopac, N. Y., an even more ambitious natural-history project has been under way for years. Single-handed, Louis Paul Jonas, noted sculptor and taxidermist, has been reproducing the wild animals of the world in exact one-tenth-size models. Already, they have been adopted by colleges and museums. By combining artistic skill with scientific care, Jonas has been producing work of lasting value.

The first step is modeling the animal in clay. Throughout the process, Jonas makes careful measurements at frequent intervals. As an aid to getting all proportions correct, he has assembled data for years. If you want to know the length of a kudu's ear, the width of an impala's hoof or the distance between the eyes of an average kangaroo, Jonas can tell you.

When satisfied he has caught a lifelike pose and the scientific proportions in clay, he produces a plaster mold. Employing this mold, he can then create any number of finished models, formed of unbreakable plastic. The final step is sizing the model and giving it a realistic coat of paint.

Each part of Jonas' railway station has its use. The ticket compartment is his business office. The waiting room is the modeling studio. Models are stored in the baggage room. Upstairs is devoted to a showroom, a painting and storage room, and Jonas' files of data and photographs.

Under the gabled roof of the ancient two-story structure, Jonas has gone on year after year in spite of difficulties, working slowly but happily toward the completion of one of the great natural-history projects of our time.

ANOTHER FRIEND of mine is one of the most interesting of all men of nature. Among bird-watchers, Roger T. Peterson's name is synonymous with his famous *Field Guide to the Birds*.

In Jamestown, N. Y., where Roger Peterson was born, he was not, he freely admits, a model schoolboy. Regimentation rubbed

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him the wrong way. But in the seventh grade, a change came over him. His science teacher organized a Junior Audubon Club, and the leaflets she distributed turned Roger's attention to nature.

His initial interest in birds can best be explained by the fact that they were symbols of freedom. They could fly away; escape from restrictions. Soon the outdoor world formed the hub about which his life revolved.

From the time he first saw the Audubon leaflets, Roger kept trying to draw birds. He used to trundle a little express wagon to the Jamestown library and haul home the two big volumes of *The Birds of New York* to study the illustrations by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. When he finally entered high school, Roger took all the art courses offered.

Through a job in a furniture factory, painting designs on cabinets, Roger earned money for an eventful trip to the American Ornithologists Union convention in New York in 1925. There the 17-year-old boy met the great men he had been reading about for years. In one day, on a trip to Long Beach, he added thirteen new birds to his life list. He returned home with only eight cents but completely happy.

Two years later he was back in New York, beginning an art career in earnest. Mornings he attended classes at the Art Student's League, and afternoons he earned his expenses by painting cabinets in a furniture shop. Week ends he roamed the fields and woods with young ornithologists.

Later, while teaching art and science in Brookline, Massachusetts, he labored evenings over a new kind of bird guide, a streamlined volume which emphasized the predominant field-marks so that a beginner could identify the different species. Today, that book is used in virtually every eastern institution that teaches ornithology. Yet Peterson was turned down by five leading publishers before a Boston house decided to gamble.

In the same year his book appeared, Peterson joined the administrative staff of the National Audubon Society. There, in one of those quiet moments of drama that come in real life, his first job was preparing additions to the Audubon leaflets—the very leaflets that years before had had such a powerful influence in shaping his own career.

The Standards Are Higher

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES once mistook an insane asylum for a college. Realizing his mistake, he explained to the gatekeeper and commented humorously:

"I suppose, after all, there is not a great deal of difference."

"Oh yes, sir, there is," replied the guard. "In this place you must show some improvement before you can get out." —BILL FIELD

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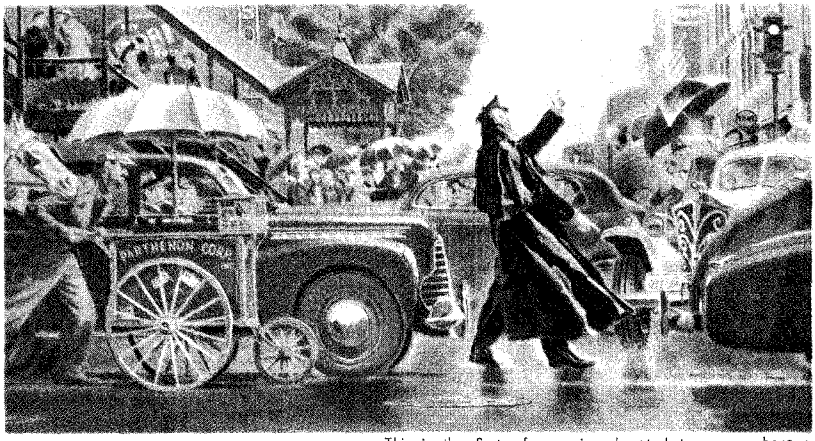
The traffic cop is a faithful friend who guides you safely home at the day's end



This is the first of a series devoted to unsung heroes in our daily life. The painting above is by Peter Helck.

Sentinel of the City Streets

It's 5 o'clock in the Big City. From every building in the stone canyons, humanity oozes. It's raining—the steady, sloshing, noisy downpour of the city. Heads down, umbrellas up, humanity is moving, thinking only of the journey home, the hot dinner.

Yes, it's 5 o'clock, and everybody's going home. Everybody but Officer McGroarty.

On the corner of First and Main McGroarty stands, directing traffic. On a thousand other street corners a thousand other McGroartys stand, waving their arms, shouting hoarsely. We're all depending on McGroarty to guide us from this wilderness. Yet we curse him as his voice grates above the din:

"Hey—hold that hot-dog wagon! You wanna get kissed by a truck?"

But have you ever wondered what McGroarty thinks of all this?

. . . *Five o'clock—I been on for two hours now . . . The arm is like lead . . . Like to drop into Eddie's for a smoke 'n a cuppa java . . . Fat chance!* . . .

"Hey! Pull that cab back!"

. . . *Looks like a million cars 'n a million people all goin' home for supper with the kids, 'n then maybe a movie . . . An' I gotta stand here and see they all get home in one piece!* . . .

"Hey, get back there! Whaddaya think red lights are for?"

. . . *It's bad enough on a good day, today it's gotta rain . . . just the kinda breaks I get, three days outa five . . . and I'm gettin' hungry* . . .

"Hey! Where's the fire at, Jack? . . . Oh, you wanna get home tonight, Jack? Well, so do I, Jack, *so do I!*"

—CHARLES PEET

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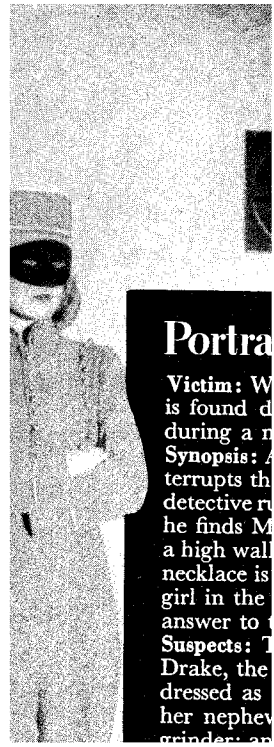

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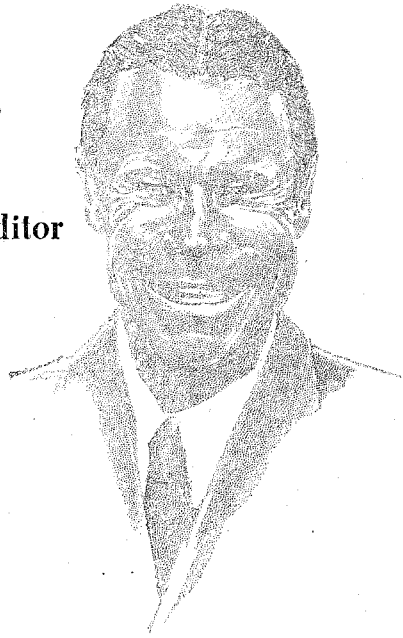
Game Book Section

Take Some Tips on Keeping Fit from JOE E. BROWN, Guest Editor



Come play games with Joe E. Brown—and if you know Joe E., you know he loves games of all sorts—sports and card games and quizzes. He plays hard and he works hard, but he keeps in trim. So for this page he's selected a quiz on how to take care of yourself. One of the questions especially—No. 4—reveals his favorite method of keeping himself going. Select the correct answer (a, b or c) and you'll know too. In fact, if you get ten or more of the questions right, you know plenty; eight or nine is superior, seven is passing. Answers are on page 75.

1. You get your best beauty sleep
   a. around midnight
   b. early in the night
   c. early in the morning
2. Shut in from the sun, you need
   a. orange juice
   b. cod-liver oil
   c. carrots
3. Improve your posture by
   a. eating spinach
   b. bicycling
   c. breathing deeply
4. An overworked man should
   a. keep on till he drops
   b. let George do it
   c. take frequent short rests
5. Women's high heels tend to
   a. weaken knee joints
   b. produce bow-legs
   c. shorten leg muscles
6. Trim your toe-nails
   a. curved
   b. pointed
   c. straight across
7. Probable reason you're bald is
   a. your hat
   b. your grandfather
   c. your diet
8. If you stand all day at work
   a. lie down and nap
   b. sit down and eat
   c. take a brisk walk
9. See your dentist, if only for
   a. Prophylaxis
   b. Exodontia
   c. Dentine
10. Chew your food well, to
    a. cut it into pieces
    b. massage teeth and gums
    c. mix it with saliva
11. You produce most energy with
    a. a quart of milk
    b. a loaf of bread
    c. a pound of fish
12. A very loud noise
    a. can't hurt you
    b. may produce deafness
    c. strengthens one's nerves

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Relatively Speaking

Don't be alarmed when we tell you this is a game of "analogical equations." The idea is simple, even if the name isn't. For example, *pilot is to airplane as chauffeur is to*—what? *Automobile*, of course. In each question below you are given three choices. You should get 7 out of 12; 8 to 10 is above average, 10 or more, superior. The answers are given on page 75.

1. King *is to* Queen
   as Earl *is to* (*a*) Countess; (*b*) Duchess; (*c*) Baroness
2. Isaac *is to* Abraham
   as George VI *is to* (*a*) Victoria; (*b*) George V; (*c*) Edward VIII
3. Donkey *is to* Bray
   as Turkey *is to* (*a*) Gabble; (*b*) Gobble; (*c*) Tom
4. The first *is to* Alpha
   as the last *is to* (*a*) Beta; (*b*) Omicron; (*c*) Omega
5. Truman *is to* Margaret
   as FDR *is to* (*a*) Anna; (*b*) Grace; (*c*) Alice
6. Cartographer *is to* Map
   as Cryptographer *is to* (*a*) Stones; (*b*) Letters; (*c*) Codes
7. Circle *is to* center
   as Atom *is to* (*a*) Focus; (*b*) Nucleus; (*c*) Electron
8. Cat *is to* Feline
   as Cow *is to* (*a*) Porcine; (*b*) Ursine; (*c*) Bovine
9. Moses *is to* Jews
   as Mahomet *is to* (*a*) Arabs; (*b*) Greeks; (*c*) Egyptians
10. Cain *is to* Abel
    as Claudius *is to* (*a*) Titus; (*b*) Hamlet's father; (*c*) Claudia
11. Fixed Star *is to* Planet
    as Sun *is to* (*a*) Sirius; (*b*) Venus; (*c*) Polaris
12. Russia *is to* Molotoff
    as United States *is to* (*a*) Byrnes; (*b*) Winant; (*c*) Leahy

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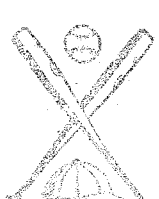
Do You Recognize Him?

The "vital statistics" below are disguised by being given in initials or numerals. Can you identify the subject?

1. NAME .....G.H.R.	7. NICKNAME .....B.
2. ADDRESS .....N.Y.	8. SPECIALTY ....H.R.
3. AGE 52	9. RECORD 60
4. SEX .....M.	10. YEAR 1927
5. MARITAL STATUS..M.	11. TEAM .....N.Y.Y.
6. PROFESSION ....B.P.	Answers are on page 75.



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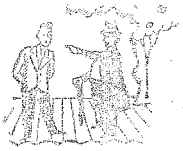

Do You Know Your Double-talk?

Do you laugh when the double-talk comedian springs his nonsensical words? Then here's a double-talk test for you. Some of the words below are pure nonsense—but some are straight out of the dictionary. Which is which? If you're a good guesser you should get 13 right; get 18 or more and you're a walking dictionary. The answers are listed on page 75.

1. PORPOTRY
   Predilection for gridelin
2. DARKLING
   In the dark
3. CREDISCENCE
   Lucency, as of aliphony
4. GUDGEON
   Notch in a carrick-bitt
5. ANSIT
   Permutation of satin.
6. INUXABLE
   Resistant to farration
7. BOSKY
   Indicative of boscage
8. IMPERCATION
   Self-immolation by suttee.
9. CALX
   Residue of calcination
10. BINZ
    Comestible seed
11. TULGEY
    A state of quondam dormancy
12. STITHY
    A blacksmith's shop
13. ZARF
    A stand for a finjan
14. PARATHET
    A canthropic fuller
15. TARG
    Margaric farrago
16. CRETIN
    Congenital idiot
17. TISKET
    Pandolfian blanket
18. GROT
    Artificial recess.
19. SIBLING
    A full brother or sister
20. DIRENSIC
    Hemi-judaxial
21. QUINJER
    Pentametric stockinal
22. FRISKET
    A frame above the tympan
23. BARBITUDE
    Disreft hirsution
24. ARCHEMOLE
    Prototypical scaloppin

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

Start with any letter. Move one square at a time in any direction until you've spelled out a common English word of four or more letters. For example, you can start with the letter V in the upper right-hand corner and spell *vest*. Do not use proper names; do not form plurals by adding the letter *s* to three-letter words. Par on this one is 30 words in 30 minutes. Our word-list (page 75) has a total of 43 words; can you get more?

C	A	X	T	V
L	M	F	E	S
U	I	M	K	D
N	O	H	N	P
B	E	J	A	Y

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It's Time for a Rhyme

Do you know a word meaning "proficient" that rhymes with the insides of trees? If you do, you're *good* and your head isn't made of *wood*. Below are some more words to identify by rhymes. For each one you answer, score as many points as the number of the question. A score of 30 is fair, 45 is good, 60 very good, 70 or more excellent. Answers on page 75.

1. This word means *stop*, and rhymes with the nickname for a soda-fountain drink. (1 point)
2. This word means *myth*, and rhymes with Man o' War's mansion. (2 points)
3. This word means *head ornament*, and rhymes with a famous desert. (3 points)
4. This word means *throw*, and rhymes with what David used to slay Goliath. (4 points)
5. This word means *shatter*, and rhymes with something we deposit in banks. (5 points)
6. This word means *amusing*, and rhymes with the part of a doughnut you don't eat. (6 points)
7. This word means *raiment*, and rhymes with what covers a multitude of shins. (7 points)
8. This word means *to anger*, and rhymes with a body of land completely surrounded by water. (8 points)
9. This word means *grab*, and rhymes with something that's fired whenever it is struck. (9 points)
10. This word means *careful*, and rhymes with what bald men wish their heads were. (10 points)
11. This word means *chew*, but rhymes with a drink. (11 points)
12. This word means *a dress*, and rhymes with something that runs but can't walk. (12 points)

Joe E. Brown's Favorite Party Trick

This one mystifies some people, and amuses nearly everyone. First, write down your house number, then do this:

Double it.	Add your age.
Add 5.	Add 365.
Multiply by 50.	Subtract 615.

Now you'll have a figure with your house number on the left and your age on the right. Try it and see. But once I met a Civil War veteran—an old, old man, born in 1842—and when I tried it on him it didn't work! Do you know why? If not, see the explanation on opposite page.

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Portrait of a Murder

Anne Revell killed her aunt, who caught her stealing the pearls. She left one tell-tale clue, however. The batteries on the footstool, removed to make room for the pearls, led the detective to their hiding place—in Anne's flashlight.

Take Some Tips on Keeping Fit

1. *b* 2. *b* 3. *c* 4. *c* 5. *c* 6. *c* 7. *b* 8. *c* 9. *a* 10. *c* 11. *b* 12. *b*

Relatively Speaking

1. *a* 2. *b* 3. *b* 4. *c* 5. *a* 6. *c* 7. *b* 8. *c* 9. *a* 10. *b* 11. *b* 12. *a*

Did You Recognize Him?

George Herman Ruth • New York • 52 • male • married • baseball player • Babe • home runs • 60 home runs in 1927 • New York Yankees

Do You Know Your Double-talk?

1. No.
2. Yes.
3. No. Like "aliphony," it's phony.
4. Yes. There's also a fish called gudgeon.
5. No.
6. No.
7. Yes. It's shrubbery.
8. No.
9. Yes. Calx is a fine ash.
10. No.
11. No. It's a nonsense word used only in "Jabberwocky."
12. Yes. It's the same as a smithy.
13. Yes. A finjan is a Turkish coffee cup, a zarf the metal holder for it.
14. No.
15. No.
16. Yes. A thyroid deficiency is the cause.
17. No.
18. Yes. It's a small nook.
19. Yes.
20. No.
21. No.
22. Yes. It's a printing term.
23. No.
24. No.

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

aline	climax	famine	lamin	lune
alum	clime	film	laxest	mime
amine	define	fine	life	mine
boil	deft	hand	lift	moil
bone	demon	hank	lime	noil
cafe	desk	home	limn	pandemonium
calif	ebon	hone	line	stem
calm	examine	immune	lion	vest
clam		join		yank

It's Time for a Rhyme

1. halt (malt
2. fable (stable)
3. tiara (Sahara)
4. fling (sling)
5. smash (cash)
6. droll (hole)
7. clothes (hose)
8. rile (isle)
9. snatch (match)
10. chary or wary (hairy)
11. munch (punch)
12. frock (clock)

Joe E. Brown's Favorite Party Trick

The trick itself is just a matter of adding several meaningless steps to a very simple problem, just to make it confusing. If you live at 12 Main St. and are 35, you could multiply 12 x 100 and add 35, giving you 1235. Instead you multiply 12 x 2, and then 24 x 50. You have added in 5 and multiplied by 50, giving you an extra 250, and now you add 365, giving you an extra 615, but then you subtract 615.

But if you are 100 or more it doesn't work. Take 1200 and add 104. You don't get the street number at the left and the age at the right; instead you get 1304.

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Hollywood's producers pay Joe Breen handsomely to enforce their self-imposed code of moral values

He Keeps the MOVIES Clean

Joseph Breen

by CAMERON SHIPP

DESPITE THE recent retirement of Will H. Hays and the election of Eric Johnston as "film czar" of the Motion Picture Association of America, it is a safe bet that Hollywood, which is as set in its ways as any small town, will continue to call it the "Hays Office." But so far as the movie-going public is concerned, the most significant branch of the MPAA should be referred to as the "Breen Office."

Joseph I. Breen, a hard-hitting ex-newspaperman with a vocabulary as colorful as a whirlwind in a paint shop, enforces the Production Code. President Johnston, like his predecessor, will concern himself mostly with such matters as world markets and industrial problems. It is Breen's job to tidy up the screen plays and superintend the moral values offered to some 85 million theatre patrons weekly in the United States alone.

Critics and columnists like to insist that Breen and the MPAA are inhibiting Art, Realism and Truth. But the producers continue to pay Breen handsomely for taking the rough spots out of scripts, and if there were no such arbiter as Breen, Hollywood would have to invent one. He represents in the flesh—two hundred pounds of belligerent Irish flesh—the only extant and competent self-regulation in a major American industry.

On a January morning two years ago, Mr. Breen hit the ceiling. A full-scale Breen ascension is awesome, and Hollywood regards it seriously. He had just received a report from his board of advisers on a script called *Doughgirls*. The story was about three unmarried couples living together, with dialogue indicating acceptance of immoral relations and a chaplain discoursing lightly on the responsibilities of marriage.

Warner Brothers had bought *Doughgirls* hopeful that they could film it. But Joe Breen said "No" until Producer Mark Hellinger decided that one couple was married, one pair had been divorced and re-wed to other partners (unintentionally) before their decree was final, and another couple were *pretending* to be man and wife solely

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because of the exigencies of red tape. The Army, the Navy, the Chaplains Corps and a Russian girl who bobbed in and out of the scenes were treated respectfully too, according to instructions from Breen.

The case of *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* took longer. This began with the submission of lines for a proposed song. Thereafter, until the final script approval five months later, Breen delivered daily ukases, some of which were:

The name of the clergyman should be changed from "Upperman" because "Upperman" sounds funny.

The action portraying Trudy fastening her garter must be handled inoffensively.

The expression "what the——" must be completed in polite language.

Emmy's line: "It was a man who got our friend into trouble," must be eliminated.

Trudy must not be shown drunk, although she can be shown drinking champagne.

All through the correspondence on *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, Mr. Breen was concerned about a character named Norval. Norval stuttered, and Breen warned against offending stutterers. Then, on February 12, Paramount deleted the lines: "I'm your daughter, aren't I?" and the reply, "So your mother told me." On February 19, a certificate of approval was issued.

Contrary to general belief, motion pictures are not made and submitted to Breen, who then eliminates improper scenes or dialogue from the finished product. Such a procedure would be obviously wasteful. Instead, no picture is started until it has full approval.

Breen says he knows of no instance wherein a producer has not followed the letter and the spirit of the approved script. Writers, incidentally, are urged to let go at all the seams, in order to achieve the fullest artistic expression. Breen may rail at the story itself, but he is fully aware that the boys enjoy inserting blue phrases and situations for him to delete. He deletes them as a matter of routine.

Carey Wilson, M-G-M producer who made the *Andy Hardy* series and then produced *The Postman Always Rings Twice* after attempting for nine years to purify it for the MPAA, says that Joe Breen is the best play doctor in Hollywood. Ask Breen's advice about an immoral situation and he will invariably be helpful, often offering a clean solution more dramatic than the original. It is when the boys try to put one over on him that he thunders and soars ceilingward.

MISCONCEPTIONS about what the Breen Office does and does not do are widespread even in Hollywood professional circles. Many of the rules which Breen enforces and for which Will Hays was ridiculed are the rules of state political censorship and of foreign governments. You cannot recite *The Lord's Prayer* in a picture. Breen deletes it because a film containing *The Lord's Prayer* cannot play in England (it's a British censorship rule).

In a scene showing a couple in bed, one of them must have one foot on the floor. Again a Briticism. His Majesty's censor is convinced that nothing untoward can happen

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to the working girl if she and/or her boy friend dutifully keeps a foot on the floor.

Even in Hollywood, it is firmly believed that there is a maximum footage for screen kisses. Press agents for years released stories alleging that the Hays Office trimmed too-long kisses. There is no rule about this. Breen may object to a certain kind of kiss, but he has never measured one.

Nor did he ever ban sweaters. This entertaining fable was a publicist's ruse to exploit a buxom star. And another popular myth is that there is a set maximum for killings in any one picture.

The famous Code mentions none of the foregoing prohibitions. It is, as a matter of fact, a remarkable document because of its leaning toward abstract ethical terms and its Victorian rhetoric. But it was written long before sweater girls. Among its authors were the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., of the University of St. Louis, distinguished Catholic writer and editor of *The Queen's Work*, and Martin Quigley, a trade-paper editor, also a Catholic. It was adopted in 1930, but like another set of Commandments was often honored in the breach until a punitive prophet named Breen was appointed by Hays in 1934.

TO ENFORCE the Code, Breen presides over a little oligarchy of experts called "the board." These are the gentlemen who daily decide what is said and portrayed on the world's screens. You could safely wager that even in Hollywood no one outside the Breen office could identify them all.

Members of this board are, in order of seniority, Geoffrey Shurlock, native of Liverpool, classical scholar, former literary secretary to Rupert Hughes; Arthur J. Houghton of Boston, former theatre manager for Will Rogers, Florenz Ziegfeld and Charles Dillingham; Charles R. Metzger, A.B., A.M., LL.B., former lawyer and assistant professor of sociology; Harry H. Zehner of New York, former secretary to the Inspector General of the National Home for Disabled Veterans, assistant credit manager for Armour & Co., assistant manager of the Waldorf-Astoria, assistant general manager of Universal Studios; Thomas Allen Lynch of Boston, A.B., M.A., formerly a university teacher of philosophy and English; Milton E. Hodenfield of Eagle Grove, Iowa, former law-office manager and confidential secretary to Will Hays; and John Vizzard, M.A., of San Francisco, who taught English literature at Santa Clara for three years.

The board meets daily at 10 a.m., with Breen presiding, and reports on the new scripts, books, plays, synopses or suggestions that have been channeled to them from the studios. The changes they suggest usually resemble those ordered in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* and *Doughgirls*.

In many of its decisions, the board is influenced by its knowledge of state censor boards, of which there are seven—Maryland, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Kansas, Virginia and Florida. Loss of revenue from any one of these states is likely to hurt a producer. Bad publicity from one of them hurts everywhere. So the MPAA operates not only according to

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its Code, but according to the principles—and sometimes the caprices—of the state boards and the foreign censors.

Kansas is touchy about killings and other brutality. Breen sat up late one evening and ran through fifteen Westerns. He gagged at the plethora of gore, boiled into his office next morning and announced that sudden death would have to be cut "by about half." The next Western up for review had thirty demises, and the board decreed that fifteen had to come out.

The only safe villain, Breen says, is "a native-born American citizen, without a job and without political, social, religious, fraternal or industrial affiliations of any kind." Otherwise, foreign countries and pressure groups write mean letters and suppress pictures.

Actors seldom order "scotch and soda" now because the bourbon people complained. Poland barred Paul Robeson's *You and me, we sweat and strain* lines from *Old Man River* because audiences might read into them a note of the class-labor struggle. China banned Alexander Korda's *The Ghost Goes West* because ghosts are ancestors, and the Chinese worship ancestors.

The code itself is a disappointment to thrill-seekers. It is against sin, nakedness, brutality, vulgarity and hurting anybody's feelings. It can be interpreted broadly as times change. But under the heading of profanity it is specific. There is a long list of banned words and phrases.

The Breen office formerly received 75 thousand letters a month complaining that newspapermen, doctors, psychiatrists or lawyers, for instance, were libelously depicted. Only a handful of protests is received now. This is because of "compensating moral value." Breen insists that a producer who shows a bad lawyer must also show a good one; a good doctor for a bad doctor, and so on.

Producers frequently complain that Breen makes Realism and Art impossible. Critics damn him as a censor. The plain fact is that Breen is enforcing a code subscribed to and supported by the industry itself, without which it would probably revert to the careless raptures of the early '30s when both church and laity wrathfully demanded a clean-up.

Hence the companies will likely continue to submit scripts to Breen, and Breen will likely continue to hit the ceiling when wayward writers stray from the paths of purity. Obviously, as Hollywood's clean-up man, he is a success. Each year he handles hundreds of pictures and thousands of scripts without losing a button.

Wise Greek

ON OBSERVING the great number of civic statues Cato, the Greek, remarked: "I would rather people would ask why there is not a statue to Cato, than why there is." —*Tips*

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For 30 years a woman of vision has given sanctuary to migrant workers in a beautiful ocean-front grove

Hobo Paradise on the Pacific

by WALTER B. PITKIN

ON THE LOVELIEST forty acres of Pacific Ocean front in Santa Barbara is the world's first wild-life refuge for men. This strange sanctuary for hoboes was created on her estate thirty years ago by Mrs. John Howard Child, a woman of wealth whose mansion overlooks it from a high hill.

In 1915, Mrs. Child watched a cop chasing tramps along the railroad tracks north of her property. "What have they done?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Then why chase them?"

"Women around here are scared the bums might steal something or kidnap children."

"Have they ever done that?"

"Well, not these fellows, so far as we know."

"Bring them up here inside my fence," Mrs. Child commanded, "and let them stay in my back grove."

Timidly the tramps entered. Mrs Child eyed them and said: "Stay as long as you like. Build shacks under the trees. But no stealing, no drunks, no fights. Keep the place clean, or out you go. Is that clear?"

The tramps nodded. "Then tell these rules to the others who come here."

Throughout the years, more than ten thousand wanderers have tarried in this strange community—some for the night, some for a week, some for years. Experts in social welfare warned that somebody must supervise the place to keep the men from running wild. The police prophesied grief. But grief has never hopped off a freight to find abode there.

Mrs. Child agrees with the U. S. Supreme Court that the Constitution seeks to preserve man's inalienable right to be left alone. "I will not pry into the hoboes' affairs," she says. "I never enter their homes. They have the same right to live their own lives as I have."

The first visitors built half a dozen shacks out of scraps they found on the city dump. When Mrs. Child saw they meant business, she ran a water pipe and an electric wire from her garage to the grove. The men brought in old cans for refuse and shaggy brooms for sweeping floors and ground. They

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dug a garbage pit and kept the eucalyptus grove clean. Somehow they sensed what they'd found—a safe and tranquil home by the sea.

To the north is the railway track and U. S. Highway 101. A quarter-mile westward are the switch-yards of Santa Barbara—a perfect jumping-off place for any hobo. Olive trees line the drive to Mrs. Child's mansion, while hedges hide some sixty shacks from other observers. Close as they are to her home, the visitors and Mrs. Child enjoy complete privacy.

The world calls them hoboes. So hoboes they must be, if we define a hobo as one who wanders in search of work—and stops wandering when he finds it. Nearly all the ten thousand hoboes who have stopped there were on the hunt for jobs. Almost every profession, art and craft has been represented. A piano tuner, a cabinet maker, an artist, a cook, a butler, a wood carver, a dentist, a physician, a gardener, a caddy, a minister, a criminal lawyer and two University of California professors are samples of the motley.

Many find local work in their own line. Others take odd jobs until they are ready to move on. One professional man did so well in Santa Barbara that he opened an office and is now a citizen of repute. Several other hoboes have stayed on for five or ten years.

The more competent men insist on helping Mrs. Child's gardener mow the lawns and trim the hedges. Whenever they see something in need of repair they report it to Sam, the chauffeur, who relays it to his mistress. If she approves, the men fix things; and Mrs. Child pays what the job is worth. Firmly she refuses all efforts of grateful men to do any work without pay.

Sometimes they express their understanding in unusual ways. Once Mrs. Child saw an old man leaving the grove in shoes so far gone that his toes protruded.

"Christmas is coming," she said. "Buy yourself a pair of shoes." She handed him ten dollars. He passed back five dollars and said: "Buy yerself a present too, lady."

Until a few years ago Mrs. Child always passed out Christmas gifts in the grove. But when word got around that she played Santa Claus to everybody present, a good many "ringers" began to show up. One Christmas she faced an eager crowd of more than three hundred people, most of them from Santa Barbara. The hoboes raged, formed a vigilante committee and requested that Mrs. Child stop giving them presents. They'd rather get nothing than see her victimized by chiselers.

Once a year Mrs. Child marches gravely to the grove, puts everybody off the place and locks the gate. The hoboes expect it, for they know that, in California, the law ordains that anyone who allows squatters to remain a year or long-

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Walter B. Pitkin, author, psychologist and teacher, has some fifty books to his credit, including the best-seller "Life Begins at Forty." A graduate of the University of Michigan, Pitkin has also studied at Hartford (Conn.) Theological Seminary, the Sorbonne in Paris, the University of Berlin and the University of Munich. He has been a lecturer on psychology and a professor of journalism at Columbia University, a magazine editor, story supervisor for a motion picture company, and American managing editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

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er may forfeit title to the property.

This annual eviction is an orderly event, supervised by a hobo committee. Before the day arrives they find shelter for the sick. The others sleep along the fence in the cool Pacific breeze. Next morning all return to their shacks and prepare for the day's work.

Few towns have a crime record as low as this strange community. Not once in thirty years has there been a murder or other grave offense. Why such virtue? The answer is that hoboes are not criminals. Ragged, yes. But vicious, no.

During the depression Mrs. Child watched the wretched Okies wander up the railroad tracks on foot and clatter along Highway 101 in their steaming jalopies. Villagers all over California stood at town limits and drove the hapless victims of the Dust Bowl on. But Mrs. Child laid out food and drink in her kitchen, left her back doors wide open and instructed the hoboes in the grove to invite any wayfarer to a feast. Her friends feared the worst, but not a single untoward incident happened.

Once Mrs. Child thought a thief had at last arrived. Coming home late she looked for a roast chicken she had laid out on the table. No chicken . . .

A strange voice floated in through an open window. "If it's the chicken you're looking fer, it's in the icebox. It'll keep better in there." In the icebox reposed the chicken, with only a drumstick missing.

Do you wonder that this community is known from coast to coast? Even the local police respect it. If one of the community members wanders into town and imbibes too much, a cop picks him up, hails a southbound truck, and escorts him to his habitation. The cop knows the community has a law of its own and that a second offender will awaken the morning after to eye a committee and receive a final warning. If he is picked up a third time downtown, the community itself hustles him out of Paradise. And he never comes back. That is the law among men whom the Law deems lawless.

Often I have eyed the grove with awe mixed with envy. "Who lives there?" I once asked a kindly white-haired man.

"Dunno," said he.

"But you live next door."

"Sure. But we don't meet up much unless there's something here that needs looking after. And we don't talk around either. If you talk, you git into argufyin', and if you argufy, you begin fightin'. We don't like fightin'."

Nearly all the men follow Mrs. Child's shining example: they don't mess around in other folks' affairs. At least our hoboes still practice what the Constitution preaches.

Quoteworthy

Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not, and a sense of humor to console him for what he is. —*Wall Street Journal*

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With ingenuity and imagination it's easy to turn an agricultural side line into a paying business

Farm Hobbies That Show a Profit

by GUS LARSON AND A. B. GENUNG

USING INGENUITY and imagination, farmers throughout the U. S. are getting fun and profit from many side-line activities that you usually don't see from the highway.

One side-line product finds its way right into the White House kitchen. From high in the Catskills, the shipping label on a gallon of first-run maple syrup is lettered "Harry S. Truman, Washington, D. C." If you are lucky enough to eat flapjacks at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, you may taste this special brand from the farm of George D. Taylor of Stamford, New York.

Generations of Taylors, though dairy and vegetable farmers, have been boiling huge kettles of sap every spring for 130 years. In bottles, with a distinctive snow-scene label, the syrup sells at top prices. And their list of customers reads like pages torn from *Who's Who*.

Another "side liner" is Perry D. Slocum of Marathon, New York, who hatched an idea on his Dad's farm. It started with an iron cauldron tub garden and three water lilies. The lilies grew and so did the idea. Next came a seven-foot concrete pool with colored lilies, sacred lotus, hyacinth and other water plants.

When he found that selling was no problem, Slocum built a big pool near one of eight pasture springs. But even this was too small so he took over a five-acre swamp and ringed it with banks. Now all eight springs pour into the Slocum Water Gardens.

Slocum's catalogue in natural-color photographs tripled his business. When he learned that lily customers wanted goldfish too, he leased an old millpond and began to breed fish. When business outgrew Dad's garage, he built a packing house. Today, boxed lilies and "canned" live fish go all over the map, from Panama to Alaska.

Fish and plant ponds are scattered throughout the U. S., ranging from tiny pasture or back-yard affairs to 300-acre spreads of water, as at the fittingly named Lilypons, Maryland. Some farmers stock their ponds and collect fees for fishing privileges. Other enterprises also offer boats, bait and camp sites.

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One part-time Maryland farmer began with a city job, a bungalow and a hobby, and ended up with a farm and a thousand birds of 35 varieties. Starting fifteen years ago with a pair of pet doves, his birds are now worth ten thousand dollars. Early in the venture, he launched into canaries and parakeets. Soon the hobby outgrew his bungalow lot, so he moved to a ten-acre place, now a part-time bird farm.

Quail were added to the country business, then pheasants, more parakeets, then tropical birds brought from Florida, California and South America. The birds sell at various prices, from thirty dollars for a black-hooded siskin to 150 dollars for a peacock. Best customers are bird stores, sportsmen and zoos.

Meats—especially hams cured in special ways—bring many farmers from 200 dollars to 400 dollars a year. Different sections of the country have their special recipes and devotees. Farmers in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, swear by an apple-chip smoke cure, North Carolina by pepper and molasses, and the Midwest by the corn-fed, sugar-cured, hickory-smoked Iowa product.

Around Smithfield, Virginia, farmers who sell their hams to tourists and local shoppers finish out their long-bodied hogs with just enough corn to harden the oily fat produced by peanut feeding.

Sausage of good quality is a sure-fire bet on the side. John Collins of Montgomery County, Maryland, packages a specially spiced and sugared kind which has a big local sale. Although Collins and many farmers like him have launched successful sausage ventures, there still isn't enough of the delicacy to supply the American breakfast table.

Farmers occasionally raise game birds like pheasants, quail, prairie chickens, partridge, wild turkey, ducks, geese and swans, either as a hobby or as a full-time business. A small number of game birds can be reared in a yard or orchard, but propagation on a big scale requires plenty of room and time.

Wild pheasants are the specialty of a farmer at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, who ships plump birds in knotty-pine boxes, complete with cooking directions, to epicures all over the country. Another farm at McHenry, Illinois, sells mallard ducks.

THE BUSINESS of canning chicken reaches from a small Texas farm into New York and Washington markets. A Washington secretary takes orders for her mother's canned chicken, offering a quart jar for $2.50. A Texas neighbor sells canned capons at better than turkey prices.

To hit the winter trade, chicks must be hatched early so that they can be caponized in early summer. They need eight to ten months to grow and fatten properly. But don't try to market capons unless you are prepared to kill, dress and pack them properly, for this is a product requiring special skill.

Several farmers near Moline and Rock Island, Illinois, raise racing pigeons for sale, and at Silver Spring, Maryland, farmer Sam Rice, famous Washington ballplayer, breeds them for sport. It's not only fun to bet on pigeon races but most owners enjoy training the birds, too.

Dogs are a surprisingly popular

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cash crop. Dog farms abound: Gordon setters for sale in Sommers, Connecticut; Dalmatians, bulls, spaniels and Airedales in Ohio; greyhounds in Mankato, Minnesota; St. Bernards on Long Island. A breeder in Fort Smith, Arkansas, sells his coon hounds for 125 dollars to 200 dollars apiece, priced according to the dog's record of coons actually treed. A woman in Michigan makes a business of raising huge Newfoundlands. And if you advertise long-eared, cold-nosed, bugle-voiced foxhounds for sale, you're likely to get bids from every state in the Union.

Farmers who keep turkeys on the side are beginning to shift to a new bird that has been a guest at Thanksgiving dinners in the last three years. It's the Beltsville "small white" turkey. Developed by Department of Agriculture scientists, the bird is about a third smaller than the normal turkey, and is just what small-family housewives want. Farmers like the midgets too because they bring as much as five cents more a pound.

About six years ago, something new was evolved from the old-fashioned Thanksgiving bird that promises to create still another side line for farmers. Smoked turkey was the dish. Those who didn't bother about the cost of a Christmas feast enjoyed the new delicacy, while enterprising California poultrymen discovered how to sell the white meat, at five dollars a pound, to movie stars for cocktail parties. Soon, smoked turkey became a craze in the high-class delicatessen trade. Then came the war and Uncle Sam took all the turkeys.

But now turkeys are back on civilian tables and the smoked meat sells for top prices. One big farm near Ossining, New York, sold several thousand smoked birds before the war. Yet individual farmers can also produce the delicacy on a small scale. One farm wife in the Wisconsin lake country cures her birds in brine much as hams are cured, then smokes them to a beautiful brown over hickory or green-apple chips. She gets around $1.50 a pound, which means a gross of five hundred to eight hundred dollars a year from her "side-line" flock.

Aside from turkeys, there are other native American specialties that sell at fancy prices. Mrs. May Simons, who owns a small farm near Baltimore, dries golden bantam corn for a small luxury trade. She uses only young and tender corn, parches it Indian fashion, then puts it in glass jars with attractive Indian wigwam labels. It has a flavor, gourmets say, unlike any other vegetable or cereal on earth.

SWITCHING FROM the rich odors of the kitchen, let's look at Leo F. Davids, fur farmer of Geneva, New York, who ran his back-yard hobby into a 75-thousand-dollar business. Some twenty years ago Davids bought a few trapped mink from Canada and became a pioneer fur rancher. From the original silky little animals he has bred one of the finest herds in the country. Today the big sheds and long rows of cages of his Finger Lakes Fur Farm intrigue milady no less than his roomful of ribbons and prizes impress visiting mink breeders.

A mink is a hardy animal, easy and inexpensive to keep in a back-yard cage. He eats meat and fish,

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usually in the form of a prepared mixture with cereal added. A mature animal consumes only about six ounces of food a day. Minks breed in March, producing a litter of four to eight "kittens." The young develop rapidly, maturing in about seven months and being pelted in early December when they are in prime condition.

Another popular fur is karacul, especially fancied by western farmers. Karacul lambs meet an early death because the curl and quality of the fleece, after birth, change by the hour. And as they change, the value of the skin goes down.

The U. S. is still a small producer of karacul pelts—eight thousand a year—but our annual imports run into the millions. The future looks hopeful, however, as the animals thrive even in dry areas, perhaps because they have a peculiar ability to store reserve fat in their broadtails while grazing is good.

Next time you drive through the country, keep an eye out for sideline farming. Signs tell of such items for sale as Christmas trees and holly, jellies and jams, rabbits, honey, silver fox, guinea pigs, and many other specialties. Then, if you're interested, find out how it's done. Farmers love to talk about their hobbies. You may get an idea for making an extra dollar, and you'll probably enjoy the visit too.

Chinese Marriage

BISHOP ROMANELLO of Kweilin tells of a Chinese marriage at which he officiated. The girl was very bashful and as the good Bishop asked, "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?" she timidly hung her head. Again the question rang out, "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?" Still the young girl hung her head in embarrassment. The guests started to titter.

As the bishop formulated the question for the third time, the bride's mother stepped up, grabbed her by the braid and pushed the girl's head up and down in acquiescence. That settled it.

HUNAN PROVINCE is noted for its beautiful women. Also, for a rather pointed way of proposing marriage. The farm boy sends the lass of his choice a needle. If she sends the needle back threaded—it means YES.

WOULD YOU marry someone you had never met? For centuries the Chinese have been doing it. Today, changing habits notwithstanding, they're still doing it in many parts of China. In old-line Chinese families, the bride and groom do not meet until the very night of the wedding. Marriage, they say, is something like a pot of water. It may be cold to start with . . . but put it on a hot stove and the fire will warm it up. But start with boiling water, and likely as not it will eventually cool off.

—JEFF SPARKS

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Terror gripped New England on a day of great darkness

America's First BLACK FRIDAY

by VINCENT H. GADDIS

INHABITANTS OF New England had no suspicion of a coming ordeal as the sun rose bright and warm on the morning of May 19, 1780. With the exception of an area in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut where rain fell soon after dawn, there was little warning that this day would be the original "Black Friday" of American history.

Perhaps symbolic of crucial days in the War for Independence, the mysterious and unexplained darkness came in the midst of the Revolution. The shots fired at Lexington had echoed five years and one month before; Cornwallis would surrender one year and five months later. But battles were now being fought in the South, and guns were mostly silent in New England.

As the sun rose higher, a light wind began blowing toward the northeast. Suddenly, about 10 o'clock, a haze formed in the sky over the southwestern part of the area. Apparently traveling with the wind, the hazy phenomenon spread northeastward. An hour later it had reached the Canadian border.

New Englanders expected a storm, then a hurricane. The darkness deepened, lights appeared in windows, dinners were eaten by candlelight, schools were dismissed. Along town streets torches appeared, and in the rural districts the chickens went to roost and cows gathered at the barns.

By 1 o'clock in the afternoon the outer limits of the ebon area had been reached, although these limits were not stable and varied during the following hours. Roughly, the area included what is now Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. Eastern New York was included, as well as the northeastern corner of Pennsylvania.

During the afternoon, as the darkness deepened into the black of a starless midnight, panic arose. Like a vast, heavy hand, the inky sea pressed down on a bewildered population. Fear raced across the stricken area with wild rumors, and horror followed. To many thousands of frightened people this deepest of nights in midday could mean but one thing: the Day of Judgment.

Churches were opened. In hundreds of communities, through the murky gloom came processions of

Vincent H. Gaddis combines writing with a career as a professional magician. In both capacities, he has made a special study of psychic phenomena and mysterious and unexplained occurrences. The results of his work in this field have been published in journals devoted to the subject and in leading national magazines.

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torches to the places of worship. In lonely farmhouses there was family prayer. Many confessed their sins and begged forgiveness.

In Hartford the Legislature of Connecticut was in session. By noon the alarmed members were unable to see one another, and the meeting threatened to break up in panic. A Mr. Davenport arose:

"Mr. Speaker, this is either the Day of Judgment or it is not. If it is not, there is no need of adjourning. If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty. I move that candles be brought in, and that we proceed to business." The session continued until early afternoon.

Dr. Nathanel Whittaker, pastor of the Tabernacle Church in Salem, Massachusetts, arose to address the largest congregation his church had ever held. Only the sobs of weeping women broke the hushed stillness in the candle-lit building. "This darkness," he said, "is supernatural —sent by God. We may all be judged within the hour."

BY EARLY EVENING the blackness had reached an almost incredible degree. R. M. Devens, a reliable observer, reported: "A sheet of white paper held within a few inches of the eyes was invisible."

It was at this deepest stage of darkness that the weird light was noticed. In the glow of torches objects revealed unnatural colors. Predominant in this spectrum was a lurid greenish hue that seemed to filter through the atmosphere and bathe objects and persons with a ghastly radiance. Then it faded.

Huddled in whispering groups, the residents of New England waited for a full moon, due to appear at 9 o'clock. They were exhausted from terror but not an adult thought of sleep. As immortalized by John Greenleaf Whittier in a poem, the day had been one of "a horror of great darkness, like the night; men prayed and women wept, all ears grew sharp to hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter the bleak sky." Now there was hope.

The hours passed. After a seeming eternity of waiting, 9 o'clock came. Anxious eyes searched the gulf of black space above. The moon could not be seen.

A depression as heavy as the inky sea now settled over the silent watchers. The minutes lengthened into hours. Here and there renewed outbursts of prayer could be heard, but in general there was resigned silence. Parents glanced at their sleeping children and wondered if they would ever see the sun again. Was this truly the end of all things? Had precious light been withdrawn from the earth forever?

Midnight came—and passed. Thousands of square miles under the black blight, white faces and fear-filled eyes were dimly visible in the flickering of candles and torches. A man can fight fire and wind, but what can he do against darkness that has no explanation?

Suddenly there were shouts. Thousands of eyes turned skyward. Blood-red and dim, the moon appeared. Now, again, there was hope. Tears of joy flowed freely. It was 1 o'clock on the morning of May 20.

The sky brightened rapidly during the morning hours. The moon became clear and finally the stars appeared. At dawn the sun arose

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as bright and warm as it had 24 hours before. Never was Old Sol more welcome.

But those fourteen hours of horror were not forgotten. The citizens of several New England towns voted to keep the following 19th of May as a day of fasting and prayer. Dr. Samuel Stearns, in the Worcester *Spy*, warned that it was "an omen of some future destruction that may overtake this land like a deluge, unless a speedy reformation should immediately take place."

The cause of the phenomenon remains unknown. There was no eclipse at the time. As to a possible forest-fire explanation, Noah Webster, writing in 1799, said: "That forty miles of burning forest should cover hundreds of square miles with impenetrable darkness is too absurd to deserve a serious refutation." What's more, there were no big forest fires reported at the time.

Alexander Von Humboldt, in his *Cosmos*, lists a number of historic dark days, and tells of a darkness that came to London on August 19, 1763, "greater than the great eclipse of 1748." He suggests a sun-spot theory, but does not explain how storms on the sun could cause darkness on the earth over limited areas.

Weather Bureau records reveal that waves of darkness have struck three times in the United States. On March 19, 1886, darkness suddenly fell upon the city of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, at 3 p.m. Within five minutes the darkness equaled that of midnight. The day had been "light but cloudy." The phenomenon lasted for ten minutes, passing from west to east with sudden brightness following. Towns near Oshkosh also reported a visitation.

Similar phenomena occurred in Memphis, Tennessee, on the morning of December 2, 1904, when "intense darkness" lasted fifteen minutes, and in Louisville, Kentucky, on March 7, 1911, where a half-hour of "intense blackness spread terror throughout the city" after an early morning hailstorm. Although the exact cause is not known, weather experts believe that dense clouds explain these cases.

But the Black Friday of New England remains listed among the unsolved mysteries of the earth's atmosphere. Our history reveals a number of "Black Fridays" since, but the first was the blackest of all.

To Put It Mildly!

Two men bearing identical names, one a clergyman and the other a businessman, lived in the same city.

The clergyman died at about the time the businessman took a trip to Southern California. Upon reaching the Pacific Coast he sent his wife a telegram informing her of his safe journey. Unfortunately the message was delivered to the widow of the clergyman. Imagine the surprise of the good woman when she read: "Arrived safely—heat terrific."

—Mrs. Nina F. Rice

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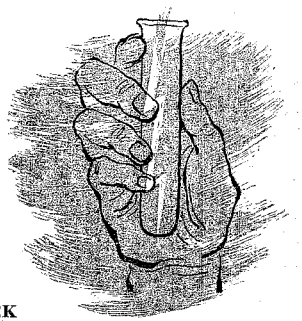
Dr. Karl B. McEachron has made a career of bridling one of Nature's most destructive forces

The Man Who Chases Lightning



by JACK STENBUCK

FOR MORE THAN a quarter of a century, while other men have been content to chase nothing more spectacular than the almighty dollar, Dr. Karl Boyer McEachron has been chasing bolts of lightning —and actually catching them. On occasion, when this New England scientist has tired of waiting for the heavens to put on an electrical show for his unique game of tag, he has made lightning of his own—lightning powerful enough to dwarf the bolts from the sky. He has created laboratory storms that have crashed with the roar of sixteen-inch guns and produced flashes up to ten million volts.

Though a bolt from the blue travels so fast that a plane going a thousand miles an hour would move only 1–16th of an inch while the lightning flash traveled from the clouds to the earth, this wizard of science has nevertheless managed to trap that flash long enough to make it sit for its picture and tell all about its speed and its power. As a result, he probably knows more about this heavenly phenomenon than any other human on earth.

Until recently, Dr. McEachron was head of General Electric's high-voltage laboratory for the study of lightning at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Now he has been elevated to the post of assistant works engineer, involving more humdrum administration tasks, but he still is close enough to join J. H. Hagenguth, formerly his right-hand man and now his lab successor, any time of day or night when there's an especially good fireworks show overhead.

To cross swords with this heavenly power, McEachron has made perilous climbs, weighted with camera equipment, to the top of the Statue of Liberty and the Empire State Building; has dashed from a warm bed through rain-swept streets to sit all night in his special observatory atop the Pittsfield plant; or has carried his own portable lightning generator for special tests as far off as Michigan.

He hasn't learned how to control lightning itself, but he has found out how to outwit nature and bridle its destructive force. As a result of his experiments, in 1930 he dis-

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covered Thyrite, a compound which is probably the most effective lightning arrester ever developed. Thyrite has made it possible for power lines and other electrical equipment to ride safely through terrible storms.

McEachron has not only verified the fact that lightning can and does strike the same place twice, but has proven with his highly sensitive photographic devices that many flashes which to the naked eye seem to be only a single bolt are in reality multiple streaks striking too fast for the eye to detect. Like a circus ringmaster, he himself has cracked the whip and directed his own manufactured lightning to hit the same place not twice, but as many as two hundred times, while a laboratory audience stood by in awe.

Out of his studies have come other intriguing conclusions: that there is "silent" lightning—lightning unaccompanied by a clap of thunder; that lightning always follows the line of least resistance, can be swerved from its course by a strong wind, and thinks nothing of striking in one place, then changing its course to strike in another.

McEachron can't name a household spot which is absolutely safe during a lightning storm. But don't worry about that. Though there are 44 thousand electrical storms in the world each day, the chances are about fifteen in a million that a bolt will pick you out. In this country, lightning kills about four hundred people a year and injures about a thousand more, which makes it a minor menace compared to automobiles.

If you can surround yourself in metal, you've nothing to worry about. That's why you're so safe in your automobile during a storm; why city dwellers, by comparison with their isolated farm brothers, lead a comparatively charmed life against lightning; and why tenants of the Empire State Building have nothing to worry about even though, on account of its height, the building probably attracts more strikes than any other structure in the world.

In the wide open spaces, especially in the vicinity of isolated trees tall enough to beckon invitingly, lightning has been known to kill as many as 22 cows in one stroke. In the case of the cow, Dr. McEachron points out, some of the current flowing from the tree into the earth can be diverted through the animal's four legs.

THOUGH PLAYING constantly with fire, Dr. McEachron hasn't permitted his familiarity with this treacherous playmate to lessen his respect for its power. He knows first-hand what a sock it can dish out. Years ago, before he took charge of the G.E. lab, he was investigating a transformer failure. The voltage was supposed to be off, but when he pointed to a gap in the circuit with a pencil, 33 thousand volts went through his body, causing burns and sending him to the hospital after he was revived by artificial respiration—one of the first in Pittsfield's history to be saved in that manner.

It is not surprising, therefore, that now when it storms, though he's taken plenty of chances in his experiments, McEachron won't take a bath, go swimming, get too close to the fireplace or talk over

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the phone any more than he has to. He's learned that doing those things, when lightning is in the air, may not be too healthy.

McEachron's files are full of reports on the queer pranks lightning has played. For example, there's the story of the bolt that ran down a chimney, blew off the stove lid, then lighted the fire laid for breakfast. Also, the case of the stroke which shattered a forty-foot tree, tore three sides off a toy cart beneath it, yet left the infant occupant unharmed. In still another case, a woman reported being only slightly injured by a bolt which had melted her necklace.

As for any benefits to mankind that lightning may hold, Dr. McEachron admits he can think of just two—and one of these is linked to the fact that lightning has enough destructive force to make man want to protect himself. It does produce, free of charge, about 100 million tons of fixed nitrogen yearly over the earth's surface. And it does provide thousands with jobs building and installing lightning rods, and designing protective systems for electrical apparatus.

McEachron has been with G.E. since 1922, but even before that the foundation for his experiments was being laid by the great Steinmetz himself. In 1920, while Steinmetz was working at G.E., lightning destroyed his summer camp on the Mohawk River. The dwarfed genius studied the ruins and built the first crude artificial lightning generator so he could get a better idea of what had happened.

By 1929, McEachron and his associates not only had built a more powerful generator but had hurled its half-million volts repeatedly at the Turner Falls power system on the outskirts of Pittsfield in the first successful test for safeguarding high-tension lines.

Also under McEachron's supervision, the cathode ray oscillograph, already known to Europe, was brought to America for refinement; and for the first time science had equipment with enough speed to record what happened when lightning struck. Shorn of its high-sounding name, the oscillograph is in effect a special camera with a speed of a millionth of a second.

In the early days, before he had accumulated his present knowledge of lightning, McEachron would pray for a good storm so he could hustle up to the roof of the G.E. building in Pittsfield. He was always running off from a party in the middle of a sandwich or jumping out of bed like a fireman. The roof observatory is a room fourteen feet in diameter, equipped with twelve windows looking out in every direction, plus a high-speed camera that can shoot five thousand pictures a second.

Not satisfied even with these accommodations, McEachron decided to get a close-up of the scars lightning might have left on the Statue of Liberty. He climbed through the lady's arm and even scrambled up a ladder lashed to the torch she holds aloft. He was a little disappointed at what he found, because the statue wasn't as pitted as he had suspected. So he decided to look at the four-foot rod at the top of the Empire State Building.

Unwilling to ask anyone else to take the risks involved, he equipped

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himself with a safety belt and a special camera with a revolving arm, then ascended 1,250 feet above the sidewalks of New York. After risking his neck for hours, he came down only to discover that the film slide had not been properly pulled out. Instead of a complete picture story, he had nothing. A few months later, however, NBC dismantled the rod and presented it to McEachron. In his lab he was able to study it to his heart's content.

McEachron, 56 years old, was born in Hoosick Falls, New York. Even as a boy he was always tinkering around, a trait he came by honestly for his father was a jeweler. McEachron's adult interests, aside from playing with lightning, are woodworking and Sunday School. With a kindly face, adorned by steel-rimmed glasses, he passes more easily for a Sunday School teacher than a famous scientist.

In collaboration with Kenneth G. Patrick, Dr. McEachron has written a book on his favorite subject, entitled *Playing With Lightning*. It opens and closes on a point which McEachron says it is well to remember: "If you heard the thunder, the lightning missed you; if you saw the lightning, it missed you, and if it should strike you, you would never know it."

During the war, McEachron was frequently consulted on such matters as providing the best protection for barrage balloons, ordnance depots and munitions dumps. Much of the protection was obtained by devising a mesh of overhead wires, and the over-all problem was handled in a code set up by the Committee on Safety and Security of the Ordnance Department, of which he was chairman.

In Pittsfield where he lives, Dr. McEachron is well aware that only about six of the community's twenty thousand homes are struck by lightning each year. On that basis, the law of averages says the chances are he'll have to wait about 33 hundred years for his own home to be hit. Yet he's taking no chances. His house is one of the few in Pittsfield equipped with grounders for lightning, despite the fact that city dwellings have so many pipes there's a minimum of danger.

"How would it look," he explains, "if the fellow who is supposed to know all about it hadn't made sure his own home wouldn't be hit?" For having seen lightning do some funny things, he isn't too sure it wouldn't be ornery enough to try to prove he isn't so smart after all.

Brutally Frank

"WHAT DO YOU THINK about my condition?" asked the anxious patient.

"So far you are doing splendidly. But if I were you, considering that you are so fond of reading, I would not take up any of those giant novels, but stick rather to the shorter stories." —MANDEL HERBSTMAN

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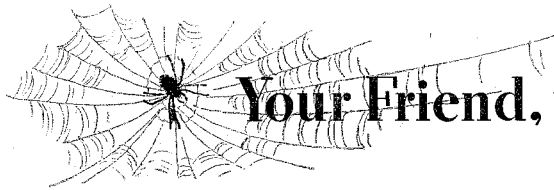
Despite centuries of abuse, she continues to protect man against dangerous insects



Your Friend, the Spider

Of all the world's tiny creatures, probably no other is so misunderstood and maligned as the spider. The housefly and mosquito are more dangerous by far, yet women who are only mildly annoyed by these carriers of disease are likely to shriek at sight of a spider. Of course, the Black Widow has given all her clan a bad name, but even the Black Widow is not as black as she's painted.

Actually, the spider might be regarded as a friend of man. For centuries she has waged a private war of extermination, protecting us against a full-scale insect invasion. Many of her victims are pests that plague and destroy. Yet what is the spider's reward? Abuse!

Aside from her contribution to our well-being, have you ever considered what an ingenious creature the spider is? Her web is an extraordinary device which she puts to countless uses. With it she builds bridges, telegraph systems and speed highways. She may spin a web, then a one-way bridge from it to a strategic hiding place under a nearby leaf. There, like a fisherman waiting for a bite, she waits for the quiver which tells her that "dinner is served."

In fact, the practical functions of a spider's silk seem endless. She uses it to spin an incubator for her eggs and a home for her young. With it she snares food, and if she isn't hungry at the moment, she wraps the victuals in silk and stores them in her larder.

The lady on the opposite page is an orange spider—or *Miranda aurantia*, if you want to be formal. She is wrapping up a hapless victim to preserve it until she is ready to enjoy the feast.

Miranda spins a handsome web, ornamented with an intricate zigzag design all her own. But she is only one of many varieties, each with its distinctive talents.

The grass spider spins a funnel-shaped web with an emergency escape hatch at the bottom; the white crab spider changes color from white to yellow, and back again to white; the trap-door spider digs a nest in the ground and covers it with a door on silken hinges so strong that it takes a pound of pressure to pull the door open; the fresh-water spider breathes air but lives under water, a feat accomplished by carrying air bubbles from the surface to the bottom of a pond, where they are stored in a silk sac.

So the next time you see a spider, treat her with the kindness and respect she deserves. Remember, she's smart, thrifty, and your ally in the war against many dangerous insects.

—Charlotte Paul

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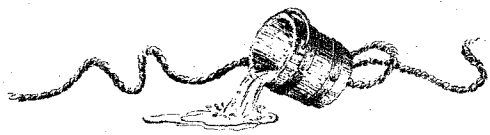
There was sheer delight in the green smells which clung to the old oaken bucket

MEMORIES OF AN OLD WELL



I AM remembering. In the low place at the end of the orchard, halfway between the barn and the house, it stood. Looked like a little house with a gable roof, like a big house for birds. She'd been built by my father's father's father in a time when a fancy well like that was a crazy thing for a man to build. But my great-grandfather was a big man, a trapper of bear, a friend of Daniel Boone, and he said: "I want my well to look like a little church—'cause spring water is God's gift in the wilderness."

This is another in a series devoted to familiar scenes in American life. The painting on the opposite page is by Douglass Crockwell.

So he built it that way, a well of rock, two sturdy columns holding a gable shingle roof, like a little church. And out of that well, for four generations, we Prescotts drank.

Evenings after school, after helping with the haying, before the sunset—before the heavy evening meal—my brother Joe and I, like two crazy rabbits, would run down to the well at the end of the orchard. We'd drop the bucket down to the pebbly bottom. Sure! It was an oaken bucket, and like the one in the song it was iron-bound and moss-covered. We'd haul 'er up, full of green smells. It was like drinking a bucketful of dew-water cold as ice, clean as ice, sharp as a knife. Cold, cold water. And while we let the water dribble down our faces and onto our chests, up from the bottom of the well would come the singing, answering echo—and the splash of frogs a long way off.

I am remembering all that now, on this hot sultry afternoon in the city, thirty years after.

The rattle of horns outside my window is a battle of brasses, and the hurly-burly world spins around my desk on streamlined, supercharged, ball-bearing wheels. I'm thirsty, with a thirst that comes not from work but from humidity. I reach for the chromium-plated thermos flask on my desk, and I pour a little of the water into my sanitary paper cup. And I drink.

It has no echoes in it, no green smells! My chromium carafe is a poor substitute for the old well, my paper cup a bad edition of the oaken bucket. Yet, when I drink from them my mind goes back to that time when a stone well and an oaken bucket were mighty important parts of life . . . when a drink of water was a thing of ecstasy.

I am wondering . . . if that kind of world, if the ecstasy from simple things, is forever lost.

—RICHARD DALY PRESCOTT

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Out of this World

Here's a vivid collection of capsule stories calculated to lift you from the everyday into the realm of odd fact and fantasy . . . both old and new

Birth of a Hit Tune

ONE AFTERNOON in 1928, a young pianist-composer fresh from the Indiana hinterlands burst into the office of Jack Mills, New York music publisher, hugging the usual precious manuscript under his arm. He played his melody—a fast, ragtime, instrumental piece typical of the Bix Biederbecke idiom—and Mills agreed to publish it. However, like so many other published songs, this one soon became another stockroom liability. It might have ended the youngster's career as a song writer if it had not been for his faith. For four years he begged unashamedly for someone to give his song a chance. Eventually he found a sympathizer—Jimmy Dale, an arranger for Mills.

But the fact that the tune was written for hot jazz annoyed Dale. The Depression had set in and ragtime was on the wane. Tossing aside the lyrics, he changed the melody from jazz to a ballad. When the young composer heard the new arrangement of his musical creation he stormed and ranted. He was sure Dale had ruined his song.

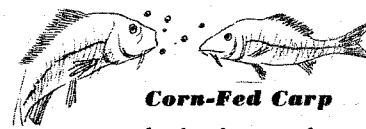
There were more disputes. Then the reborn tune was introduced over the radio on an afternoon program. In two weeks Mills was swamped with orders. The song was a hit!

Now, fourteen years later, it still is. It has earned huge royalties and has been arranged for every conceivable combination of instruments—from the symphonic orchestra to the five-piece swing band.

The song writer—you've sung, danced to, and applauded scores of his melodies—is Hoagy Carmichael.

The song: *Star Dust.*

—BERNARD SIMON



Corn-Fed Carp

AT LAST the lowly carp has come into its own, all because two Iowa brothers had an idea that what this piscatorial pariah needed to make it edible was a bath in clear, cold spring water and a diet of the corn that has made Iowa's hogs famous. The hunch has developed into a flourishing business for Jack and Cy Erlich of Lansing.

Generally scorned by sportsmen, carp abound in the waters of the Mississippi, on which Lansing is located. The Erlich brothers soon discovered that the often-flabby flesh

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of the carp becomes firm and palatable after the fresh-water-and-corn treatment.

The first step in the glamorizing process is to remove the carp from the muddy Mississippi and place them in spring-fed ponds. Each afternoon workmen go out in boats and scatter shelled corn to their finny friends. When the carp are sufficiently rehabilitated, they are placed in special live-fish cars for transportation to eastern markets and in tank trucks for trips to Midwest destinations. Weighing three to five pounds, they are then snapped up by housewives.

Because carp are sluggish by nature, they have been held in low esteem by America's fish-eating fraternity. But in Europe they are extensively reared in artificial ponds and are highly prized as food.

In order to match these top-flight standards, the Erlich brothers are working on a process to "cure" the fish by soaking them in a brine solution, after which they will be smoked over native hickory. If the scheme works out, before long a new delicacy, "corn-fed carp—hickory smoked," will be available at your corner delicatessen.

—JEANETTE EYERLY

Solar Transportation

LONG BEFORE Army radar established contact with luna, more than a thousand men in the United States were definitely planning a trip to the moon. These far-sighted men belong to the United States Rocket Society, a non-profit organization which was incorporated in Illinois in 1942. Members include engineers, astronomers, chemists and other scientists, both professional and amateur, making it the largest group of rocket enthusiasts in the world.

John Griggs, CBS Radio Story Teller, is vice-president and promotion manager. He has discovered that, in the past, estimates of the cost of putting a rocket on the moon have run as high as 25 million dollars. Today, the use of atomic power cuts the cost to an estimated 300 thousand dollars. Atomic energy will also cut the need for a large fuel supply, leaving space for a larger crew and more instruments and supplies.

Griggs stoutly maintains that in this post-war era, such trips will soon be possible.—ELAINE NEWLIN

Soldier from the Start

TODAY AT Fort Selden, near Las Cruces (the crosses), New Mexico, horned toads amble lazily beneath the junipers and wild four o'clocks. But sixty years ago it was different.

Originally, Fort Selden was an Army post, built about 1865 for protection against the raids of Gila Apache Indians led by a wily old Chief named Geronimo. Around 1884 there came to the Fort a new officer and his family. The Colonel's four-year-old son seemed military-minded from the start. The little boy had asked for and received a soldier's bright-colored uniform complete with cap and wooden gun, and from reveille to taps he drilled and marched his

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"one man" army through the intricacies of frontier warfare.

One morning the colonel and his wife were seated at the breakfast table when a sudden alarm was sounded. Indians had been seen creeping down an arroyo, apparently intent on relieving the cavalry of some of its grazing horses. Soldiers led by the colonel immediately gave chase and sent the Indians back across the mesa. The colonel's wife, her young son, and his Spanish nurse stood watching from a nearby window. Suddenly the boy was nowhere to be seen. Mother and nurse were frantic. They surveyed the mesquite and sagebrush and then, over a rise and bringing up the rear of the troops, they saw the small figure, wooden gun slung over his shoulder. Manfully he was hightailing it through the soapweed and rabbit grass.

The distressed mother caught up with him as he stood on the lip of a ditch in which lay a mass of diamond-back rattlesnakes. A maternal hand clutched his military pants and his mother's voice spoke in relieved but somewhat disciplinary tones:

"Don't you ever do that again, Douglas MacArthur!"

—MILTON BACON

Lady Button Genius

TO THOUSANDS of U. S. button collectors, Mrs. Samuel Danforth of Arlington, Massachusetts, is a gray-haired heroine—the inventor of a new type of button she perfected two years ago—a button made of colored milkweed plastic.

"At that time," says Mrs. Danforth, "my husband died and I found it necessary to revive my old art of coloring milkweed. So I started to experiment and developed a way to make plastic buttons out of the floss.

"It was difficult to get the floss to retain its soft luster in colored form but I succeeded in bringing it out in tones of pink, bright blue and gold. I found also that I could preserve natural flowers in their own true shapes and hues. I place them on buttons made of my plastic milkweed, and cover them with a transparent plastic."

Some of Mrs. Danforth's buttons have inlaid designs, while others, in high relief, feature unpressed roses, violets and other flowers in fresh, unwilted form.

The milkweed pods are placed on blankets and left to dry under the sun. Then they are stored in bushel baskets. In this condition, the pods keep the floss silky and undamaged for years.

In addition to her buttons, Mrs. Danforth paints pictures with colored milkweed, which she weaves and knits into form and shape, sticking the fluffy down to ordinary window glass. Then, when light shines through, the colors dance to life.

One of her largest "paintings" is a country-home scene created in especially delicate colors. There is a little white house in the background, surrounded by bright green grass, foliage, flowers, trees and sky in rich natural tones.

Although past sixty, Mrs. Danforth is still experimenting in the new art form she has created.

—S2c. A. F. JOY

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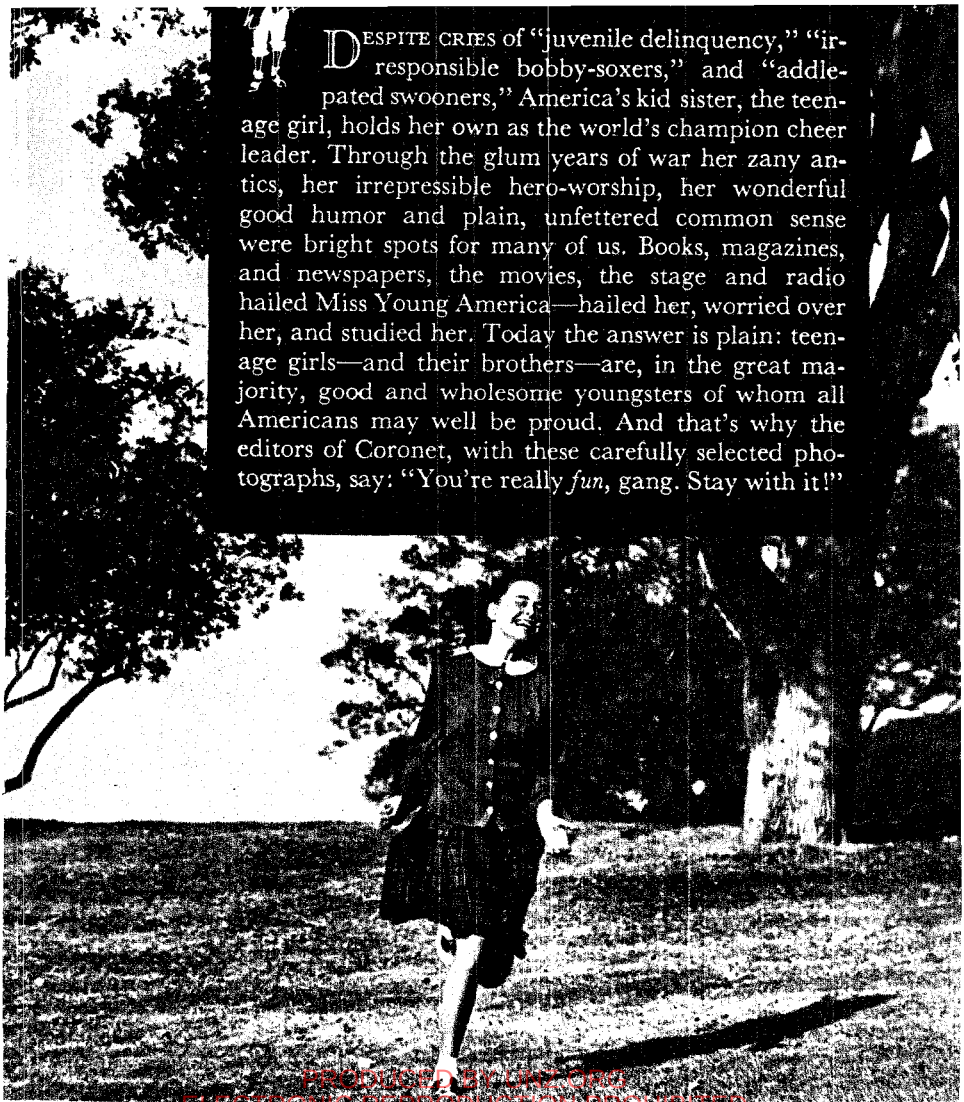

DESPITE CRIES of "juvenile delinquency," "irresponsible bobby-soxers," and "addle-pated swooners," America's kid sister, the teen-age girl, holds her own as the world's champion cheer leader. Through the glum years of war her zany antics, her irrepressible hero-worship, her wonderful good humor and plain, unfettered common sense were bright spots for many of us. Books, magazines, and newspapers, the movies, the stage and radio hailed Miss Young America—hailed her, worried over her, and studied her. Today the answer is plain: teen-age girls—and their brothers—are, in the great majority, good and wholesome youngsters of whom all Americans may well be proud. And that's why the editors of Coronet, with these carefully selected photographs, say: "You're really *fun*, gang. Stay with it!"

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Teen-age is neither face nor fortune. It has nothing to do with place, race, or politics. It has to do with young hearts. It is the time of their lives.

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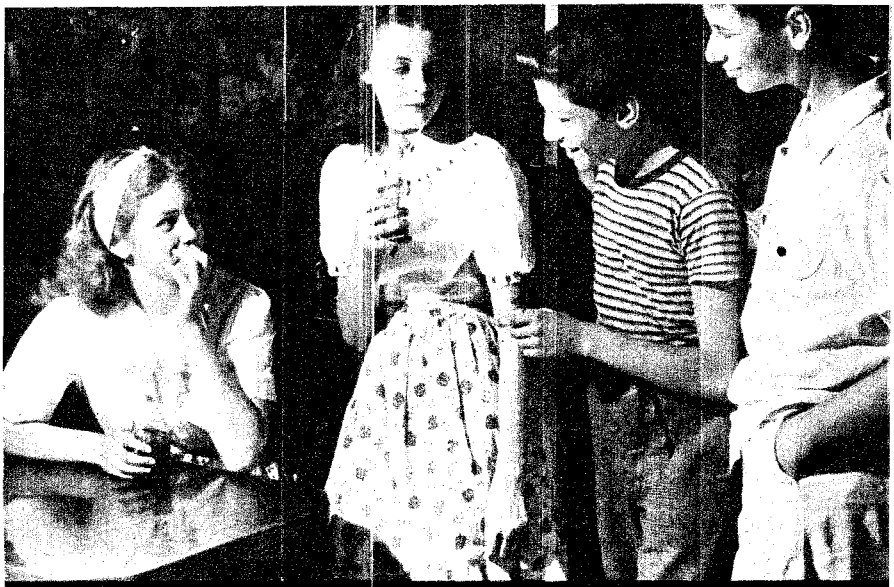

They live in a complete world of their own—these youngsters—wher the all-important "gang" provides the friendship and understandin they cannot get elsewhere in equal measure.

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But let a sweet song break,

let it swing out in jumping jive,

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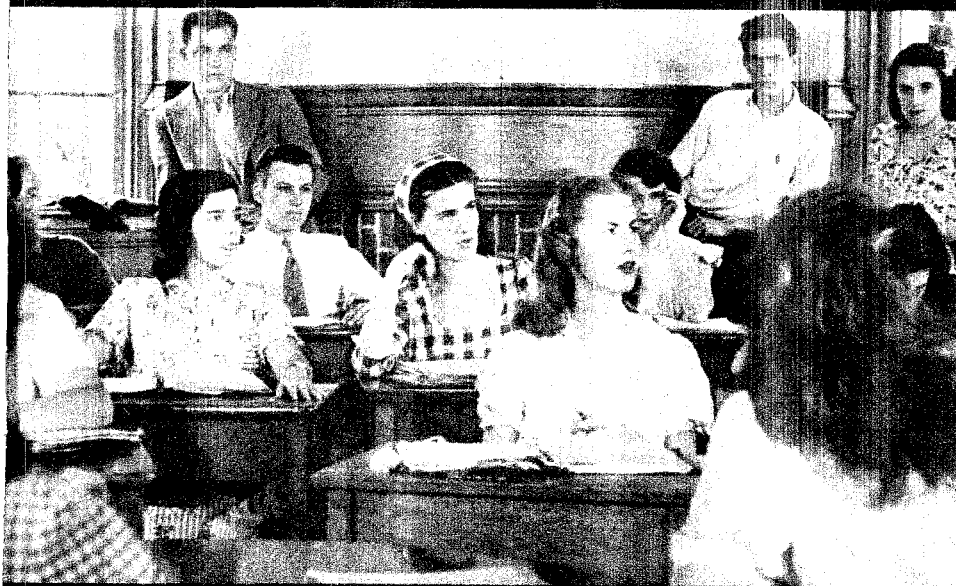
These are the years which are filled with dreams and moonlit nights and senior proms and the first perfume of romance.



And these are the years, too, when America's teen-agers come to know

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Teen-agers realize that twentieth-century life is tough, that only the complete person—well developed mentally and physically—can face

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But still gracing their growth is the wonderful, childish thrill of self

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The teen-age girl's restlessness to get going on "really important" things keeps her endlessly involved in innumerable fads and hobbies —pin-ups, autographs, anything that can become a personal treasure.

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A pair of alert New Yorkers have built a thriving business with magazines you discard

Meet the BACK-NUMBER Boys

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

IN NOVEMBER 1941, Sid Friedman, part owner of the Midtown Magazine and Book Shop in New York City, was busy opening the morning mail. One letter, an official-looking document with ornate letterhead, read:

"We would like you to collect all magazines from the above address. You may have them at the usual back-number price."

Sid let out a yelp. "Ben, come here quick! We're going to have that war sure!"

The prophetic eruption brought brother Ben hurrying. The letter bore the crest of the Japanese Imperial Army. The Friedman brothers like to think the letter was an "inside tip" that our strained relations with Japan were certain to result in war—and quickly. Two exciting days followed while they traveled the big town, telling everyone what was about to happen.

"So why should these Japs sell all their magazines if they weren't getting ready to pull out?" Sid reminisces. "When Ben and me went up to collect the magazines, one little yellow-skinned guy hands them over all tied in bundles, then disappears."

"Yes," Ben adds, "we could have told anybody what was in the offing." (Ben uses nice words. He reads the magazines when they arrive.) "When we untied the magazines we bought from the Jap, articles had been ripped out."

"So," Sid says, "nobody listened when we told 'em the Jap Army was scramming."

Regardless of the Japanese incident, a lot of worthwhile people do listen to the brothers, dealers in back-number magazines. The Friedmans accomplish an amazing number of things in their shop, which is about the size of four large piano boxes.

With the old magazines you throw away, they help keep a weekly radio program on the air, supply a cartoonist with gags, assist a great literary figure in research, are responsible for a "big-name" drama critic's background material, have eased grief by supplying last pictures of sons killed in action, have given the FBI an occasional assist, have made it possible for confused parents to help children with homework, have helped to win a case of plagiarism in a court battle.

The unique venture started in 1932. Sid Friedman was 20 years old, and vainly looking for a job. One evening he watched his father reading a magazine. "Dad," he said, "what you reading that magazine for? It's a couple months old."

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His father said he liked reading old magazines. It was something like reading history.

"Then I got the idea," Sid recalls. "I decided to start collecting back-number magazines and open a little shop."

Sid and Ben went on a scavenger hunt, gathering all the old magazines they could find. They rented a little shop on Sixth Avenue, then sat down and waited. In a short time, people who had been short-changed by the Depression discovered they could buy magazines at half-price from the Friedmans.

Soon the brothers added to their office space and originated an index file. If a customer wanted a 1920 copy of some particular magazine the brothers would have it for him in ten minutes. They advertised in an international subscribers' magazine and within a few weeks were receiving mail from almost every country in the world.

Before long, writers, artists and professional people in need of research material discovered the Midtown Magazine and Book Shop. Dale Carnegie spent hours among the ancient magazines, getting suggestions for his radio program. H. L. Mencken gave the brothers orders for back numbers. Ward Morehouse, drama critic, has a standing bid for all old magazines on the theatre. Oscar of the Waldorf has spent much time in the shop, chuckling as he reads over old recipes.

NEXT MONTH

The gayety and charm of

Spring Fever

are caught by the camera in a delightful 15-page picture story

If the customer asks for a color illustration of a houseboat on the Nile, a picture of a coal siding, a magazine devoted to women's legs, the Friedmans come through. If they haven't exactly what the customer wants, they take the order and fill it promptly.

Anxious parents frequently ask the Friedmans for advice on helping children with homework. Harassed fathers ask if they have anything on such-and-such a country, because the son has an exam the following day. Sid usually sells the distressed parent the *National Geographic* with color illustrations and pertinent text.

Recently an FBI agent worked his way to Sid's improvised desk. He had found old magazines with the Midtown stamp on them in a hunted man's room. He described the suspect to Sid. Sid has a phenomenal memory: he remembered the man.

One day the phone rang and an excited lawyer asked Sid if he had a certain magazine three years old. Sid said yes. In a few minutes a taxi pulled up and the agitated barrister rushed in to buy the back number. Two days later he told Sid he had been representing a literary agency in a plagiarism case. The court had recessed so he could search for the magazine with the "lifted" article. By contacting Sid, the lawyer won his case.

A few weeks ago an elderly man and woman asked for a year-old

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issue of a picture magazine. Sid brought it to them. They showed him a picture of a young bombardier standing beside a B-17.

"This is the last picture taken of our son before he was killed," the man said gently. "The magazine didn't have the copy and referred us to you."

Sid went to the back of the shop and collected a dozen copies of the same issue. He gave them to the old people, refusing to accept any money.

Last winter a man came into the Midtown Shop with a bundle of old magazines. "He was down on his luck," Sid recalls, "so I gave him a buck and a half for the lot. I starts going through the magazines and in the third one I find a five-dollar bill, folded neat and probably used for a bookmark. I rushed out and looked for the gent, but he was gone. It was very sad."

The Friedmans believe in the basic honesty of people and haven't had much trouble with customers snitching magazines. But there are occupational hazards.

"I'm not so sure I like this Frank Sinatra," Sid says darkly. "He started a crime wave in our shop. All these young girls would come in and rip Sinatra's picture from the magazines.

"We lost a lotta sales because the magazines were incomplete. Finally I took to telling the bobby-soxers that we were out of magazines with Sinatra's picture. They went away with sad looks. I was sorry, but I hadda do it or else go into the waste-paper business."

An Interrupted Ceremony

DEATH AND BURIAL were common incidents in the early California goldminer's experience and usually were taken in stride. However, there were times when some loved friend or highly-respected citizen received more than the cursory funeral ceremony.

Take the case of Hezekiah Tuttle, leading businessman in the Carson Creek mining settlement who died in 1849. His close friends and admirers decided that Hezekiah was to have the best there was in mountain funerals. So the mourners listened respectfully as the minister began an interminable and powerful prayer for the soul of the departed. As the sonorous prayer continued, the mourners became restless and some of them absent-mindedly fingered the loose dirt about the grave. They were shocked suddenly out of their abstraction when they discovered that the earth was thick with gold. The kneeling crowd could not restrain its excitement.

Hezekiah's future welfare was forgotten when the preacher ceased his discourse to inquire: "Brethren, what causes your unseemly restlessness?" Then he saw the yellow grains shining in the sun and shouted: "Boys, it's gold! The services will be interrupted until we can stake our claims!"

—C. W. CHAMBERLAIN

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An alloy that helped to defeat our enemies is now finding many peace-time uses

New *MAGNETIC* Miracle

by J. D. RATCLIFF

SUCH DISCOVERIES as penicillin, jet propulsion, the helicopter are so dazzling that we often overlook more modest inventions destined to play far greater roles in the life of the average person. A man might go from delivery room to grave without ever needing penicillin. But a rubber chemical which would double the life of tires would be a tremendous boon. A person might never ride a jet plane—but would derive daily benefit from a dandruff cure, runless stockings or radio without static.

A recently arrived development fits this category—a new magnet. It has a fantastic range of usefulness. It meant more bombs for Tokyo. Today it means better refrigerators, cheaper radios, more trustworthy electric meters, better hearing aids for the deaf, false teeth that fit more snugly.

There are two kinds of magnets: the permanent magnet and the electromagnet. The electromagnet derives its temporary energy from electricity flowing through a coil of wire wound around an iron core. The permanent magnet has energy stored in its molecular structure. The best known example is the red horseshoe magnet used as a toy, a feeble affair which does well to lift its own weight. This new magnet, when compounded to use its entire energy, can lift eleven thousand times its own weight. To do as well, a man would have to be able to lift a small ocean freighter!

This astonishing material was perfected by William E. Ruder of the General Electric Research Laboratory. Ruder, 58, is chunky, sandy haired, blue eyed. One day he mixed a batch containing aluminum, iron, nickel, cobalt.

A series of quick tests showed this material to be many times as powerful as cobalt steel, the best magnetic material previously available. When all its energy was utilized, a magnet made from this material would lift six hundred times its own weight!

Ruder named the alloy Alnico (for aluminum, nickel, cobalt) and went on to find still better ones. One of the Alnico II magnets was able to lift 4450 times its own weight. He went on with numbers III and IV, and Dutch research men came up with Alnico V, just as the Germans were sweeping into Holland. This last one permitted the design of a magnet which lifts eleven thousand times its own weight.

With the war, Alnico became a top priority material of vital importance. On the B-29 virtually everything is operated by motors

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—bomb bay doors, turrets, wing flaps. This plane uses 152 motors, some of them no larger than your little finger. The new alloy was substituted in the B-29 for complicated windings, necessary to create a magnetic field.

Alnico found other uses in such plane instruments as fuel gauges, revolution counters, horsepower indicators. It became a vital component in radar equipment, mine detectors, submarine detectors and fire-control apparatus which aims plane and anti-aircraft guns.

Tiny Alnico magnets encased in colored plastic are finding use as map markers. They adhere to metal-backed maps with terrier-like tenacity. Such markers are moved more easily than push-pins.

Alnico is similarly used in hospitals for chess and checker boards. An injured man has no fear that his checkers or chessmen will slide to the floor every time he changes to a more comfortable position in bed.

There is a worthy use for Alnico in hearing devices for the deaf. Older devices were heavy, hurt the ears of wearers. Depending on electromagnets, they also drained power from batteries. The featherweight Alnico button, which fits in the ear, weighs only a tenth as much as earlier devices.

Alnico is finding several uses in medicine — chiefly in recovering small metal objects swallowed by children. Tiny magnets can be passed into the stomach, attached to a stomach tube. In a matter of seconds they can locate and recover a swallowed needle or pin that might otherwise have required dangerous surgery for removal.

Now the war is over, every industrial plant and many homes will want Alnico magnets for removing metal fragments from the skin and eyes.

New jobs for the Alnicos are visible wherever the eye looks. In vending machines they will set up a permanent magnetic field which can sort slugs from honest coin. They will be useful in magnetized hammers and screwdrivers—both for the home and industry. They will mean lighter telephone receivers, cheaper electric clocks.

A new vacuum cleaner made of magnesium and powered with a motor utilizing Alnico magnets will be feather-light. The same is true of mixers and other kitchen appliances. The magnets will be used in scores of control devices—such as the one which switches oil burners on and off. General Electric has already incorporated it in its glass coffee maker. An Alnico magnet switches off current the instant water boils out of the bottom of the double-deck coffee maker. This eliminates breakage—a headache to everyone who uses this type pot.

Production of Alnico climbed five hundred per cent when war started and is still soaring. Yet General Electric engineers feel the surface has barely been scratched. They think Alnico will find jobs wherever electricity is used—and that is just about everywhere.

Tickle the earth with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.—*Proverbs*

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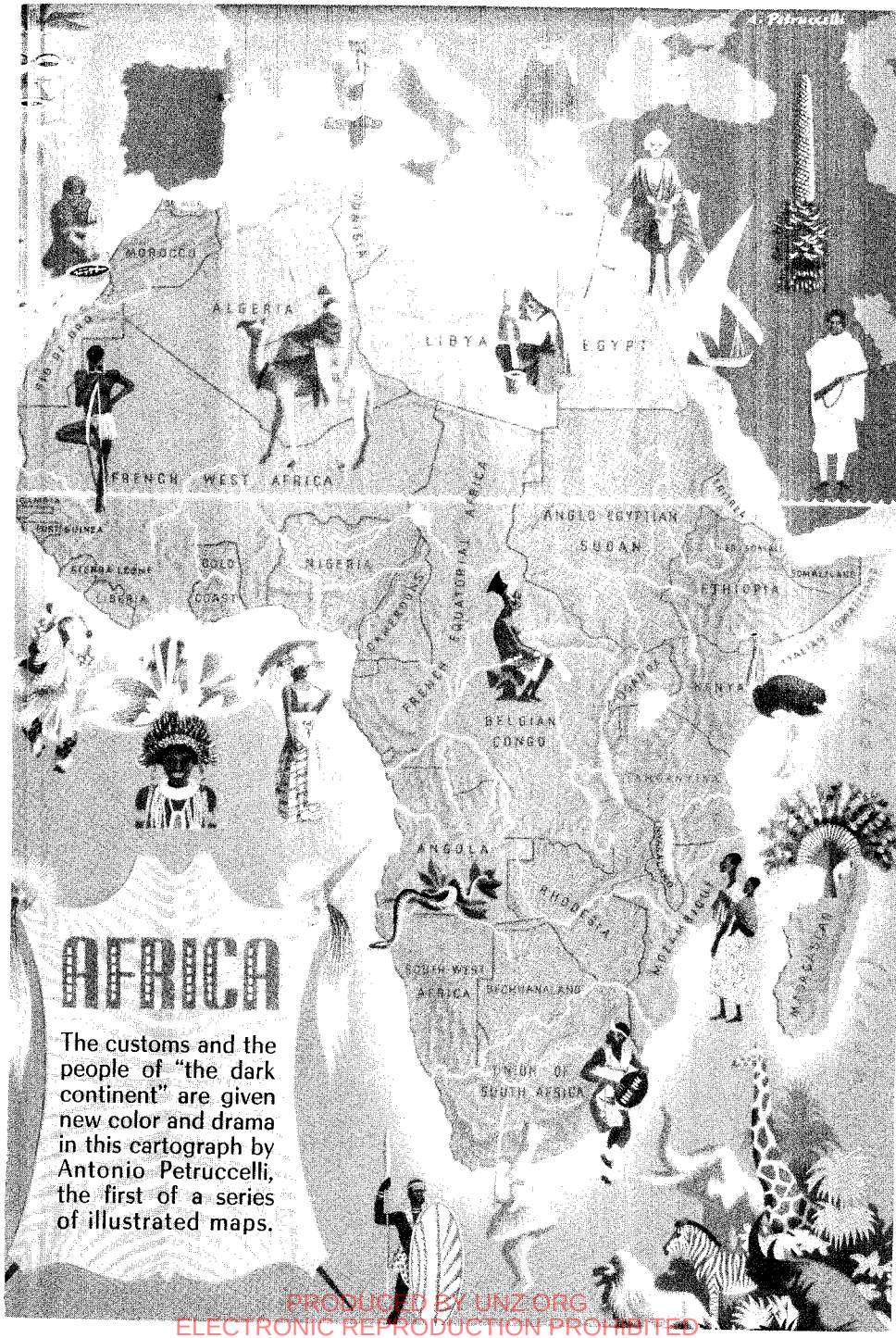

AFRICA

The customs and the people of "the dark continent" are given new color and drama in this cartograph by Antonio Petruccelli, the first of a series of illustrated maps.

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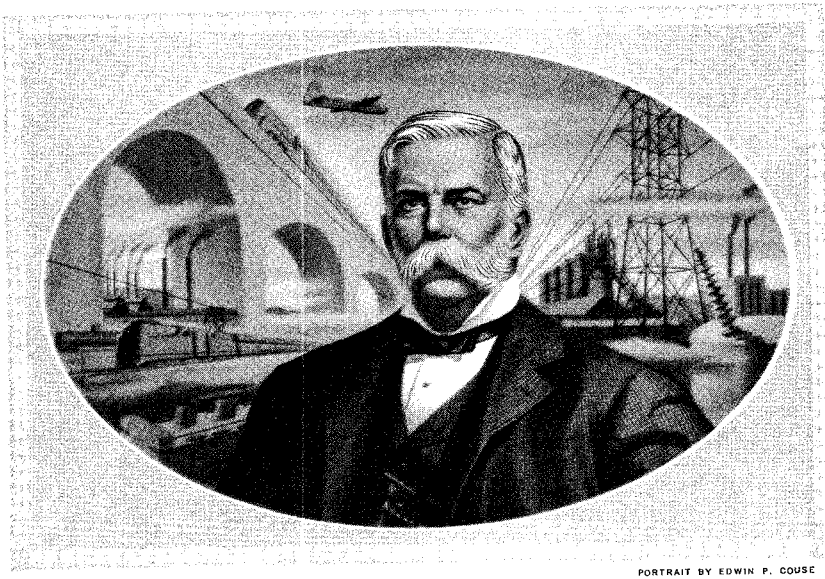

PORTRAIT BY EDWIN P. COUSE

Westinghouse

FATHER OF ELECTRICITY

by WILLIAM A. LYDGATE

HE HARNESSED Niagara's power and put it to work. He made railroad travel safer and swifter by inventing the air brake. He speeded ocean voyages by perfecting the first marine turbine. He simplified home-cooking by devising an economical way of piping gas over long distances.

Even the electric light, the electric refrigerator, the other electrical devices in your home were made possible because he was the first to demonstrate—in the face of bitter opposition even from Thomas A. Edison—that electricity could be transmitted easily and cheaply for hundreds of miles, to light cities and turn machines far from the source of power.

The man, born just a hundred years ago, was George Westinghouse. No dreamy inventor who chased rainbows, everything he made was practical. The inventions of his teeming brain gave rise to sixty companies and four new industries. Over a span of 48 years he averaged a patent every 45 days, and nearly all the devices he invented are still in use today. When one solution to a problem

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failed, he had others at hand, as though his brain were a bottomless well of original ideas.

One day some French engineers on a buying mission to America came to Pittsburgh to meet Westinghouse and watch him at work. They questioned him, tested him, tried to stump him with problems which they thought were insoluble. Finally they exclaimed with Gallic fervor: "This is a most marvelous man! He will invent anything you like!"

There was no limit to the interests of this mercurial American, who was already an up-and-coming inventor when the Civil War ended. His inventions include such contrasting contrivances as a replacer for putting derailed freight cars back onto the track, an air-spring for automobiles, a powered railroad switch, an automatic telephone exchange, and numerous devices in the fields of applied electricity, pneumatics, steam and gas. But always, engines were his passion.

One of his associates told of seeing Westinghouse, at 45, wearing a frock coat, working over a rotary engine in his shop during an interval between a board meeting and a social reception. "It was the equivalent to him," said the friend, "of a rubber of bridge or a game of golf."

But he loved engines, he hated inefficiency. When he was a boy in upper New York State, his father gave him a whipping one day with a switch. The switch broke, and the father flung it away in disgust. Young George stopped crying and pointed to a leather strap hanging nearby. "That'll make a much better whip, father." It was too much for the parent—the whipping ended there.

WESTINGHOUSE, born in a rural New York village in 1846, was a poor student and never got through college. The only school he liked was his father's machine shop in Schenectady, where he received the foundation for the singular career that brought him fame at 22. But his first soaring step started with an accident—a collision of two freight trains between Troy and Schenectady in 1866 which delayed the local on which young Westinghouse was riding.

Collisions were frequent in those days: train brakes had to be applied by hand in each car and stops couldn't be made in a hurry. Westinghouse examined the wreck, questioned the train crew, then went home determined to design a shaft that would run through the train and into the locomotive cab so that the engineer could apply brakes to the entire train at once.

Inventors had already worked on the same idea. The basic problem was to find the right kind of operating power. Someone had developed a crude windlass for pulling a long coupled chain—a clumsy, impractical device. Others had tried steam brake-boxes in each car, but they weren't satisfactory either. The solution came to Westinghouse by a romantic coincidence.

A young lady selling magazine subscriptions called at the Westinghouse shop one day. She was blonde and pretty. George had no particular interest in her magazine

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—in later years he couldn't even remember its name—but he did the gallant thing. He bought a year's subscription.

When the first issue arrived, the young inventor casually began reading an article about the construction of a tunnel under Mont Cenis in Italy. The tunnel was being dug with rock drills operated by compressed air. Here was his cue! Promptly he designed the now famous Westinghouse air brake used on almost every railroad in the world.

The path to triumph, however, was not easy: other inventors had thought of using compressed air. But his patent had two distinguishing features which sustained it against numerous law suits. First, it had a three-way multiple cock which served as the first form of engineer's brake valve, and second, it had a hose-coupling for connecting the air pipes between cars. These couplings had automatic valves so arranged that when the couplings were parted the valves sealed and retained the air-pressure.

Therein lay the genius of Westinghouse's invention. If a train broke in two, the rear section would come to a halt because the brake automatically applied itself when a coupling was severed. Meanwhile the brakes on the forward portion of the train would continue to function, since the valve at the parted coupling closed and retained the pressure.

Westinghouse then began a disheartening struggle to convince railroad men of the value of his invention. When he took it to Cornelius Vanderbilt of the New York Central, the old Commodore said icily: "Do you mean to tell me with a straight face that a moving train can be stopped with wind?"

Undismayed by this turn-down from the dean of railroaders, Westinghouse continued his sales talks and finally persuaded a small railroad operating out of Pittsburgh to test the brake on the run to Steubenville, Ohio. Just as the engine was getting up speed the brakes were slammed on and the train came to a violent halt, hurling passengers from their seats. Angrily they turned to look for the young inventor. But he was already running forward to the engine to find out what had happened. On the tracks lay a wagon driver, thrown from his seat by his frightened horse when the wagon caught in the rails. The new air brake had saved the man's life.

WESTINGHOUSE'S invention, which he began to manufacture when he was only 23, revolutionized railroad travel everywhere. Whereas the hand-braked passenger train running at thirty miles an hour was unable to stop in less than sixteen hundred feet, Westinghouse's first brake cut the distance to five hundred feet and later to less than two hundred.

But fast trains needed fast-acting signals and fool-proof switches, so Westinghouse next turned to that field, buying up existing patents which he combined with his own inventions until a signal system and powered switch had been developed. Out of this came the Union Switch and Signal Company, still a leader in the field.

Through the signal business Westinghouse got into electricity.

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In the '80s, electrical men were talking about the inventions of Gaulard and Gibbs in France by which the new "alternating current" could be transmitted by wire over long distances. Westinghouse was one of the first in America to recognize the importance of this discovery; he sent an agent to Europe to buy the patents of Gaulard and Gibbs "at any price." The price turned out to be fifty thousand dollars.

Westinghouse redesigned their apparatus, developed a new and better transformer, and set up a small experimental system in Great Barrington, Mass. Then began a historic ten-year fight between Westinghouse, the champion of alternating current, and those who swore by the older direct current.

The "war of the currents" hinged on the fact that alternating current, when stepped up to the high voltage necessary for transmission, is deadly to anyone touching the wire. Direct current isn't. But direct current could not be transmitted economically over long distances because of the low voltage. In those days it could be carried for only a mile, which meant that numerous generating stations had to be built along the line. With alternating current, however, the transformer perfected by Westinghouse raised the voltage and pushed it through wires over hundreds of miles, after which it was "stepped down" by another transformer to voltages fit for local household use.

When newspapers discovered that A.C. current in transmission could kill people, they started a campaign to prohibit the stringing of wires. Their case was strengthened when a boy who accidentally touched a wire was killed. Headlines screamed: THE ELECTRIC MURDERER—AGAIN A CORPSE IN THE WIRES—THE WIRE'S FATAL GRASP—CARNIVAL OF AVOIDABLE HOMICIDE—ELECTRIC WIRE SLAUGHTER.

THOMAS A. EDISON, the world's foremost electrical expert at the time, joined the controversy. In an article on "The Dangers of Electric Lighting" in the *North American Review* he wrote: "There is no plea which will justify the use of high alternating currents, either in a scientific or commercial sense, and my personal desire would be to prohibit the use of alternating current."

Westinghouse replied: "Alternating current will kill people, of course. So will gunpowder and dynamite and whiskey and lots of other things; but we have a system whereby the deadly electricity of alternating current can do no harm unless a man is fool enough to swallow a whole dynamo."

Ordinances were passed forbidding high-tension wires along town and city streets. Then, in a brilliant stroke, Westinghouse's opponents succeeded in having a Westinghouse alternator bought by New York State as the official device for the electrocution of criminals, thus dramatizing afresh the deadliness of alternating current.

But Westinghouse's determination could not be shaken. His faith in the new current was finally rewarded by two decisive triumphs over Edison and the D.C. advocates. The first came when he and Edison bid against each other for the contract to light the 1893 Chicago

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World's Fair; Westinghouse won. This gave him a superb opportunity to demonstrate to millions what the new current would do.

But there was a hitch. While Westinghouse had the transformers, Edison controlled the manufacture of electric light bulbs. For a while before the Fair opened, it looked as if Westinghouse might be beaten. But after three feverish months of invention and trial, he produced a bulb that worked well enough to light the Exposition grounds and win him public acclaim for his electrical system.

The second triumph came that same year when the Cataract Construction Company awarded Westinghouse a contract to harness the power of Niagara Falls. The company had investigated the rival claims of A.C. and D.C. power, and concluded that Westinghouse was right. He installed three generators at the Falls (they are still in service today) and on the night of November 10, 1896, crowds filled the streets of Buffalo, twenty miles away, to watch a miracle. At midnight the mayor threw a switch and Buffalo's streets blazed with light.

Today, 95 per cent of all transmitted electrical power is alternating current. The cheap energy which Westinghouse's battle made possible increased beyond calculation the capacity of mills and factories. Almost overnight an industrial revolution was ushered in —the age of electric power.

YET EVEN before he had finished taming Niagara, Westinghouse had found another major interest—natural gas. Around Pittsburgh where he lived, pockets of gas had been discovered deep in the earth. Westinghouse ordered a well drilled in the back yard of his home, in the best residential district. Delighted with his scheme, he spent his evenings at the well, planning new drilling tools and improvements.

At 1,560 feet the drillers struck gas, which shot up with a tremendous blast, wrecking the machinery. As one of Westinghouse's friends later described the event: "The gas was set aflame and for weeks the neighborhood was lit up by this roaring torch, a hundred feet high. It was fun for Westinghouse, but rather disconcerting to the peace of the handsome residential section."

The well was finally brought under control and capped, and Westinghouse found himself in the natural gas business. With characteristic vigor he went to work. In one year he applied for 28 gas patents as ideas flowed from his brain. Thanks to his devices for controlling pressure and leakage, gas became for the first time a safe and efficient fuel.

The inventor was now at the peak of his physical and mental powers. He was striking in appearance—more than six feet tall with gray hair and the then-fashionable mutton-chop whiskers. People often stared and asked, "Who is that?" He also possessed great charm and magnetism. When a difficult financial deal was being worked out between a Westinghouse company and the New York house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, someone suggested to Jacob H. Schiff, head of the banking firm, that he meet Westinghouse. "No," said Schiff, "I do not wish to see Mr. Westinghouse. He would persuade me."

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The inventor never smoked and rarely drank, but he so enjoyed good company that for years there was a dinner party at the Westinghouse home every night. He was devoted to his wife, who bore him one child, a son.

He worked continually at home as well as at the office, and his work habits fascinated those who watched him. In his house he made sketches and drawings while seated at a billiard table, leaning uncomfortably over the rail. He drew rapidly, and with accuracy and completeness. In his factory drafting rooms he would pause at a desk and quietly busy himself with whatever drawings lay there. One of his associates wrote:

"Sometimes he would reach out his right hand and, without lifting eye from paper, utter the single word, 'Pencil!' The draftsman would place a pencil in the outstretched fingers . . . Then out would come the hand again, and with it the word: 'Rubber!' Into the hand would go the rubber and he would erase the rejected line, then resume drawing in a silence as profound as before."

Invariably Westinghouse forgot to return the pencil. He must have borrowed thousands and no one ever knew what became of them. "His trail through the world," said a colleague ruefully, "was blazed with other men's pencils."

He loved Pittsburgh—soot, smoke and all. Henry Prout wrote of how Westinghouse, standing before his East Pittsburgh factories, looking down the valley to the smoke hanging over the Carnegie Works and up the valley to the murky columns above the Air Brake plant, made a sweeping gesture and said, "Isn't it beautiful?"

Westinghouse was just past fifty when he undertook his last great work—the development of the steam turbine, which occupied him for eight years. The turbine was not his invention, but he improved it for use in ships and was first to adapt it for the generation of municipal electric power. Then, in the financial panic of 1907, his Machine and Electric companies were thrown into receivership and Westinghouse—never as skilled at finance as at invention — lost control. He never fully regained it, and the experience virtually broke him. A few years later an associate who rode with Westinghouse through Pittsburgh one night wrote:

"Passing the great works at East Pittsburgh brilliantly lit up, as we came in sight of the electric sign 'Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company,' Westinghouse turned his face toward the bleak hills on the other side with an expression so pathetic, so tragic, as to wring one's heart."

One day in the summer of 1913 Westinghouse went fishing. His boat overturned. He caught a severe cold, developed heart trouble, and dreary months of illness followed. Yet his inventive mind

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remained active to the very end, for until the last day he insisted on working over his latest design, for a motor-driven wheel chair. On March 12, 1914, while sitting in his own wheel chair, his drawings beside him, George Westinghouse died.

During his lifetime the great inventor had few comments to make on his career, but once he remarked: "If some day they say of me that I contributed something to the welfare and happiness of my fellow men, I shall be satisfied." Three years before the end, he said: "I don't think of the past. I think of what I'm going to do tomorrow."

This year, the centenary of his birth, tribute will be paid to George Westinghouse, the "father of electricity." But his death came too soon. For in the atomic age dawning today, America needs again the creative and organizing genius of that great and fertile brain.

Conversational Stoppers

A DOCTOR and a lawyer were arguing over their respective professions.

"I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit the profession doesn't make angels of men."

"You're right," answered the lawyer. "You doctors certainly have an advantage over us there!"

—*Union Vedette*

THE YOUNG mother was shocked to learn that little Sammy had told a falsehood. Taking the lad on her knee, she graphically explained the consequences of lying.

"A tall black man," she began, "with red, fiery eyes and two sharp horns grabs little boys who tell falsehoods, and carries them off at night. He takes them to Mars, where they have to work hard in a dark canyon for fifty years. Now, you won't tell a falsehood again will you, Sammy?"

"No, mom," replied Sammy. "You can tell 'em much better than I can." —*Sunshine Magazet*

A JAP PRISONER stated that in his opinion the Australians had been the best jungle fighters.

"Who are next?" he was asked. "Americans?"

"No," he said, "Japanese."

"Well, how about the Americans? Weren't they good jungle fighters."

"Americans no jungle fighters," replied the Nip. "Americans removed jungle." —*Viking Vacuum*

THE NEW secretary was on the carpet. "Miss Jones," said the boss, "I may say that you're a very attractive girl."

"Really?" replied the typist, blushing.

"Yes. You dress well, your voice is well modulated, your deportment is beyond reproach."

"You really mustn't pay me so many compliments," she protested.

"Oh, that's all right. I only wanted to put you in a cheerful frame of mind before taking up the matter of punctuation and spelling." —*The Benefit News*

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For more than 50 years Dr. Harry Archer has been chasing fires and saving lives

four alarm DOCTOR

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

A SERIOUS young woman interne from a New York City ambulance knelt on the street beside a semi-conscious fireman. Finally he opened his eyes and struggled to a sitting position with the girl's help. Hardly had he raised himself when a rubber-booted foot appeared from behind the interne, placed itself firmly on the fireman's shoulder and forced him back to the blanketed sidewalk.

"You know better," growled a voice. "Lie down and stay down!"

Indignant at such callousness, the interne leaped up to meet the gaze of a firm-jawed man who wore the gold trumpets of a fire chief on his cap.

"Little lady," he said as she blustered, "I've been treating firemen since before you were born. You'll doubtless see many more cases like this, so let me give you a tip. The first thing a revived fireman wants is a cigarette; the second, to get up and walk around to show how tough he is. The answer to both is, NO. For that's what makes him drop dead!"

The man with the crossed trumpets was Dr. Harry M. Archer—honorary deputy chief of the New York Fire Department—a doctor with more free patients than any practitioner in the country and one who rarely sleeps. Likely to turn up at a midnight blaze in a Tuxedo and rubber coat, Dr. Archer has been chasing big fires day and night for more than half a century, skillfully treating blaze-beaters for every conceivable injury—and for nothing. In the process he has become a legend to New York firemen. So deep-rooted is their faith that any groggy smoke-eater is already half cured when he can focus his punished eyes long enough to recognize "The Doc."

Perhaps no medical man has ever worked so hard so many years just for fun. In bitter weather one winter, Dr. Archer, who is 77 and holds a full-time job in the daytime, was routed out of bed virtually every night during January.

"It was the toughest month I ever lived through," he concedes. "I lost seven men in as many different fires, and hardly saw my bed two hours in succession." Yet

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every morning he was in his office as usual, fresh and energetic.

All this started back in the Gay Nineties when Harry Archer, son of a president of the Erie Railroad, was a medical student at Bellevue. Even then he had a swinging harness in his stable, *à la* firehouse, and was chasing the snorting steamers in a horse and buggy. Graduated in '94, he has been the blaze-beaters' doctor ever since.

It means rolling to any part of New York's 309 square miles any time that the dread 6-6-6 signal sounds on the gongs in his bedroom or office. Normally, five hundred to six hundred men are knocked out by smoke alone in an average year; it is not uncommon to have thirty to sixty kinds of casualties at a single fire. For a while the record was a Cunard Pier blaze where Archer handled 262 cases—mostly "smoke eyes"—in 26 consecutive hours of work. But that figure was smashed when a flaming Brooklyn rubber warehouse gave him 1,096 cases in two days.

As a rule, however, it is the little blazes which kill firemen or give the Doc his most anxious moments. Once he worked fifty hours over a fireman who had been floored in a clothing store blaze. To many passers-by, the famous Ritz Tower blaze in 1932 looked like a false alarm, yet it killed eight men, the most ever lost at a single fire in New York.

One day Dr. Archer and his famous ambulance rolled to a box alarm only to find the street deserted. As Archer started for the box to check with headquarters, the white helmet of a chief appeared from a sidewalk manhole. "It's here, Doc!" he shouted. Down there they had 103 smoke cases, victims of a blaze in a stalled subway train.

MOST TREACHEROUS of all fires, however, are those in which men are not knocked out at the blaze, but begin to collapse after returning to quarters. This is an unmistakable sign of that stealthy killer, nitrogen dioxide, and Archer has had countless brushes with it.

One evening a chief phoned him at home. "Doc, I think you should know that some of the boys knocked over a carboy of nitric acid at a small blaze late this afternoon. Nobody has any symptoms, but . . ."

"I'm on the way," the Doc interrupted sharply.

Bounding up the stairs to the truck company's dormitory, he quickly went from man to man, applying his stethoscope to each throat. "Give them the antidote, Delaney," he instructed his aide. "I'm ordering a relief company in here because every one of you men is going to bed—and staying there!"

While the aide passed from man to man with a few drops of chloroform to be swallowed and a few whiffs of carbonate of ammonia to be inhaled, each one protested that he felt fine—especially the captain, who was indignant at Archer's "high-handed" treatment. But that wheeze in the windpipe told the alert doctor all he wanted to hear: every man went to bed as ordered. The only one who never returned to work was the captain. He had received the worst nitrogen dioxide dose of all.

Nitrogen dioxide is a constant peril to firemen, more so now with

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the current boom in certain types of plastics. Dozens of men have been knocked out, even hospitalized, at fires involving nothing more dangerous looking than several gross of tooth brushes, a storeroom full of colored heels for evening slippers, all either made or finished with some plastic which gives off nitrogen dioxide when burning.

The Doc's biggest business, however, is in cuts. Firemen pick up a ghastly assortment from glass, from tin ceilings and roofs, from nails going through boots. For years Archer has insisted on prompt treatment for these injuries. In talks to firemen and officers he never ceases to emphasize the need for speed in putting antiseptic on a laceration.

Archer has had considerable success in putting this and other safety doctrines across to men who tend to be careless about such "sissy" things. He has done it through repeated lectures at the Fire College and elsewhere—medical and surgical talks which are unique because they are in simple terms that anyone can understand. Yet with equal facility he talks to medical and surgical conferences all over the country in *their* language, a task which comes easily to him after having long taught surgery at Bellevue Hospital and Cornell Medical School, and having served on the medical staff of a life insurance company for 43 years.

Essentially, however, Archer is a doer, not a talker. Some years ago he was awarded the Bennet Medal—fire department counterpart of the Congressional Medal of Honor. "I just gave two firemen a hypodermic," he protests if you bring up the subject. But in order to do it he crawled fifty feet through the slipping wreckage of a collapsed building to reach the men pinned under timbers. Nobody thought he'd live to reach them, but he did. And with a hypodermic needle carefully wrapped in his pocket he relieved their pain until a rescue could be effected.

ARCHER's chief pride is the fire department's world-famous ambulance—for firemen only. It is literally a field hospital on wheels. In addition to 26 folding beds, there is a hot-water system and a 25-thousand-watt generator, giving operating room illumination on the street. There are dozens of blankets and dozens of electric pads or knitted caps for men who are lying on the sidewalk in the cold and can't keep a helmet on. There is an array of surgical equipment which leaves the average medical man gasping. Stocks of bandages, splints and medications are so complete that six hundred cases have been treated without having to send back for replacements.

The ambulance even carries snake-bite serum: several year ago three men were bitten by a snake hidden in the cargo of a burning banana boat! And they have many a set-to with rats coming up hose lines out of cellars.

Dr. Archer has saved thousands of firemen from serious injury or death. Do they appreciate it? Indeed they do! Every so often somebody decides to take up a collection to buy Archer a present—and every time he hears about the suggestion he squelches it. On one oc-

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casion a persuasive chief argued that Archer was hurting the fire-fighters' feelings by refusing a gift. So the Doc agreed on one condition: that no man be permitted to contribute more than ten cents. Every one of the more than six thousand men in the Department put up a dime and bought him the finest watch they could find.

Such occasional tributes were the only reward he ever received for a half-century of tireless service until, about five years ago, former Mayor La Guardia appointed him a deputy fire commissioner. Archer accepted with the stipulation that the appointment in no way interfere with his "playing doctor to the firemen."

Dr. Archer is cordial, affable, bantering, but with the graceful restraint of a gentleman of the old school. Keenly alert to any innovation in his field, he has never been known to wear to the office anything but a blue serge suit and a black necktie.

Deliberate and unhurried in his office, he is the same amidst the unnerving turmoil of a big blaze. The only concession he makes to nerves is when he rolls up to a "worker" which may have bloomed into a quick four-alarm fire. Climbing out of his red car into the bedlam that is a fire out of control, he will thrust his hands in his pockets and whistle softly as he picks the best location for a first-aid station.

One of the best glimpses of the man's thorough unpretentiousness is an incident he told me about addressing an out-of-town gathering of police and fire surgeons. During the question period, a local surgeon arose and remarked that New York's department has five hundred to six hundred smoke inhalation cases a year. "Why, we wouldn't have that many men knocked out in ten years!"

"Of course," Archer told me quietly, "I knew the answer to that one. They probably fight fires mostly from the street—we go in."

"Did you tell him?" I asked.

He shrugged. "No," he said. "I didn't want to embarrass him before all those others!"

Improving on the Dictionary

Advertising Manager—One who starts the day with a molehill on his desk and takes until 5 p.m. to make a mountain out of it.

Alimony—A contraction of the phrase, "All of his money."

Economist—A man who tells you what to do with your money after you've done something else with it.

Hula Dancer—A shake in the grass.

Parking Space—A place in which another car is parked.

Punctuality—The art of arranging to keep an appointment just in time to be indignant at the tardiness of the other party.

Tobacco—A plant found in many southern states and in some cigarettes.

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For 117 years, Perkins Institute has been a source of inspiration for the blind

A School for the Children of Darkness

by CAROL HUGHES

TO THE INCREDULOUS eyes of the visitor, Perkins Institute and Massachusetts School for the Blind doesn't seem quite real. Here, students from all over the world walk as though they see, laugh as though they never knew a care. They have no seeing-eye dogs, no canes; few wear dark glasses, and there is no groping through corridors. Students dash from class to class, run up and down stairs, stroll through the 34-acre wooded grounds. When they go home for week ends they pack their own bags and scamper away.

Located in Watertown, just outside Boston, Perkins was established in 1829—the first school in America for students without sight. Its primary aim—then and now—is to qualify visually handicapped youngsters to take a contributory place in normal life. Venerable with tradition, Perkins' roster of graduates includes almost every blind person of renown in America, including the great Helen Keller and her faithful teacher, Anne Sullivan.

When the Ninth U. S. Air Force adopted a blind English boy and decided to educate him, Perkins Institute was the unanimous choice. Little Jimmy Osborne, son of a bus driver, was flown across the Atlantic. Today he is one of the Institute's happiest pupils. Blind from birth, Jimmy began to pick out tunes at the age of six. By the time he was nine, he was arranging and composing. Perkins' directors expect his name to be added to its growing list of greats.

A wonderful aura of daffiness surrounds the place. A young blind girl strolling through the grounds met the director plodding through a snowstorm. "Pardon me," she called gaily, "is it snowing, or am I seeing things?"

A boy who couldn't find his spoon at table walked straight into the kitchen and selected another. "Bob," a teacher chided, "your spoon is right beside your plate!" The boy laughed. "Don't tell me, I'm a P.I. graduate. Seeing is believing!"

One senior decided to take a trip to Washington, D. C. When she returned, a group of students gathered to hear her adventures.

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"Washington," she told them, "can be confusing. But I just put on my dark glasses, pretended I was blind —and things were easy."

PERKINS IS THE happiest place imaginable. In its 117 years, the school has adopted firm principles. Knowing exactly what students are capable of doing, Perkins teaches them to do it. The superior sense of touch and the more acute hearing did not come automatically, nor is it a free gift. It is the result of long, patient training by the most competent teachers that can be found.

There is no coddling at Perkins, no self-pity. Always before the students are examples of hundreds of graduates who have risen to heights far greater than those attained by millions of normal people. Once launched in the constructive and competitive program at Perkins, the inventive powers of the children of darkness are enormous.

At the beginning of a new term you may see a child walk between two buildings, suddenly stop, slap his hands, then go on again. The echo coming back tells him how far he is from the buildings. Yet within a few days even this small gesture becomes unnecessary. "Standing on one's own feet" is a proud tradition at Perkins.

Even snow, the worst enemy of the blind because it confuses them, does not stop a Perkins student. By the second day they are all over the campus, whooping it up in sleds, shoveling walks neat and straight.

More than a hundred years ago, Perkins threw away the wretched idea that "anything is good enough for the blind." As imposing as many colleges with its high brick tower, matching buildings, landscaped grounds, the campus is a riot of color at all seasons: flowers, trees, lakes and winding lanes make it a paradise. Its shining buildings are connected by passages so that no child need face rain or snow.

Perkins students swim in a lavish pool, skate on their own pond, toboggan on the hills. If they want a boat ride they build their own boat and head for nearby Charles River. Touch football is an intramural sport, with blocking permitted. Their wrestling teams compete with such schools as Andover and Exeter, while dual track meets are held with any comers.

The kindergarten has every type of play instrument—slides, swings, skates, sleds, balls, blocks—and they are all used freely. When a blind child takes a flop, he gets up, brushes himself off and starts again. Accustomed to the bumps of life, there are no tears, no running to attendants.

Pupils reside in cottages where the teachers also live, giving an extra community of spirit along with the best in teaching. The curriculum is almost the same as that in normal schools. Students keep their fingers on the pulse of the world by means of a weekly current-events sheet published in Braille. Geography is made easy through relief maps that slide apart. Literature, mathematics, English, Latin and journalism are taught.

Vocational courses include mattress-making, chair-caning, woodwork, basketry, weaving, metal work, auto mechanics and poultry-raising. In the commercial field the most promising occupations are typing and Ediphone operating. If

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a blind youth finishes at Perkins and wants higher education, he may continue to live on the grounds and attend a nearby university.

In music, lack of vision is no handicap. With an enrollment of 257 pupils, ranging in age from 5 to 19, there are 71 pianos, plus all types of orchestral equipment. Rarely is any instrument silent at Perkins. All students are urged to try music and most do. Many give recitals in Boston's Jordan Hall, while the Perkins Choir is known to radio audiences throughout the world for its Christmas program.

In one field, piano tuning, Perkins graduates hold almost a monopoly. For 69 years every piano owned by the State of Massachusetts has been tuned by a student or graduate. One Perkins boy who went out into the world with a tuner's kit accumulated a fortune in Canada and a title from the Crown. At his death he left a large donation to Perkins. Today the picture of Sir Charles W. Lindsay hangs on the walls of Perkins with pictures of other famous graduates.

It was Helen Keller's mother who read the notes of Charles Dickens on Perkins and sent her girl to the school. Anne Sullivan, a Perkins graduate herself, took little Helen under her wing and taught her. Laura Bridgmen, who entered the school in 1837, was the first blind-deaf person in the world to be taught languages. Mrs. Mary Knapp Burtt, Perkins '09, went on to Wellesley, then headed a school for blind children in China.

James E. Hannon, who left Perkins to study law, was graduated with high honors at Boston University. He is now in the Massachusetts Legislature. Clarence Hawks, author of some fifty books, has a place on the honor shelf along with Merle E. Tracey, who served as a Scripps-Howard columnist for ten years.

One of Perkins' most spectacular feats is training its so-called "Children of the Silent Night"—youngsters who are both blind and deaf. At present fourteen such children are enrolled. For them the world is not only dark but soundless. Yet they are learning to understand speech through word-meaning, associated with minutely varying vibrations. In the beginning this is stimulated by electrical devices. Later the vibrations are "heard" through fingers placed on the face of the person talking. Spelling with the hands and all forms of sign language are barred.

In addition to kindergarten, high school and grammar grades, Perkins conducts a special teacher-training course in cooperation with Harvard. Students for this course, some blind, some with perfect vision, have come from all over America and from nineteen foreign countries. Many have gone back and started similar schools, affectionately called "Little Perkinses."

Latest entrant for this course is a six-foot Army sergeant who, before the war, was a physical education student at college. His sight now almost destroyed as a result of malnutrition suffered while a Jap prisoner, he has decided to devote his life to teaching the blind.

Many of Perkins' teachers are blind. One of them, a former executive of Remington-Rand, world-travelled and wealthy, found his sight going. Instead of giving up

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in despair at the age of 42, he applied for a teaching position at Perkins. Today he is one of the most contented people to be found.

THE COST AT Perkins is low. Massachusetts has chartered the school, but left it free as a private institution to accept donations. Tuition for the blind is 600 dollars a year; for the blind-deaf, 900 dollars. Yet little of this is paid by parents, for students' fees are met by the state from which they come. Any blind child in Massachusetts, regardless of race, color or creed, can enter Perkins without cost. Thus a blind Negro girl sits happily between an American white child and a Chinese. They are carefree, gentle children, free of petty prejudices.

Heading the staff is Dr. Gabriel Farrell, former Episcopalian minister. Until fifteen years ago, when he was invited to become director, he had had no special contacts with the blind. Under his supervision, Perkins has developed a personnel department that concerns itself with the individual problems of every child. Dr. Farrell has added psychologists, psychiatrists, nurses, dentists and every type of expert needed to round out the perfect development of blind children.

Walking about the campus with Dr. Farrell, the visitor is amazed to hear him call each child by first name. But even more amazing is to hear the blind child often greet him first with: "How are you, Dr. Farrell?" The youngsters know his step from all other staff members.

The thorniest problem at Perkins involves the well-intentioned visitor who comes to gape, and blunderingly tries to set the blind children apart. But the Perkins child has acquired a confidence that carries him through almost any situation. An old lady, staring at one of the boys, remarked: "My dear, how do you find your face when you try to shave?"

With solemnity the youth replied: "That's simple. I have a Braille mirror."

Massachusetts has set an example for the world in its treatment of the blind. In addition to buying the finest equipment, the state is constantly seeking positions that can be filled by the blind. When such positions are found, the state sets them aside as restricted jobs.

In going beyond the line of duty, it has turned handicapped lives into useful assets to the state. The blind of Massachusetts *see* through new windows. They are given a vision of hope, and a feeling of being wanted by the great world outside.

Famous Last Words

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, explorer, statesman and writer, was condemned to death by beheading. With complete ease of manner, he ran his fingers over the headman's ax and said: "This is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all evils."

—JAMES MARTIN

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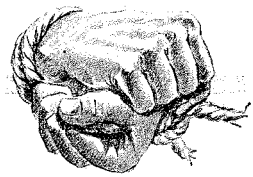
Condensed Book

HOUDINI — his life story

by HAROLD KELLOCK



PART II

Synopsis of Part I:

Harry Houdini began his professional career at the age of nine. From a humble beginning with a small Midwest circus, he rose to world-wide fame as master magician and daredevil. In his 43 years as a public performer, his unsurpassed dexterity and mystifying escapes thrilled millions. Upon the death of his mother, whom he idolized, his career took a new and surprising turn.

THE YEAR 1914 marked a turning point in the life of Harry Houdini, the greatest magician of all time. The death of his mother the year before, his lamentations at her passing, his frequent visits to her grave, left an indelible impress on his character. Something of the youthful quality went out of him, something of his earlier joyousness and eagerness that had played such a big part in bringing him from dime-museum obscurity to world-wide fame.

His mother was his most intimate friend: her death not only left a gap in his life but turned him into a fervent crusader against spiritualist quacks and frauds who preyed on credulous people by professing to communicate with the dead.

At the beginning of 1914, Houdini, after triumphal appearances in America, was touring England and Scotland with his wife, Beatrice. His feats of magic and illusion, his escapes from handcuffs, strait jackets, wooden chests and metal containers, his underwater submersion stunts—all these enthralled audiences wherever he appeared.

June found him sailing for home on the *Imperator* with former President Theodore Roosevelt as a fellow passenger. Roosevelt and Hou-

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dini had much in common. Both were daring, impetuous; both were consummate showmen. One morning while the two were strolling on deck a ship's officer asked Houdini to stage a performance.

"Go ahead, Houdini!" Roosevelt urged. "Give us a little seance."

In the evening Houdini began with some card sleights, then switched to slate writing by "spirits." In this stand-by of mediums, the spectator writes a question on a slip of paper. The paper is enclosed between two blank slates tied together, between which a pencil is inserted for the "spirits" to use.

Roosevelt took pains to see that Houdini could not read his question. With back turned he wrote, "Where was I last Christmas?" He sealed the paper in an envelope and placed it between the slates himself. When they were opened, one slate revealed a map of the South American wilderness explored by Colonel Roosevelt the previous year. His whole itinerary, which had not been published before, was outlined. The slate bore the signature of W. T. Stead, English editor and spiritualist, who had been lost on the *Titanic* in 1912.

As Roosevelt had spent Christmas in the spot named, he was astounded. Next day he asked Houdini: "Was that real spiritualism?"

Houdini grinned. "Just hocus-pocus," he replied. But in an autobiographical fragment Houdini left behind, he told the whole story:

"When I went to the steamship company to get tickets, the agent whispered, 'Teddy Roosevelt is on the boat, but don't tell anyone.' I began to think what I could do with the information, as I always gave impromptu performances on shipboard.

"The London *Telegraph* was beginning to publish the Colonel's story of his South American trip. At the *Telegraph* office friends gave me inside information and a map of the trip, as yet unpublished. Then I prepared my slates.

"On the night of the seance I asked passengers to write questions. Secretly I had prepared half a dozen of my own, and of course intended to see that only my envelopes went into the hat. They all contained the same question: 'Where was I last Christmas?' That was the question I wanted to answer for the Colonel, and by strange coincidence he asked exactly that.

"The morning of the seance I took two books from the salon and slit the cover of each. Below the binding I inserted a paper and a carbon sheet. Then I glued the bindings and replaced the books.

"At the seance, as the Colonel started to write with the paper in the palm of his hand, I handed him one of the prepared books to rest the paper on. Victor Herbert, standing nearby, said, 'Turn around, Colonel. Houdini will read the question by the movements of your pencil.' The Colonel faced away and scribbled.

"After he had sealed the envelope I took the book from him and, with my back turned, tore the cover and peeked at the question. It was the one I had prepared for.

"My 'message' from Stead was already on one slate as I tied the two together. Naturally the Colonel believed that I could draw com-

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munications from spirits, whereas I was simply resorting to a material experiment in which blind chance played a large part."

The story of Houdini's astounding stunt was sent by radio to the news associations and gave him a flying start when he opened his third successive season on Hammerstein's roof in New York.

DURING THE YEARS in which Europe was trying to exterminate itself, Houdini remained in America, his name flaring in bright lights from coast to coast. He was in his forties, at a time when men are supposed to slow up; yet there seemed to be no limit to his daring and nerve-wracking feats.

In Los Angeles challengers dared Houdini to let them bury him alive, manacled, under six feet of earth. He accepted and the soil was shoveled over him. Then he had a momentary lapse into panic that nearly cost him his life.

Suddenly he realized he was in a real grave, the traditional six feet below the surface. All his life he had been unduly preoccupied with speculations on the mystery of death. Suppose he couldn't get out? Gruesome fancies paralyzed his initiative for some seconds when breath was exceedingly precious.

Pulling himself together, he commenced to claw at the earth, but presently his strength began to fail. Then he made another mistake: he tried to shout, wasting more precious breath and choking himself with sand. Finally, more by instinct than reason, he resumed his mole-like efforts and at last burst into the sunlight completely exhausted.

Houdini's largest trick, at least from the standpoint of volume, was making a five-ton elephant vanish. He performed this feat for a whole season in 1918 at the New York Hippodrome. No vanishing act had ever been done on such a scale before. To add mystery, the great Hippodrome tank below the stage was filled with water, barring a trap-door escape.

The huge beast stepped into a cabinet, curtains were drawn for a minute, and when they were flung open the elephant was gone. Houdini was smilingly evasive about the trick. "Even the elephant doesn't know how it's done," was his reply to inquisitive persons.

During the same season at the Hippodrome, Houdini brought his famous needle trick to perfection. He appeared to swallow 200 needles and 120 feet of thread, drinking a glass of water "to wash them down." When he pulled the thread out of his mouth with the needles strung on it, it reached all the way across the great stage. Surgeons came to inspect Houdini's mouth as well as the thread and needles, but they went away baffled.

Toward the close of the war, Houdini plunged into motion pictures with all-absorbing enthusiasm. His motivation appeared twofold: first, films offered a medium for preserving his feats for posterity; second, they seemed an easy way of earning money for later years.

However, despite Houdini's heroic efforts, none of the pictures was a financial success. The public was so accustomed to fabricated film

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thrills that Houdini's genuine feats roused no great enthusiasm. The average audience probably assumed that the more difficult stunts were simply screen illusions.

By that time, however, Houdini's excitement over pictures was beginning to fade before his interest in exposing the frauds in spiritualism. He was girding for his greatest crusade, and beside this motion pictures seemed unimportant.

When Houdini sailed for England in 1920, the newest Funk & Wagnalls' dictionary contained the following:

"Houdini, Harry (1874—). American mystericist, wizard and expert in extrication and self-release. Houdinize, v.t. To release or extricate oneself (from confinement, bonds and the like), as by wriggling out."

In the language of the street, "to do a Houdini" had become a common expression for vanishing, breaking away. Throughout the U.S., Houdini was the symbol of elusiveness and illusion.

By directors of American vaudeville, Houdini was rated in a class by himself. Executives like Albee and Beck described him as the "greatest showman since Barnum." Yet Houdini was not always easy to deal with. Once he had reached the peak of star-billing, woe to the manager who failed to accord him all the prerogatives. Once when Houdini was playing at Hammerstein's, he agreed to permit the name of a woman performer to stand on the electric signs just under his, in letters almost as large. The lady's ambitious manager had photos made of the signs, erased Houdini's name, and in all theatrical papers ran pictures showing his principal apparently heading the bill. When Houdini saw the pictures he smashed the furniture in the offending manager's office, demanded damages from innocent editors, and gave everybody at Hammerstein's a most unpleasant week.

His relations with his assistants were stormy yet deeply affectionate. One, Franz Kukol, was with him twenty years. James Collins and James Vickery served eighteen years. All three adored Houdini: they carried him to his grave. Yet several times a month he would quarrel with one or another of them and give him notice to quit. None ever paid any attention, and next day Houdini would forget all about the angry dismissal.

Houdini never raised the salaries of his employees. He simply never thought about such matters. At intervals his assistants would raise their pay simply by going to the secretary, Miss Julia Sawyer, and telling her to increase the weekly check. Mrs. Houdini occasionally became alarmed at the swelling payroll, but Houdini would cry impatiently, "Of course that raise is okay, Bess. Think of the high cost of living!"

Houdini never wearied of performing or doing other favors for children and old persons. When he produced bouquets out of thin air, any white-haired woman in the audience would have a rose tossed into her lap with a gesture that was more than mere showmanship.

Houdini's love for children was

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a byword among managers. Hardly a week went by that he did not perform at a hospital or an orphan asylum, and he invited the inmates in blocks to his regular stage shows. He even invented a whole performance for blind children.

Playing in Edinburgh, Scotland, in cold weather, Houdini was shocked to see boys and girls on the streets without shoes. He bought three hundred pairs and invited all shoeless children to the theatre. His fellow performers became infected with his enthusiasm, and the whole cast volunteered as shoe fitters.

In money matters, Houdini remained a child. His personal wants were simple; he rarely carried cash, for if he started out with any, he would turn his pockets inside out for the first beggar he met. He would order dinner for friends at some hotel or restaurant and serenely walk out without thinking to pay. Taxi drivers became used to having Houdini hop out of the car and vanish, leaving only a cheerful "Good night." They would collect later.

YET WITH all his odd traits, Houdini never ceased to be a romanticist. He was never too busy to compose an elaborate love letter to his wife. After the death of his mother, he wrote such a letter every day up to his death. If at home, he would hide them around the house, as parents hide Easter eggs for children. For six months after his death until she sold their house and moved away, Mrs. Houdini discovered them at intervals.

When Houdini's mother lay on her deathbed in 1913, her last moments were consumed in a desperate effort to convey a message for her son, far away in Europe. Facial paralysis proved too strong and the message was never framed, though at the end she was able to speak his name.

The blocked message never ceased to fret Houdini. A breaker of all mundane barriers, he seemed to stand before a door against which no picklock prevailed. He often discussed with his wife the baffling problem. On visits to his mother's grave, the idea of communication was foremost in his thoughts.

Almost since boyhood Houdini had been keenly interested in spiritualistic mediums. Whenever he heard of an unusual performance he went to see it. In all his studies he never observed any phenomena —from mind-reading and spirit messages to levitation and materialization—which he was unable to reproduce under similar conditions by natural means.

After his mother's death, Houdini's interest in "spirits" became a curious blend, in which his passion for exposing fraud was mingled with his desire to recover her lost message. He put his hope to the test so often it was remarkable any remained. Toward the end, when he had satisfied himself that hundreds of mediums were frauds, he retained a curiosity about the possibility of posthumous communication. His pacts with his friends show that.

According to his pact with his wife, after his death she was to attempt a tryst with him once a week. Each Sunday at a fixed hour she

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was to take her favorite photograph of him, sit with it, concentrate on communication. If something of him survived, he would give a sign. But at the time of Mrs. Houdini's death in 1943, there had been no result.

During his tour of Britain in 1920, Houdini attended more than a hundred seances, sometimes visiting two in a day. He had long talks with various Britishers who had exposed frauds. He also visited Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle, and heard the other side of the case: "Sir Arthur told me he had spoken six times with his son. No possible chance for trickery."

In 1922, Doyle was lecturing in America and invited Houdini to visit him in Atlantic City. On June 17, he asked Houdini to permit Lady Doyle, known as an automatic writer, to give him a seance.

"I walked to the Doyles' suite," wrote Houdini. "Sir Arthur drew the shades and we three sat around a table on which were pencils and a writing pad, placing our hands on the surface. I was *willing* to believe, even *wanted* to believe. With a beating heart I waited, hoping that I might once more feel the presence of my beloved Mother. . . .

"Presently Lady Doyle was 'seized by a spirit.' Her hand beat on the table, her body shook, she started writing. As she finished each page, Sir Arthur handed it to me."

Houdini read: "Oh, my darling, thank God, thank God, at last I'm through—I've tried, oh, so often—now I am happy. Why, of course I want to talk to my own beloved boy . . . Never had a mother such a son—tell him not to grieve—soon he'll get all the evidence he is so anxious for. Yes, we know . . ."

Thus for page after page, to the end: "A happiness awaits him that he has never dreamed of—tell him how close I am all the while—his eyes will soon be opened. Good-bye again—God's blessing on you all."

Houdini had no doubt of Lady Doyle's sincerity, but his polite manner concealed keen disappointment. For him the message had no reality. He could not understand how his mother could talk in English, when she spoke hardly a word of that language, or how she could omit completely all the tender phrases she had used in addressing him when alive. Finally, the day was the anniversary of his mother's birth, and it was inconceivable that her spirit would make no reference to Houdini's "most holy holiday."

Thereafter the exposure of spiritualistic fraud absorbed Houdini more and more. Traveling in eastern cities, he would give a talk to the audience during the intermission, usually on spiritualism, and duplicate some of the commoner pranks of the spooks.

In the spring Houdini threw his first challenge at the mediums, wagering five thousand dollars that he could duplicate any phenomenon. Doyle, on another lecture, was also in the West, and when the two reached Denver at the same time a newspaper published a front-page banner that Sir Arthur would materialize the spirit of his own mother to win Houdini's five thousand dollars. Sir Arthur rushed to the theatre where Houdini was playing to deny the story.

Naturally newspapers played up the Doyle-Houdini controversy.

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They were not infrequently misquoted in their references to each other, and Sir Arthur finally wrote to his antagonist: "How long a private friendship can survive such an ordeal, I do not know." But the men had too much affection for each other to break, and their friendship survived to the end.

In 1923 Houdini was beginning to lecture at churches and universities on the subject that engrossed him. At the University of Illinois, the presiding professor was apparently alarmed at having a showman address the students, for he warned Houdini to be brief. When the chairman snapped his fingers, the magician was to withdraw. But the fingers were never snapped. Houdini spoke for an hour.

The current of Houdini's life seemed changed. He had become a crusader, sternly battling a fraud that he considered a menace to society. The highest paid performer in Big Time, he elected to tour the provinces in one-night stands as a lecturer, at lecturer's wages. Some irresistible urge now made it impossible for him ever to be merely an entertainer again.

About this time Houdini's book, *A Magician Among the Spirits*, was published and contributed to the general uproar about apparitions. But still bigger game loomed ahead in the person of "Margery," labeled by a psychologist as "the most brilliant star of alleged psychical mediumship that America has seen in fifty years."

Margery had started her performances in 1923, but she first came prominently to Houdini's attention with the appearance of two intriguing articles about her by J. M. Bird, associate editor of *Scientific American*. Her psychic control purported to be "Walter," the spirit of her brother. He not only displayed his presence by tipping and rapping a table; he started a victrola, stopped and started a grandfather's clock, even transported a live pigeon into the room without smashing a window.

When Houdini was called into consultation, some fifty seances had been held under auspices of the zealous Mr. Bird. The medium lived in Boston. She was Mrs. Mina Crandon, wife of Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, a surgeon. One phenomenon that had greatly impressed visitors was the ringing of a bell.

The bell was in a wooden box containing dry batteries. The box would be placed near the medium, her hands would be held and her feet pressed down on either side, and presumably the bell would be rung vigorously by "Walter." It should be added, however, that under the rules established by "Walter," one of the hand-holders must be Margery's husband.

At Houdini's seance in the Crandon home, he sat on Mrs. Crandon's left, Dr. Crandon on her right. Mr. Bird was seated so that his hand was placed over the clasped hands of the Crandons. The bell box was placed between Houdini's feet. He held the medium's left hand, and his right leg pressed her left ankle.

Houdini had prepared for the occasion by wearing a tight rubber bandage on his right leg throughout the day. When he removed it in the

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evening, the leg was extraordinarily sensitive. While in his position as a "control," he rolled his trouser-leg above the knee.

"As the seance progressed," he wrote, "I could distinctly feel her ankle slowly sliding as it pressed mine while she gained space to raise her feet off the floor and touch the box. To the ordinary sense of touch, the contact would seem the same while this was being done.

"When she had finally maneuvered her foot to the top of the box, the bell ringing began and I *positively felt* her leg flex as she repeatedly touched the apparatus. There is no question. *She did this.* Then, when the ringing was over, I plainly *felt her leg slide* back into its original position."

This was only the first of a series of complicated seances at which Houdini used his skill to expose Margery. At the end of his experiments, Houdini asserted that "everything that took place was a deliberate and conscious fraud."

Meanwhile from coast to coast Margery was elbowing first-class murders and bootleg scandals from the front page. Hundreds were taking their pens in hand to excoriate Margery and the spooks or to defend them. Houdini, on a lecture tour to the Pacific and back, denounced Margery and reproduced some of her manifestations before applauding crowds.

Margery's former husband, a grocer, leaped into the fray with the statement that the story of her psychic powers was "bunk." On the same date the papers stated that "Walter" had announced on the authority of the spirit world that Houdini would die within the year. Houdini hastily called the world to witness that if he died within the year, it was pure coincidence.

In January, he appeared in Boston and deposited five thousand dollars at the Mayor's office to be paid to Margery or any other medium who would perform in public any mystery that he could not expose and explain. On that day and the next he gave exhibitions before packed houses, showing how Margery caused "spirits" to ring bells, tip tables, float megaphones through the air and write messages.

Shortly after his exposure of Margery, Houdini, in the full heat of the crusader, set out on another nation-wide lecture tour. More and more the lecture merged into a fascinating show in which Houdini managed to give the spectators all the spooky thrills and at the same time show how the thing was done. It was all a great performance, and everywhere Houdini left behind him a trail of newspaper crusades against local mediums.

Early in 1926, Houdini made a pilgrimage to Washington to enlist President Coolidge's aid in his campaign to "abolish the criminal practices of spirit mediums and other charlatans who cheat grief-stricken people with alleged messages from the dead." As a result, Senator Copeland and Congressman Bloom introduced a joint resolution in Congress designed to curb the evil. Hearings were held by Senate and House committees.

The sessions were crowded with clairvoyants, astrologists, fortune-tellers and other psychic professors, all in a state of combustive indigna-

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tion. Houdini was denounced as an atheist, as mentally deranged, as the secret agent of a Jewish conspiracy to undermine the Christian faith, as a tool of the Pope. On the record, Houdini had the better of the argument. But in Congress discretion is the better part of valor, and the bill was never reported.

Back in New York at the end of his strenuous season, Houdini undertook the most difficult physical feat of his career. He found the city intrigued by the exploits of one Rahmen Bey, an Egyptian fakir who professed to suspend animation in his body. At a local theatre, in his self-imposed trance, he permitted himself to be shut in an airtight coffin for ten minutes or more, then he would emerge alive and bowing. The trances appeared to baffle physicians and physiologists, and were giving quite a lift to local spookery.

Houdini determined to spike the claim, and immediately practiced slow breathing and staying under water. After a few weeks he announced he could keep alive longer than the fakir. Rahmen Bey was in his twenties, Houdini at the high-blood-pressure age of 52.

The trial was made before a medical committee in the Hotel Shelton swimming pool. Houdini was put in a metal coffin in which physicians estimated there was enough air to last for fifteen minutes.

"If I die," he said before the lid was sealed, "it will be the will of God and my own foolishness."

The coffin was lowered into the pool, where relays of swimmers took turns holding it under water. Not until an hour and 31 minutes had elapsed did Houdini signal to be released. He was exhausted, with blood pressure, respiration and temperature all abnormal, but the symptoms passed in a short time.

THE VIGOR AND sincerity with which Houdini conducted his spook crusade had won him public esteem. Newspapers hailed him as one of the country's most valued citizens. He had come a long way from the days of obscurity when Dime-Museum Harry sat up nights inventing new tricks to eke out a bare existence. Yet, though his scope and purpose had expanded to larger horizons, he still burned midnight oil over his work, and his inventiveness and curiosity were unabated. When he reopened his show in the fall of 1926, he was full of fresh projects for the future, which included a more comprehensive plan of attack against fraud. But fate was to intervene.

In Montreal, Houdini delivered a lecture on spiritualism at McGill University. One student made a sketch of the lecturer, and Houdini was so pleased that he invited the young man to call later in the week and make additional sketches.

The student arrived at the theatre Friday morning with a friend. The two sat in Houdini's dressing room while he lay on a couch, reading his mail. Presently a third student came in and the talk turned to physical endurance. The newcomer asked if it were true that Houdini could withstand heavy physical blows. The magician said he could if he had warning to brace himself.

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Then he picked up some letters.

The next moment Houdini was startled by receiving a series of sharp blows on the abdomen. At the fourth blow he stopped the young man with a gesture, just as the other two students jumped up in protest.

The boys left shortly afterward, and Houdini rubbed his abdomen for a few minutes, assuming the pain was muscular. But in the evening the pains grew more acute, especially at the end of the performance. He could not sleep that night.

In the morning he fell into a doze, and nearly fell asleep several times during the matinee. He went through the evening act with difficulty. During the intermission he lay on a couch in a cold sweat and was unable to dress himself after the show.

That was Saturday night. He had to make a train for Detroit, where the show was to open the next evening. Houdini was so ill on the train that attendants wired a doctor to meet him at the station. His temperature was 102. Physicians insisted he cancel his performance: his symptoms indicated acute appendicitis. Houdini doggedly declared he must go on. Before the curtain went up his temperature was 104.

That was a curious performance, with the magician, suave and smiling, forcing himself through his exacting repertoire, though every motion was a torture. At the end of the long first act, he fell down on the stage. At the final curtain he was in a state of collapse.

He was removed to the hospital and surgeons operated immediately. To the orderlies Houdini boasted, "Say, I can still lick both of you."

The doctors agreed he could not live more than twelve hours. When he came out of the ether, Houdini sensed their decision, so he centered his energies to do battle with *streptococcus virulens*.

The twelve hours passed, and the hours merged into days. In a medical sense each day was a miracle. Houdini never lost consciousness, and he never ceased fighting. Once a day his wife was taken to his bedside for a brief visit.

At the end of seven days—it was Sunday, October 31—Houdini said to his brother, Theodore, at his bedside: "I'm tired of fighting, Dash. I guess this thing is going to get me."

He lay quiet for a period, his eyes closed. When he reopened them his wife's arms were about him. She was crying. He could not speak, but his glance rested on her face for a long moment before his head fell back on the pillow.

Most of the Houdini properties had been shipped back to New York, for it was plain that even if he recovered, the tour was ended. But the metal coffin in which Houdini had performed his last great feat of endurance was still at the theatre. His body was placed in it for shipment to New York, and later he was buried in it.

Among his personal effects Mrs. Houdini found his last letter: "Sweetheart, when you read this I shall be dead. Dear Heart, do not grieve; I shall be at rest by the side of my beloved parents, and wait for you always—remember! I loved only two women in my life: my mother and my wife. Yours, in Life, Death, and Ever After."

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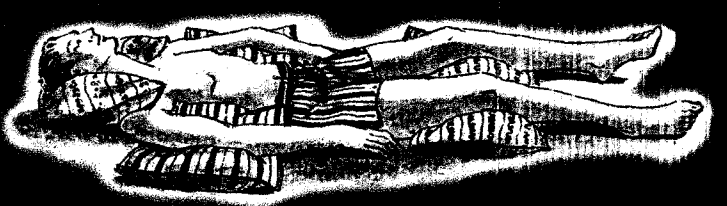
Condensed Book

Release From Nervous Tension

By David Harold Fink, M. D.

If You Can't Sleep, Try This:



The practical method illustrated above for inducing complete, relaxed slumber is only one of many helpful suggestions you will find here. They are designed to banish emotional conflict and free your personality for a happier, more productive life.

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Release from NERVOUS TENSION

by DAVID HAROLD FINK, M. D.

RECENTLY I WAS examining a patient in a clinic. He was an inarticulate, terrified sufferer who said only that his nerves were "all shot." Another doctor watched my examination, then contributed: "The trouble with him is too much imagination. What he needs is a kick in the pants."

I felt like giving the doctor a kick in the pants because of *his* lack of imagination. I felt like it, but didn't. Instead, I am writing this book.

The first and most important thing to know about nervousness is that it is a physical disease. It is not a disease of the imagination. You can no more imagine yourself into mental health than you can imagine yourself into a cure for a broken leg. To get well, if you are nervous, you must treat physical things—the nerves in your interbrain. If I had to make a choice between a broken leg and a severe neurosis, I'd say, "Make mine the broken leg. It can't hurt as much."

In six weeks the leg would be out of the cast; in eight weeks I'd be well. And during those few weeks there would be little suffering and much sympathy from friends. The man with the jitters endures tortures and gets nothing but blame and resentment. He loses friends because his nerves are sick.

Poisons from the body's waste products will upset the nerves of the interbrain. When a person becomes overtired, and not enough time has passed for him to get rid of waste substances in his body, he may have a mild nervous breakdown. The nerve cells of the interbrain are poisoned.

But generally the cause of interbrain misbehavior is conflict between emotional habit patterns. And what does this conflict do to the nerve cells? It spoils their timing of incoming and outgoing impulses. Timing is the essence of coordination. When the interbrain isn't working right, the normal rhythm of the body is like that of

Condensed from the book *Release From Nervous Tension*, published at $2.00 by Simon and Schuster, New York, N.Y.; copyright 1943 by David Harold Fink, M. D.

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a car with a broken timing gear.

To a greater or less extent, all of us have suffered from interbrain misbehavior. But many of us have brought the interbrain back to normal functioning. Interbrain trouble is definitely reversible. That is what so many doctors mean when they say that a certain trouble is "functional" rather than "organic."

This change produces no permanent damage, as is evidenced by the large number of people who have won their war on nerves. Half the battle is to understand what it is all about. The other half is to do something positive about it.

EMOTIONAL TENSIONS can strain your muscles to produce symptoms such as backache. I discovered this early in my medical practice when I was called to treat a patient for pain at the base of the skull.

X rays showed no arthritis. He did not have diabetes. His tonsils were blameless. His dentist assured me that his teeth were perfect. Still, he had his pain, so I gave him diathermy treatments for a tentative diagnosis of muscle strain.

While he was taking treatments we became better acquainted. He had a good job, was married, and his wife's brother was living at his house. Something about the way he wrinkled his nose led me to ask, "What's the matter with your brother-in-law?"

"I feel like a heel for talking about him," my patient said. "He's a good-hearted guy. He's been wonderful to my wife, but I can't call my soul my own when he's around. He tells me how much to spend on groceries, how to bring up my boy, how to arrange the furniture. . . . He's helped us out a lot, and maybe I shouldn't be talking this way about him. Still, to me he's just a pain in the neck."

A pain in the neck! That undiagnosed pain at the base of the skull! I called his wife to the office and told her that if she wanted a healthy husband, she should find another home for her brother.

On the next visit my patient looked like a new man. "That last treatment fixed me up," he said.

Since then, I have paid closer attention to the words my patients use in describing symptoms. Not all heartaches are angina pectoris: some may be caused by a wayward son. Cold feet may be symptomatic of some disease of the arteries: but they may be an expression of habitual fear. When a young typist told me that "everything makes me sick to my stomach," I found that she had no gastric ulcer, merely disgust for her mother, who had not been faithful to the girl's father.

In the free-for-all between conflicting emotions, the body—innocent bystander—gets it in the neck, in the small of the back, between the shoulder blades and even in the heart. At Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles, I heard a great cardiologist say that high blood pressure is a disease of civilization.

The mechanism involved is simple. Everyone has seen the face of a friend go white with fear or excitement. What has happened? Simply this. The blood vessels in the face are muscular tubes. With fear, these muscles contract, squeezing the inside diameter of the tubes to almost nothing. The result—no blood in the skin of the face.

If the same process takes place in

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an organ containing many blood vessels, the flow of blood from the heart is impeded; it has to pump faster and harder to force the blood through these vessels suddenly grown smaller. The result is heightened blood pressure.

The symptoms of interbrain misbehavior are symptoms of bodily disfunction. They are the same symptoms as those produced by germs and accidental injuries. A pain between the shoulder blades may be caused by tuberculosis or pleurisy, a knife stab or an uneasy conscience. Weakness, loss of appetite, excessive fatigue, loss of weight and low blood pressure are symptoms of interbrain misbehavior.

But these symptoms are not inconsistent with the disease that we call diabetes, nor with tuberculosis of the adrenal glands (Addison's disease), nor with cancer. Often abdominal symptoms have led to "exploratory" operations with the resultant removal of an inoffensive appendix or ovary.

This is the time to give a very important warning. Because nervous troubles give rise to exactly the same aches and pains and discomforts that are caused by other diseases, no patient should consult anyone except a medically trained doctor, experienced in diagnosis.

Among doctors there is a growing tendency to realize the part that mental sciences play in treatment of disease. The old bromide that some diseases are "organic" while others are "functional" is fast dissolving. There is no dividing line between the mental and the physical. The body, acting as a unit in any situation, is an organism; any disease or condition affecting that organism is organic.

The brain is an organ—an organ of adjustment. Its functioning affects the whole body. When it works well, your other organs get better than an even break. When it ceases to function properly, the rest of the body is out of luck. So to enjoy good health, you must first get right with your interbrain.

So far, the nervous sufferer has been told that his symptoms, shared by many others, are not always caused by local disease. It's a relief to know that difficulty in swallowing or getting one's breath can be caused only by muscle spasm resulting from interbrain misbehavior. He is freed of one more unknown terror out of the realm of fearsome darkness.

Now it is time for him to relieve his mind of dread of frightening mental symptoms. It is time to learn that his depressions, his obsessive ideas and morbid compulsions, his terrifying fears, are only the reactions of his body when it does not work properly and starts to talk back.

I know it's no joke to have to live with a neurotic. When a man comes home after a hard day's work to find his wife has not lifted a hand to clean the house or to prepare meals, he can hardly be blamed for growling. And when she explains that she has been unable to move because she is worried about what the neighbors think of her, it is natural for him to retort, "That's only in your mind! If you'd quit thinking about yourself so much

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and do something worthwhile, you wouldn't have such screwy ideas."

Natural, but not helpful. If he wants to help his wife to get well, his first job is to attempt to understand the condition that he wants cured.

That the body talks to the mind, puts thoughts in our heads, is not altogether a revolutionary idea. Every woman knows that a full stomach makes a man more amiable; and that a pair of silk stockings helps springtime to turn a young man's fancy. The mind does the dancing while the body pulls the strings.

Keep this fact in mind the next time you feel you are going to lose your temper. Then you will keep your mouth shut and your fists in your pockets. When your anger has cooled, you will be able to pride yourself upon your self-control.

Never forget that anger is an emotion—a way of physical activity. When you surrender to emotion, you are permitting the organs of your body to dictate to only a portion of your brain, while holding the rest of your brain a gagged prisoner.

Consider a typical youth, madly in love with some girl. He says he is just crazy about her. His friends nod glumly and mutter, "That's right. You're hipped." They know that it is useless to reason with him. They know that his entire organism—physical, mental, emotional—craves certain satisfactions. They realize that his intense emotion is really a selfish preoccupation with his own self, hypnotizing him into unreasoning ideas about the girl and himself that have no basis in reality.

Should they tell him that the girl of his dreams is a lazy, self-centered, inefficient fathead? That she permits her mother to clean up her room and wash her clothes? That she cannot spend five dollars without wasting three? That she cannot keep friends? Or a job? No use. The boy's emotion has so hypnotized him that he is blind to any fact that interferes with the satisfaction of his emotions.

Even simple, uncomplicated emotion limits the field of perception, warps the judgment and stimulates one pattern of action while inhibiting or blocking all other reactions. Nervousness can paralyze muscular activities. It can make you forget your name, or the name of the banker to whom you owe money. It can make you stammer or stutter, halt your creative activities. Worse, it can control your thinking. Interbrain misbehavior is hypnotic.

We see this in all forms of obsessions and inhibitions. We see people who cannot get a certain tune out of their heads—people who have to work out a problem in arithmetic before they can go to sleep—

David Harold Fink received his B. A. and M. A. from the University of Michigan. He taught sociology there and then entered the complicated field of social work. After several years he decided that his deep interest in human problems could only be satisfied if he were in the best possible position to explore the human mind—in other words, if he were a doctor. He quit his job and enrolled at the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery. Since his graduation in 1929, he has devoted himself entirely to medicine and is at present a practicing neuro-psychiatrist.

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people who cannot stay in a room where the windows are closed.

This same process goes on to some extent all the time in everyone. The fact is, the greatest volume of our thinking and doing is the result of suggestions that arise out of habit patterns of which we are for the most part completely unaware.

Did you ever think of how dynamic are your habit patterns? How they are constantly sending suggestions to your brain, egging you on to some activities, restraining you from others? You don't think habits amount to much? Then consider the trivial and unimportant pattern of your smoking habits.

Trivial and unimportant? Yes, in the general scheme of life. But not to the man pawing over an ash tray to discover a sizable butt. There are times when a man will walk not one mile but five to get a cigarette. I have seen the same mileage attached to a cup of coffee.

The common impression is that habits—involuntary impulses—play a small part in the mental life of a mature being. The uninformed stress the voluntary aspect of behavior. But among those who know psychology best, it is habits, two to one.

The First Step to Health

IN READJUSTING our lives to live more freely, with greater energy and vigor, there is always the question of the first step. We must begin by learning the habit patterns of *muscular relaxation.* This is always *the first step to health.* I cannot overemphasize its importance.

By following directions carefully, a reasonably intelligent adult can teach himself to relax in about ten weeks. The learner should provide himself with a quiet bedroom, four small pillows and warm, light blankets. He should undress so that there is no clothing to hamper breathing. Then he should get into bed and arrange the pillows. (See illustration on page 147.)

A good method of arranging the head pillow is to grasp both lower corners and pull them over the shoulders. Thus the pillow is pulled under the neck, and the head rolls back. It is essential that the head and neck be perfectly comfortable before proceeding further. Any cramping of the neck will cause failure before you get started.

The next step is to place the second pillow under the knees so that they are bent upward and outward at a light angle. This takes the tension off the large muscles in back of the thigh. The pillow support also prevents too great a strain upon the knee joint. The knees should be bent, the legs spread so that their weight will be felt on the outside of the calf. Of course the legs should not be crossed, as this only puts the burden of supporting one leg on the other instead of on the bed, where the weight belongs.

The two other pillows are placed upon either side of the chest. Lay your arms upon them so that your elbows are about eight inches from the body. Then bend the elbows so that your wrists are close to your body. If these two arm pillows have been arranged properly, your hands will hang over the end.

You are now in the best position for learning to relax. *Having*

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achieved this position of minimum strain, do not change.

Start by beginning with the muscles you use for chewing. Let your jaw relax, just the opposite of biting hard. People have told me that they have tried to relax while clenching their jaws in a determination to do so. Let go of that grip upon nothing. Let your jaw sag. Keep your lips lightly together. If you breathe with your mouth open, the mouth becomes dry and the necessity for moistening the lips is distracting.

Now close the eyes. Not hard—just enough to let the lids come together. So there you are, lying in bed, your jaw relaxed, your lips just touching, your eyelids closed, but not tightly.

Now talk to your arms. Yes, talk. Not out loud but to yourself. Every time you exhale, say to your arms, "Let go. Let go."

As you become more relaxed, the number of breaths each minute will become fewer; periods of exhalation will become longer. You will have more time to talk to your arms. "Let go more. Let go more —more, more."

At first you may find this difficult. But remember that you are not doing anything you have not done before; you are only doing it more intelligently and better. And for a reason! The result will be a new experience—an experience of diminishing muscular tension, or renewed muscular strength, a sensation of increased bodily tone and vitality.

Patients usually begin a course in relaxation by saying they know how to relax. Their eyelids twitch, their foreheads wrinkle, they stand or sit in strained positions, totally unaware of muscle tensions; but they are sure that they know how to relax.

One patient told me that he played poker all night for relaxation. Actually, he played poker to prevent thinking about other things. He didn't know the meaning of real relaxation. He had never experienced it. Diversion is not relaxation. Recreation is not relaxation. Only relaxation is.

After a few lessons, these same patients invariably tell me that they had never realized they had been so tense. In learning to relax they experienced a new sensation. Describing this sensation to one who has never experienced it is like trying to describe colors to a person born blind. A relaxed body is a physical sensation, entirely different from anything you have ever experienced.

Some patients tell me that after the first few lessons they experience a tingling in the hands. Is this because they are enjoying a better blood supply because of relaxation of the blood vessels? I do not know. I do know that some highly resistant cases of eczema have cleared up following training in relaxation. At any rate the tingling soon passes away, and never recurs.

After relaxing your arms for about two weeks, you will begin to notice results. Now you are ready to learn to relax your breathing muscles.

Lie down as you did when you let your arms relax. Spend about five minutes getting your arms relaxed. When you experience that

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pleasant glow of relaxation—by now you will know what I mean—talk to the chest muscles. Every time you breathe out, say to your chest, "Let go. Let go. Let go, more—more—more."

Toward the end of the week, pay attention to the muscles of the shoulders. At the end of three weeks' practice in relaxation, you should have no trouble in falling asleep at night. And your sleep should be restful, really doing you good.

But if you desire exuberant good health, greater energy than you have ever known, you will want to go on. Begin the fourth week by progressing to the muscles of the back. At the end of the fourth week you will be able to relax your arms, your chest, your back. By now, you'll find, you're doing fine.

Entering the fifth week, you will begin each period by spending five minutes each upon your arms, your chest, your back. Then spend the next fifteen minutes in learning to relax the muscles of the legs. "Let go, let go."

In the sixth week, learn to relax the muscles at the back of the neck. In the seventh week, relax the muscles that control facial expression. In the eighth week, relax the muscles of the scalp, and watch that nervous headache disappear. In the ninth week, learn to relax the muscles that control the eyeballs. In the tenth week, learn to relax the muscles of speech. And then, after you have completed ten weeks of practice, it's time to begin all over again.

The second ten weeks is a postgraduate course. Most people who have learned to relax realize they have acquired a precious skill that they can keep for the rest of their lives. They had better keep it, for they have acquired a paid-up health-insurance policy.

Get Rid of Inhibitions!

NOW THAT YOU know how relaxation works, you will be able to apply other techniques to help you accomplish the same purpose. Remember your fundamental purpose—to rid the brain of freezing inhibitions that prevent the centers of stimulation from functioning freely.

Consider the finicky child who doesn't eat as much as he should. Serve him very small portions, and few of these. Unobtrusively, place more food where it will be handy. Do not comment upon his eating habits. In short, use common sense, based upon scientific knowledge, and be tactful.

Consider, too, the case of a problem child. Tantrums, day-dreaming, nail biting and truancy from school were a few of his manifestations of maladjustment. His father had deserted the family. The boy could not adjust to the feeling of insecurity and rejection.

After an examination, occupational therapy appeared to be the most promising road to his freedom. But how to graft a constructive occupation upon a life given only to resentment and destruction?

At one time he had shown some interest in collecting stamps. But all strong suggestions, such as "Why don't you collect stamps?" had to be avoided. Even taking him downtown to select an album would have

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been too strong a suggestion. Instead, his mother got a stamp dealer's catalogue and left it in his room. On the cover she wrote, " 'X' beside any album is a vote for the best one."

She examined the catalogue every day. For four days nothing happened. On the fifth day the boy had made an X beside a certain album. She bought the album and, without saying anything, put it in his room.

Within a week he had pasted all his old stamps in the new album. One evening he asked his mother to order some stamps for him. When the new stamps came he sorted them, then he started to trade duplicates with other boys in the neighborhood.

His mother bought a globe atlas and put it on his desk without comment. It was not long before he was taking a real interest in geography, and later in the lives of explorers. Whenever he expressed an interest, his mother would get an appropriate book from the library. Two months after she had brought his first book the boy applied for his own library card.

As his interests developed, his problems diminished. The inhibitory centers of his brain ceased to dominate. His brain was set free to function as a unit. When he reached this stage of development he learned to relax, in order to shake loose the habitual tensions produced by his father's desertion.

WORK, AS SUCH, can be good or bad for your nerves. Keeping your mind occupied is poison if you do it the wrong way. But there are ways of keeping the mind occupied that can help you. The trick is to know how.

The first rule, of course, is to learn to relax. You may be able to learn during your spare time. If you do, carry relaxation over into your work. Some people find that they can most conveniently begin learning to relax during a vacation. Two weeks so spent will be an excellent investment. Two weeks is only four per cent of a year, but if you increase your efficiency by ten per cent you have made a good profit.

Many people waste more energy than they use when they work. They use muscles that are not needed for the job in hand. After learning to relax, you will be able to give more thought and attention to the job because your muscle tensions will not be tripping you and turning your thoughts inward.

Take the case of the nervous housewife. She had been a schoolteacher, but her education had not included washing dishes, cooking meals, cleaning house and marketing. For these simple skills—human nature's daily food—she had substituted an ability to keep classroom records. The safe little kingdom of the blackboard was a country for her to rule and to forget as soon as the last bell sounded.

After the honeymoon she found she could not settle down to housework. She was afraid of cooking; what if things turned out wrong? She learned to run a washing machine but it frightened her. Shopping for groceries bored her. It never occurred to her that one may see larger worlds through the windows of everyday tasks and duties.

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Day after day, resentment piled up on resentment, building within her those muscular tensions that led to a nervous breakdown.

Occupational therapy cured her. What kind of occupation? Housework. For after she had been taught to relax she was encouraged to take courses in cooking, and later in dietetics. There followed courses in home economics, in interior decorating.

"Housework is really fun when you're not tired all the time," she told me. "I never thought there was so much to it. Next fall I'm going to learn to upholster my furniture."

Activity that is not self-impeded helps to free you from your own self-hypnosis, unshackles the dynamic gray cells within your brain. Every time that you do anything, your muscles tell your interbrain. You may not be conscious of what your muscles are reporting, as when you chew gum mechanically or float in the rhythm of a dreamy dance. But your interbrain knows, and is quick to send messages to all of your various organs to keep them in step.

Now you are ready for Rule Number Two. *Go easy on yourself. Bite off only as much as you can chew.*

If you have a stack of letters in your desk, awaiting answer, decide to answer one a day. That's enough for a starter. Set aside the same time every day, and write that one letter. It won't be a week before you are looking forward to your correspondence with pleasure, answering as many letters as you have time to write.

Perhaps you used to play the piano. Start again. First sit at the keyboard and relax. Then play one simple melody. Just one. Set aside the same time every day for this exercise, and let nature take its course. In a short time you will feel like attempting more difficult exercises.

The more you do, the more you want to do. If a man has been starving, you begin his nutrition by giving small quantities of easily digested food. You do the same thing for your starved executive habits. The very nature of habits is to demand its own excercises. Start up hill in low gear and before long you will be over the top, coasting along on momentum.

Now you are ready for Rule Number Three. *Do anything in which you are or used to be interested.* Money, self-esteem, appreciation from others and physical exercise can sometimes be obtained all from one single activity.

Constructive activity breaks down inhibitions. When a man works at a job he enjoys, he whistles. His heart pumps with new energy; his lungs expand with new freedom. In this sense work is recreation, for it builds up wasted muscles and red blood cells. Through purposeful activity, a man reaches the top of joy in living.

Work Can Be Fun

WORK CAN BE serious, but that is no reason for acting like a stuffed shirt. You can be just as intense in your work as a football player, and still enjoy it. Be a cheerful giver, and smile as you pass it on.

A writer in the doldrums was

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itemizing his troubles. "At least you have fun when you're writing," I observed.

He looked at me open-mouthed. Because he had never allowed himself to take his talents for granted, he could not let himself enjoy his calling as a cabinet maker enjoys his chisels or a mason his trowel.

When he started to help himself, he quit acting as if writing were drudgery. He broke up his work into small sections that he could finish in four hours each. These he regarded as experiments in writing, to be judged later. Then he sat down at his typewriter with the thought, "This is going to be fun."

Immediately his facility increased. New ideas came with greater ease. His imagination ceased to be muscle-bound. But more important to his mental health, he learned to write in a spirit of play.

You can bring the spirit of play into everything you do. Remember when riding in a streetcar was an adventure? It still can be play to a person with a fresh mind. Remember how you felt when you first drove your new car? It's the same car, but the driver may be taking his good fortune for granted.

Try this formula. Tomorrow morning when you get up, ask yourself, "I wonder what new, exciting thing is going to happen to me today?" Carry that question of pleasant expectancy into everything you do. Try to see something amusing, something interesting, in every conversation, in every contact. Your life will be richer and fuller. You will expand spiritually. You will begin to cut loose from the network of your inhibitions.

ALTHOUGH THE play spirit can be carried over into everything you do, there still remains a difference between work and play. Play is anything you do that you can drop as soon as it ceases to amuse. It is something you can take or let alone. That is why play is so important in helping the nervous to get over their troubles.

Active forms of play are myriad. The first that I would suggest is walking. You can walk out on your troubles. First, relax all of your muscles that are not used in maintaining posture. Pull your shoulder blades together. Hold in your abdomen. Let your chest lead. Now march. The sun will shine, the birds will sing, and you will feel that it is all just for you.

Some people play golf or hunt to create a situation where they will have to walk. That's all right if they make joy, not drudgery, out of their game. After you tee off, let your eyes relax. Let the horizon, the colors of earth and sky, come to you.

Each play activity opens another world. Some people draw or paint. One old gentleman was fretting because his life was so limited. He was persuaded to learn to paint in water colors. Today, at seventy, his work is exhibited by art dealers. But his real reward is the fun he gets out of his hobby.

Photography is another pleasant and interesting bypath. The possibilities are limitless. For one person, they may lead to a study of the science of optics. For another, they may point to a deeper appreciation of pictorial art. When you buy a camera, you never know how long

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a step you may be taking in self-development.

Probably most of our industrial and scientific works began as play. Thousands of years ago some boy or girl in Egypt found a couple of young wild ducks. The enterprising child raised the pets, and so became the world's first poultryman. Stemming from such small beginnings in play, we now have Long Island duck farms, agricultural county fairs and a huge literature. And so with astronomy, bacteriology and mathematics. All began in play, and developed into literature, science and art.

A BUSINESSMAN read the first draft of this chapter and said, "I'd like to tell you what happened to me." His story is typical.

"I was run-down," he said. "I was doctoring for colitis and indigestion. I was sick and irritable. My doctor said, 'Your job is your disease. Get yourself some other kind of work if you have to live in a berry crate!' I was in a partnership. I had been trying to escape for two years. One day I cleaned up my desk and just quit. I didn't have a job or a dime. My friends commented on my courage. I didn't feel brave. I felt desperate. But after I quit, I felt fine.

"Since then, I've had an uphill climb. But it hasn't been too bad. And I owe to that doctor's advice whatever business success I have, and my good health."

This story can be duplicated by the hundred. If you don't like your work it can make you sick. The job you fight produces tension, irritability and physical disease. For your health's sake, treat yourself to a fresh start.

How does maladjustment in work affect your emotions, your interbrain, your digestion? Through frustration and conflict. You want your pay check, and you want to escape from circumstances under which you earn it. You can't have both. The result is a wave of indecision spreading over your brain.

Take the case of the unhappy superintendent of schools. He had started to teach after graduating from college, but he planned to study medicine when he had saved enough money. He saved only his intention. In twelve years he acquired a nice family, a well-paid job—and a nervous breakdown.

He hated having to walk a political chalkline to keep on the right side of the Board of Education. He hated the administrative duties of a superintendent. Yet for years he had given to his high-school graduates pearls of vocational guidance.

"What would you do," he would ask his students, "if you had a million dollars?" And when the student

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answered, he'd lean back and say, "Act as if you had a million dollars, and do it. If you want to go to South America you can do it, if not as a passenger, then as an ordinary seaman. There is nothing you can't do, provided you don't complicate your purposes with too many conditions."

I've often said as much to my patients. I suggested that he take his own advice. The following fall, instead of enrolling students he enrolled in a medical college.

Some of his best friends are amateur psychiatrists. They diagnosed him as every kind of fool. They didn't realize they were talking to a man fighting desperately for his life.

He spent seven years in medical training. They were hard years, but good years. Some days he didn't see how he could go on. Then there were minutes when, looking into a microscope, he would enter a new world, a world of color and drama, life and death.

Today he is a leading specialist in the city where he used to be school superintendent. Also, he is president of the Board of Education.

I ONCE KNEW a business man who had been fighting financial difficulties. Failure would have cost him the savings of a lifetime and involved loss to many of his friends. But he never lost his nerve, his optimism.

"Every time I get a setback," he said, "I ask myself one question—'How much can be salvaged?'"

Your life may seem to be going haywire. It's a tangle, it's a mess. Yet you still have your purposes, your interest. Ask yourself, then, how much you can salvage of your situation. Write down your assets—your health, your friends, your skills, your property assets. You might be able to produce a respectable balance sheet.

If you don't know what you *really* want to do, do anything. Anything is better than nothing. The first job may not be the right one, but keep on till you find one that fits your style. Once you have made your decision, act the part of the person you have decided to become. If you are going to be an actor or a lawyer or a doctor, act like one all the time. Every attitude must reinforce your purpose.

Every activity must be subordinated to your main purpose. You must get enough sleep. This may mean that late parties are out. That's fine; David Selznick made a fortune by his ability to cut from his pictures every scene that didn't contribute to the final artistic whole. He has cut some fine photography, some excellent acting, but if they didn't belong they were only film on the cutting-room floor.

Some people call this mobilization of effort their will power. When a person "cuts out" some habit, such as drinking or smoking or just wasting time, people say he has "will power." People tell sick relatives to use will power. Books have been written telling people how to develop will power. Would you feel badly if I told you there is no such thing as will power?

You experience a sense of strain when you resist yielding to some habit. No wonder; that habit is tied up with your language habits,

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your interbrain habits, the habitual workings of your entire body.

It is the conflict between habits that creates strain. It takes a habit —a good habit—to break a bad habit. If you haven't some good habits, you won't want to break a bad habit. In fact, you won't know that the bad habit exists.

When you start to organize your life around a constructive purpose, you are bound to lose a few friends. Some of your old acquaintances are tied up with the things you used to do but for which you now no longer have time. They helped you waste many precious hours, playing bridge, poker or pool. Perhaps they filled your life with idle gossip or long-winded discussions about the state of the universe. They helped you to escape from the necessity of living your own life.

Don't let their loss worry you. You will continue to build friendships around your own personality. This doesn't mean you have to give up your old friends. Just don't let them tear you down.

There is a technique for avoiding this. If you have friends who upset or confuse you, don't discuss personal problems with them. In asking their advice, you obligate yourself to take their words seriously. If you don't discuss your problems with them, you deny them the liberty to make you the subject of their open forums.

LET'S SUMMARIZE what you can do for your own vocational guidance:

1. Make a list of your talents and skills.

2. Ask yourself what kind of work would enable you to exercise those talents and skills.

3. Pick that vocation within your scope which will furnish the most satisfaction.

4. Make a decision, and get started. If you need further training, that is priority Number One.

5. Abandon all your old activities and habits that do not fit your new purpose.

The minute you begin to follow your own destiny, care will drop from your shoulders. You will feel free. You will ask, "Why didn't I do this ten years ago?"

At last you will be able to see sunshine and blue sky overhead, instead of the artificial light of an endless tunnel.

Business Is Fun!

The many youngsters who are joining Coronet Magazine's newly-formed Friendship Club for boys and girls are finding that it's a lot of fun to operate their own business. They are uncovering and developing individual talents for organizational work, salesmanship, and record-keeping —and they are enjoying many fine prizes (such as sporting goods and even bicycles) earned through their own business activities *during their spare time!* For complete information, boys and girls can write to:

Don Steele, Coronet Friendship Club, Dept. C.,
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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"If Everything Else Were Lost..."

. . . reading would still make life worthwhile."

THIS IS from the letter of a contributor to the Coronet Fund for Projected Reading—a letter typical of those that have come in from all over the world.

They were inspired by *Now the Helpless Can Read*, an article in the September 1945 Coronet. With the help of an ingenious new projector, which flashes microfilmed reading matter — magazines, newspapers, books—on the ceiling, many an immobilized veteran who can't even *hold* a book will soon have something to fill his seemingly endless days.

The Coronet Fund for Projected Reading is used only for the purchase of projectors. Coronet's contribution is a *free* microfilm of the complete contents of Coronet each month to every hospital that has a projector.

Men in far-off service posts, men who helped win the war, are deriving real pleasure from contributing to the Coronet Fund. They know that their gifts, however small, are bringing joy to many. From France, a soldier writes:

"I don't have much to give but here is an old greenback that I carried all through the war. It's funny the places I have spent this tattered bill in my dreams of when I get back home. But your fund is, by far, the best place."

An Army patient writes from the Philippines: "Although I have not had to lie flat on my back for any long period of time, I did have a taste of improving my mind by counting the nails and screws in a GI hospital ceiling. I wish I could help more in supplying projectors, but money orders are not available on this station so I am enclosing a small amount of cash. Sorry that I cannot even 'convert' the three pesos into cash, but you do have my (and many fellow-patients') wholehearted support."

You here at home can join with men like these in bringing entertainment and pleasure to patients in service hospitals everywhere.

Please make your contribution payable to the Coronet Fund for Projected Reading and mail it to Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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Cover Girl: At seventeen, Gale Storm left her native Texas for Hollywood, where she completed her education on a movie lot. Today she is one of Monogram's brightest stars. KODACHROME BY MEAD-MADDICK

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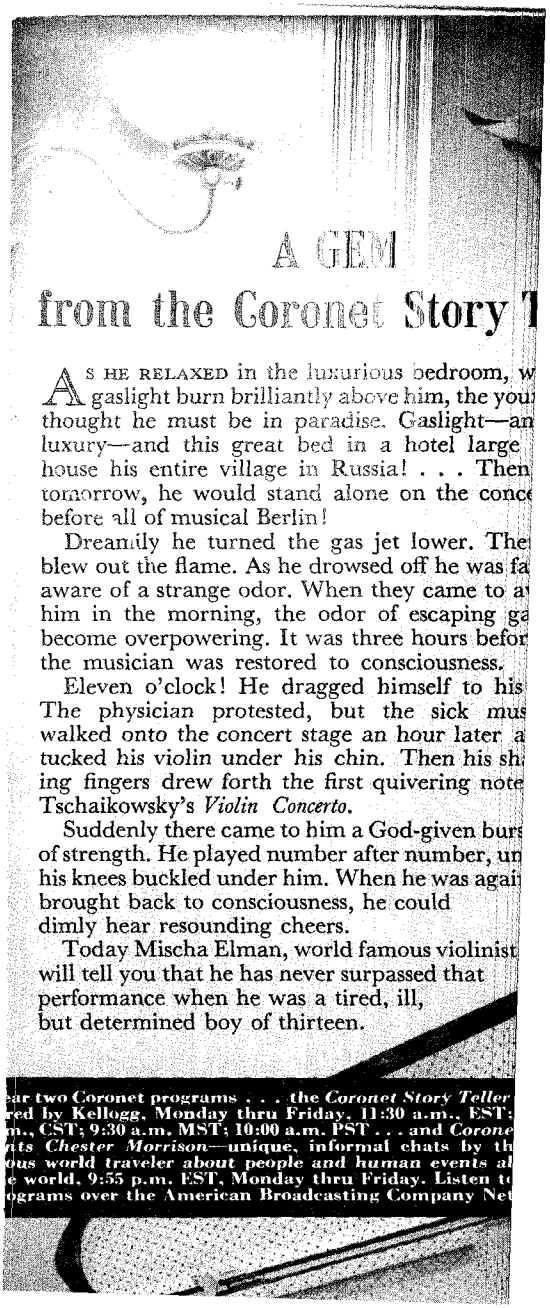

A GEM from the Coronet Story T

As he relaxed in the luxurious bedroom, w gaslight burn brilliantly above him, the you thought he must be in paradise. Gaslight—an luxury—and this great bed in a hotel large house his entire village in Russia! . . . Then tomorrow, he would stand alone on the conc before all of musical Berlin!

Dreamily he turned the gas jet lower. The blew out the flame. As he drowsed off he was fa aware of a strange odor. When they came to a him in the morning, the odor of escaping ga become overpowering. It was three hours befor the musician was restored to consciousness.

Eleven o'clock! He dragged himself to his The physician protested, but the sick mus walked onto the concert stage an hour later a tucked his violin under his chin. Then his sh ing fingers drew forth the first quivering note Tschaikowsky's *Violin Concerto*.

Suddenly there came to him a God-given burs of strength. He played number after number, un his knees buckled under him. When he was agai brought back to consciousness, he could dimly hear resounding cheers.

Today Mischa Elman, world famous violinist will tell you that he has never surpassed that performance when he was a tired, ill, but determined boy of thirteen.

ar two Coronet programs . . . the *Coronet Story Teller* red by Kellogg, Monday thru Friday, 11:30 a.m., EST; n., CST; 9:30 a.m. MST; 10:00 a.m. PST . . . and *Corone* its *Chester Morrison*—unique, informal chats by th ous world traveler about people and human events al e world, 9:55 p.m. EST, Monday thru Friday. Listen t ograms over the American Broadcasting Company Net

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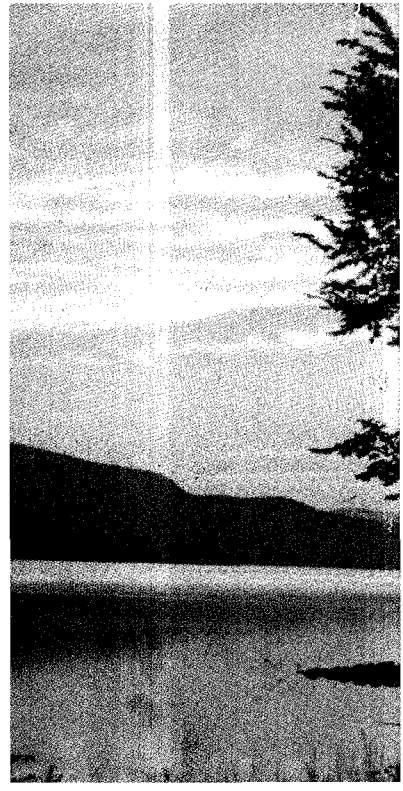

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